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Vol. 3

# The Cambridge History of American Literature

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In Four Volumes

★ ★ ★

## Later National Literature: Part II

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# PREFACE

IN the final volumes of *The Cambridge History of American Literature* will be found several chapters which cover periods beginning much earlier than the Later National Period to which the volumes are specifically devoted. They are placed here partly because it has been found convenient to hold them till the last, inasmuch as they deal with large groups of writers not readily classified elsewhere, and also because in almost every case the bulk of the material discussed in them was produced after 1850.

The delay in the publication of these volumes has been due, not only to the unsettled conditions of the time, but equally to the realization, as the work has advanced, that the number of pioneer tasks still to be undertaken in the study of American literature was larger than could be entirely foreseen. We cannot claim to have accomplished all or nearly all of them. But it would be equivalent to a failure to acknowledge our appreciation of the aid rendered by our sixty-four contributors, who have faithfully laboured to bring this history to a completion, if we did not express a belief that the work as a whole furnishes a new and important basis for the understanding of American life and culture.

THE EDITORS.

10 September, 1920.

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# Book III (*Continued*)

## CHAPTER VIII

## Mark Twain

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS, more widely known as Mark Twain, was of the "bully breed" which Whitman had prophesied. Writing outside "the genteel tradition," he avowedly sought to please the masses, and he was elected to his high place in American literature by a tremendous popular vote, which was justified even in the opinion of severe critics by his exhibition of a masterpiece or so not unworthy of Le Sage or Cervantes. Time will diminish his bulk as it must that of every author of twenty-five volumes; but the great public which discovered him still cherishes most of his books; and his works, his character, and his career have now, and will continue to have, in addition to their strictly literary significance, a large illustrative value, which has been happily emphasized by Albert Bigelow Paine's admirable biography and collection of letters. Mark Twain is one of our great representative men. He is a fulfilled promise of American life. He proves the virtues of the land and the society in which he was born and fostered. He incarnates the spirit of an epoch of American history when the nation, territorially and spiritually enlarged, entered lustily upon new adventures. In the retrospect he looms for us with Whitman and Lincoln, recognizably his countrymen, out of the shadows of the Civil War, an unmistakable native son of an eager, westward-moving people—unconventional, self-reliant, mirthful, profane,

realistic, cynical, boisterous, popular, tender-hearted, touched with chivalry, and permeated to the marrow of his bones with the sentiment of democratic society and with loyalty to American institutions.

By his birth at Florida, Missouri, 30 November, 1835, he was a Middle-Westerner; but by his inheritance from the restless, sanguine, unprosperous Virginian, his father, who had drifted with his family and slaves through Kentucky and Tennessee, he was a bit of a Southerner and still more of a migrant and a seeker of fortune. His boyhood he spent in the indolent semi-Southern town of Hannibal, Missouri, which, as he fondly represents it, slept for the most part like a cat in the sun, but stretched and rubbed its eyes when the Mississippi steamboats called, teasing his imagination with hints of the unexplored reaches of the river. When in 1847 his father died in poverty brightened by visions of wealth from the sale of his land in Tennessee, the son was glad to drop his lessons and go to work in the office of the Hannibal *Journal*. There, mainly under his visionary brother Orion, he served as printer and assistant editor for the next six years, and in verse and satirical skits made the first trials of his humour. In 1853, having promised his mother with hand on the Testament "not to throw a card or drink a drop of liquor," he set out on an excursion into the world, and worked his way for three or four years as printer in St. Louis, New York, Philadelphia, Keokuk, and Cincinnati.

Through the winter of 1856–7 he pleased himself with a project for making his fortune by collecting cocoa at the headwaters of the Amazon; and in the spring of 1857 he actually took passage on the *Paul Jones* for New Orleans. But falling into conversation with the pilot, Horace Bixby, he engaged himself with characteristic impulsiveness as an apprentice to that exacting, admired, and, as it then seemed to him, magnificently salaried king of the river. In return for five hundred dollars payable out of his first wages Bixby undertook to teach him the Mississippi from New Orleans to St. Louis so that he should have it "by heart." He mastered his twelve hundred miles of shifting current, and became a licensed pilot. In the process he acquired without the slightest consciousness of its uses his richest store of literary material.

"In that brief, sharp schooling," he wrote many years later, "I got personally and familiarly acquainted with all the different types of human nature that are to be found in fiction, biography, or history. When I find a well-drawn character in fiction or biography, I generally take a warm personal interest in him, for the reason that I have known him before—met him on the river."

This chapter of his experience was ended abruptly by the outbreak of the Civil War and the closing of the river. His brief and inglorious part in the ensuing conflict he has described, with decorations, in his *Private History of a Campaign that Failed*, a little work which indicates that he rushed to the aid of the Confederacy without much conviction, and that two weeks later he rushed away with still less regret. Eventually, it should be remarked, General Grant became his greatest living hero, and his attitude towards slavery became as passionately Northern as that of Mrs. Stowe.

Meanwhile he went West. On 26 July, 1861, he was sitting on the mail-bags behind the six galloping horses of the overland stage headed for Carson City, Nevada, as assistant to his brother Orion, who through the good offices of a friend in Lincoln's cabinet had been appointed Territorial secretary. On his arrival, finding himself without salary or duties, he explored the mining camps and caught the prevailing passion for huge quick wealth. First he bought "wild-cat" stock; then he located a vast timber claim on Lake Tahoe; then he tried quartz mining in the silver regions; prospected for gold in the placer country; and, in daily expectation of striking it fabulously rich, sank his brother's salary in the most promising "leads."

That his claims did not "pan out" well is clear from his accepting in 1862 a position as local reporter for the Virginia City *Enterprise* at twenty-five dollars a week, having commended himself to the editor by a series of letters signed "Josh." Thus began his literary career. In reporting for this paper the sessions of the Legislature at Carson City he first employed the signature "Mark Twain," a name previously used by a pilot-correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* but ultimately commemorating the leadsman's cry on the Mississippi. His effervescent spirits, excited by the stirring and heroically con-

vivial life of a community of pioneers, found easy outlet in the robust humour and slashing satire of frontier journalism. In 1863 Artemus Ward[1] spent three glorious weeks revelling with the newspaper men in Virginia City, recognized the talent of Mark Twain, and encouraged him to send his name eastward with a contribution to the New York Sunday *Mercury*. A duel occasioned by some journalistic vivacities resulted in his migration in 1864 to San Francisco, where in 1864 and 1865 he wrote for *The Morning Call*, *The Golden Era*, and *The Californian;* and fraternized with the brilliant young coterie of which Bret Harte[2] was recognized as the most conspicuous light. In a pocket-hunting excursion in January, 1865, he picked up a very few nuggets and the nucleus for the story of *Jim Smiley and his Jumping Frog*, which appeared in the New York *Saturday Press* in November and swiftly attained wide celebrity. In the following spring he visited the Sandwich Islands on a commission from the Sacramento *Union*, called upon his first king, explored the crater of Kilauea, struck up a friendship with the American ministers to China and Japan, and made a great "scoop" by interviewing a group of shipwrecked sailors in the hospital at Honolulu. Later he wrote up the story for *Harper's Magazine;* his appearance there in 1866 he calls his *début* as a literary person.

Returning to San Francisco, he made his first appearance as a humorous lecturer in a discourse on the Sandwich Islands, delivered with his sober, inimitable, irresistible drawl to a crowded and applausive house on the evening of 2 October, 1866. From this point his main course was determined. Realizing that he had a substantial literary capital, he set out to invest it so that it would in every sense of the word yield the largest returns obtainable. To the enterprise of purveying literary entertainment he, first in America, applied the wide-ranging vision and versatile talents of our modern men of action and captains of industry: collecting his "raw material," distributing it around the world from the lecture platform, sending it to the daily press, reworking it into book form, inventing his own type-setting machinery, and controlling his own printing, publishing, and selling agencies. He did not foresee this all in 1866; but it must have begun to dawn.

[1] See Book II, Chap. XIX.

[2] See Book III, Chap. VI.

By repeating his Sandwich Islands lecture widely in California and Nevada he provided himself with means to travel, and revisited his home, returning by way of Panama and New York. In May, 1867, he published his first book, *The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County, and Other Sketches*, and lectured in Cooper Institute. Then on 8 June he sailed on the *Quaker City* for a five months' excursion through the Mediterranean to the Holy Land, first reported in letters to *The Alta-California* and the New York *Tribune*, and immortalized by his book *Innocents Abroad*. On 2 February, 1870, he married his most sympathetic reader and severest censor, Olivia Langdon of Elmira, New York, a sister of one of the *Quaker City* pilgrims who had shown him her photograph in the Bay of Smyrna. After a brief unprofitable attempt to edit a newspaper in Buffalo, he moved in 1871 to Hartford, Connecticut, and in 1874 built there the home in which he lived for the next seventeen years.

He formed a close association with his neighbour Charles Dudley Warner[1]; was taken under the editorial wing of William Dean Howells[2] and into his intimate friendship; contributed to *The Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's Magazine*, and *The North American Review;* and ultimately made some progress with such festive New Englanders as O. W. Holmes,[3] F. J. Child,[4] and T. B. Aldrich[5]; but his head was white before he became as much of a lion in Boston and New York as he had been in Carson City and San Francisco. At various times he made extended sojourns in England, Italy, France, Germany, and Austria, particularly in his later years in seasons of pecuniary retrenchment. He reaped a fortune by contracting for the publication of Grant's *Memoirs* and his royalties were steadily large; but bad ventures in his publishing business, his somewhat lavish style of living, and his unperfected type-setting machine, in which he sank $200,000, pushed him finally into bankruptcy. He had extended his reputation in 1873 by lecturing for two months in London; he made a big reading tour with G. W. Cable[6] in 1884–5; and in 1895, at the age of sixty,

[1] See Book III, Chap. XIII.
[2] See Book III, Chap. XI.
[3] See Book II, Chap. XXIII.
[4] See Book III, Chap. XXIII.
[5] See Book III, Chaps. VI, VII, and X.
[6] See Book III, Chap. VI.

disdaining the advantages of bankruptcy, he set out on a lecturing tour of the world which took on something of the aspect of a royal progress and ended in the triumphant discharge of all his obligations. Then he collected another fortune and built himself his mansion Stormfield in Redding, Connecticut.

In his last years he spent a good deal of time in New York and Washington, and a variety of causes kept him pretty steadily in the public eye as a figure of national interest: his valiant assumption of his debts, his great tour, his growing habit of commenting on public affairs, the publication of sections of his autobiography, his domestic bereavements, and the foreign tributes and honours which gradually assured his somewhat incredulous countrymen that he was a great man of letters. His first academic recognition had come from Yale University, which created him Master of Arts in 1888; in 1901 Yale and in 1902 the University of Missouri conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Letters; but the crowning academic glory fell in 1907 when the University of Oxford called him across the sea and robed him in scarlet and made him Doctor of Literature, amid, as he noted, "a very satisfactory hurrah" from the audience. On his return from a trip to the Bermudas he died 21 April, 1910.

Mark Twain's literary independence is generally conceded. Except for a certain flavour of Dickens in *The Gilded Age* there is hardly an indication of any important relationship between him and modern writers. He was a lover of the elemental in the midst of the refinements of an English and an American Victorian Age. "I can't stand George Eliot and Hawthorne and those people," he said. "And as for 'The Bostonians,' I would rather be damned to John Bunyan's heaven than read that." Modern fiction generally impressed him as namby-pamby and artificial. Jane Austen was his pet abhorrence, but he also detested Scott, primarily for his Toryism, and he poked fun at Cooper for his inaccuracies. His taste for books was eminently masculine. The literary nourishment of his style he appears to have found chiefly in history, travel, biography, and such works of imagination as one puts on a "five-foot shelf" —Shakespeare and the Bible, Suetonius's *Lives of The Cæsars*, Malory, Cellini, *Don Quixote*, *Gil Blas*, the *Memoirs of Casanova*, Lecky's *History of Civilization*, and Carlyle's *French Revolution*.

In his prose as in the verse of Whitman there is an appearance of free improvisation concealing a more or less novel and deliberate art. "So far as I know," wrote W. D. Howells in 1901, "Mr. Clemens is the first writer to use in extended writing the fashion we all use in thinking, and to set down the thing that comes into his mind without fear or favour of the thing that went before, or the thing that may be about to follow." Beside this assertion of a spontaneity approaching artlessness let us put Professor Matthews's caution: "His colloquial ease should not hide from us his mastery of all the devices of rhetoric." In a letter to Aldrich he acknowledges great indebtedness to Bret Harte, "who trimmed and trained and schooled me patiently until he changed me from an awkward utterer of coarse grotesquenesses to a writer of paragraphs and chapters that have found a certain favour in the eyes of even some of the very decentest people in the land." Finally, let the reader who doubts whether he was conscious of his own art read carefully his little article, *How to Tell a Story*, beginning: "I do not claim that I can tell a story as it ought to be told. I only claim to know how a story ought to be told, for I have been almost daily in the company of the most expert story-tellers for many years." The art which he had learned of such American masters of oral rhetoric as Artemus Ward, John Phoenix,[1] and J. H. Riley he tested and developed in print and by word of mouth with constant reference to its immediate effect upon a large audience. Those principles the observance of which he found essential to holding and entertaining his public he adopted and followed; but literary "laws" which proved irrelevant to his business as entertainer of the masses he disregarded at pleasure as negligible or out of place in a democratic Æsthetic. Howells calls him "the Lincoln of our literature"; and with that hint we may add that his power and limitations are alike related to his magnanimous ambition to beguile all the people all the time.

Let us begin our illustration of his literary character with a review of his five great books of travel. Against every one of them the charge might be brought that it is ill-composed: the chapters follow a certain chronological and geographical order; but the paragraphs frequently seem to owe their juxtaposition to the most casual association of ideas. This license,

[1] See Book II, Chap. XIX.

however, is the law and studied practice of his humour. "To bring incongruities and absurdities together in a wandering and sometimes purposeless way, and seem innocently unaware that they are absurdities, is the basis," he declares, "of the American art." He is speaking here specifically of the humorous story; but obviously he applies the same principle to the book of travel, which, as he conceives it, is a joyous miscellany. It is a miscellany but with ingredients preconsidered and formulable. He is as inflexible as Aristotle on the importance of choosing a great subject. He holds with the classicists that the proper study of mankind is man. He traverses in each book territory of world-wide interest. He describes what meets his eye with rapid, vivid, unconventional eloquence. He sketches the historical background in a highly personal fashion and gives to his interlarded legends an individual twist. While he imparts a good quantity of information, useful and diverting, he keeps the thread of his personal adventures spinning, rhapsodizes for a page, then clowns it for another, or introduces an elaborate burlesque on the enthusiasm of previous travellers. It is a prepared concoction.

*The Innocents Abroad* justified the formula on which it was constructed by selling nearly a hundred thousand copies at three dollars and a half apiece within the first three years. Its initial success was due partly to its novelty and partly to the wide interest which the excursion itself had excited. Both these advantages it has now relinquished, yet, as his biographer tells us, it remains the most popular of all Mark Twain's travel books, and still "outsells every other book in its particular field." Time has not reduced the rich variety of its famous topics, though time has somewhat altered the nature of curiosity with regard to the conduct of the pilgrims; but even though their type of tourist were now quite extinct one might still gratify the historical sense by acquaintance with a representative group of Americans on a tremendous picnic with spirits high in rebound from the long depression of the Civil War. One hears in the book the rollicking voice of the ex-pilot, ex-miner, the joyously insolent Western American, emancipated from all terror of the minor or Sunday-school vices, fortified by certain tolerant democratic standards of his own, well acquainted with the great American cities, equipped with

ideas of natural beauty and sublimity acquired on the Mississippi, the Great Plains, the Rockies, the Pacific, the Sandwich Islands, setting out to see with his own unawed eyes how much truth there is in the reported wonders of the "little old world." Mark Twain describes Europe and the East for men, roughly speaking, like himself. He does not undertake to tell them how they ought to look at objects of interest, but quite resolutely how these objects of interest strike a thoroughly honest Western-American eye. He is obliged to report that the barbers, billiard tables, and hotel accommodations of Paris are inferior; that the paintings of the Old Masters are often in a bad state of repair and, at best, betray to a democrat a nauseous adulation of princely patrons; that the French grisettes wear mustaches; that Vesuvius and Lake Como are nothing to Kilauea and Lake Tahoe; that priest-ridden Italy is a "museum of magnificence and misery"; and that under close inspection the glamour of the Holy Land gives way to vivid impressions of fleas, beggars, hungry dogs, sandy wastes, and the odours of camels. But this young traveller with so much of the iconoclastic Don Juan in him has also a strain of Childe Harold. For him as for Byron the deepest charm of the old world is the charm of desolation and decay, felt when the dingy palaces of Venetian doges or the ruined marbles of Athens are bathed in the moonlight. And he like Byron gains many an effect of his violent humour by the abruptness of his transitions from the sublime to the ridiculous or *vice versa*. He interprets, for example, with noble gravity the face of the Sphinx:

> After years of waiting, it was before me at last. The great face was so sad, so earnest, so longing, so patient. There was a dignity not of earth in its mien, and in its countenance a benignity such as never anything human wore. It was stone, but it seemed sentient. If ever image of stone thought, it was thinking. . . . All who know what pathos there is in memories of days that are accomplished and faces that have vanished—albeit only a trifling score of years gone by—will have some appreciation of the pathos that dwells in those grave eyes that look so steadfastly back upon the things they knew before History was born—before Tradition had being—things that were, and forms that moved, in a vague era which even Poetry and Romance scarce know of—and passed one by one away and

left the stony dreamer solitary in the midst of a strange new age, and uncomprehended scenes.

But one turns the page and comes upon the engineer who feeds his locomotive with mummies, occasionally calling out pettishly, "D—n these plebeians, they don't burn worth a cent—pass out a king."

In *Roughing It* (1872) he chose a subject doubtless less interesting to some good people of the Atlantic seaboard than a European tour—the narrative of his journey across the plains to Carson City, and his life and adventures in Nevada, California, and the Sandwich Islands. Various critics, however, have preferred it to *Innocents Abroad* as a truer book; and in a sense the preference is justifiable. As literal history, to be sure, or as autobiography, it is untrustworthy. Mark Twain follows his own advice to Rudyard Kipling: "Young man, first get your facts; then distort them as you please." He distorts the facts in *Roughing It*, and vitalizes them by a poetical enlargement and interpretation thoroughly characteristic of native Western humour. In painting frontier manners, no longer an outsider, as he was in Europe, he abandons the attitude of one exposing illusions, and seeks to exhibit the West under the glamour of imagination. His coyote, turning with a smile upon the pursuing hound and vanishing with a "rushing sound, and the sudden splitting of a long crack in the atmosphere"—his coyote is a beast of fable; so is his jackrabbit; so is his broncho; so is his Brigham Young. On all his pioneers, his stage-drivers, his miners, his desperadoes, his boon-companions he has breathed with a heroizing emotion recollected in literary tranquillity. In the clear light of the vanished El Dorado of his youth they and their mountains and forests loom for him larger than common nature, more passionate, more picturesque.

*A Tramp Abroad* (1880) sprang from no such fund of delightful experience and mellow recollection but from an expedition to Europe deliberately undertaken in order to escape from the growing harassment of business responsibilities and to collect material for a book. Before he could work himself into a satisfactory writing mood he found it necessary to invent a new humorous attitude and literary character. His new invention has three parts. In the first place, he announces him-

self an enthusiastic and intrepid pedestrian but actually presents himself as a languid and timorous person travelling luxuriously with agent and courier by railway, steamboat, carriage, raft, or by any means to avoid the use of his legs. Secondly, he professes himself a devoted student of art and decorates his pages with infantile sketches. Finally, he assumes the air of a philologist seriously studying the German language. The first of these devices he handles in many places ingeniously and pleasantly, presenting an amusing satire on the indolent middle-aged tourist who climbs his Alps by telescope and gets his thrills on his hotel veranda out of the books of Edward Whymper; but in the elaborate burlesque ascent of the Riffleberg the humour becomes crudely farcical and tiresome. His drawings are not very expressive; and from their fewness it may be inferred that he discovered the fact. Some fellow philologists have found inexhaustible satisfaction in the German legends in German-English and in the appendices treating of "the awful German language" and the German newspaper—possibly also in the violent attack on Wagnerian opera. Other favourite passages of various qualities are those dealing with the grand affair between M. Gambetta and M. Fourtou, the sunrise on Mt. Riga, and the 47-mile hunt for a sock in Chapter XIII; but the humorous jewel of the collection is "Baker's Bluejay Yarn" in Chapter III—a trivial incident touched with imagination and related in a supremely delicious manner. The serious writing, as in the description of the Jungfrau and Heidelberg and the student duels, is so good that one wishes there were more of it.

For *Life on the Mississippi* (1883) Mark Twain drew again from the treasure of Western material which he had amassed before he became a professional humorist; and that distinguished connoisseur, the ex-Emperor William II of Germany, therein agreeing with the *portier* of the author's lodging in Berlin, informed the author that it was his favourite American book. More strictly speaking, it is the first twenty of the fifty-five chapters that do for the Mississippi Valley what *Roughing It* does for the Far West, namely, invest it with the charm of recollected experience and imaginative apprehension. The latter part of the book, which might have been called "The Mississippi Revisited," is the journalistic record of an excursion

made with a stenographer in 1882; it contains interesting autobiographical notes, admirable descriptive passages, a remarkable diatribe on Sir Walter Scott for perpetuating outworn chivalry in the South, an account of a meeting with G. W. Cable and Joel Chandler Harris in New Orleans, and miscellaneous yarns and information; but it is of distinctly secondary value. Steadily throughout the first twenty chapters the writer is elate with his youthful memories of the drowsy towns by the river, the old barbaric raftsmen, the pride and power of the ancient race of pilots, and the high art and mystery of piloting those infinitely various waters in the days before the war. The moonlight, one of his characters fancies, was brighter before the war; and he himself, travelled now and acquainted with glory, has experienced, he believes, nothing so satisfying to his inmost sense as his life in that epical calling with its manly rigours, its robust hilarity, its deep, wholesome, unreflective happiness. The spirit that, years before, inspired Emerson's blandly expressed desire to make Concord and Boston Bay as memorable as the storied places of Europe becomes in these pages clear, strong, resounding: it is the new national pride declaring the spiritual independence of America. Not in peevish envy, with no anxiety about the ultimate answer, out of his knowledge and the depths of his conviction Mark Twain cries: "What are all the rivers of Damascus to the Father of Waters?"

The material for *Following the Equator* (1897) he collected under the strain of debt, ill health, and the fatigues of the immense lecture-tour undertaken in 1895. In Australasia, to which the first half of the book is given, the people impress him as Englishmen democratized, that is to say, as Americans, and the cities and towns offer little noteworthy. In order to exhibit novelties he is obliged to present the history of the early settlers, the aborigines, and the fauna; and as he gets up his facts by visits to museums and hasty digestion of Australasian literature, his treatment strikes one as, for him, noticeably second-hand and uninspired. He also introduces later a good deal of "lifted" material of a vivid sort in his account of the Sepoy Mutiny, Suttee, and the Thugs—and here we may note his taste for the collection of atrocious incident. India, however, for which Kipling had sharpened his appetite, inspired him to the task of imparting his oppressed sense of her historic and

scenic immensities, stricken with plagues, famines, ferocious beasts, superstitions, over-population, and swooning heat:

> a haunting sense of the myriads of human lives that have blossomed, and withered, and perished here, repeating and repeating and repeating, century after century, and age after age, the barren and meaningless process; it is this sense that gives to this forlorn, uncomely land power to speak to the spirit and make friends with it; to speak to it with a voice bitter with satire, but eloquent with melancholy.

There are satirical and witty disquisitions on imperialistic morality apropos of Madagascar, the Jameson Raid, Cecil Rhodes, and the British dealings with the Boers. The barbarity of the civilized in contact with the so-called backward peoples excites his indignation, but history and travel show him its universality and quiet his sensibilities to a state of tolerant contempt for all unregenerate mankind: "Christian governments are as frank to-day, as open and above-board, in discussing projects for raiding each other's clothes-lines as ever they were before the Golden Rule came smiling into this inhospitable world and couldn't get a night's lodging anywhere."

Mark Twain's fiction, a large and highly diversified section of his total output, should be regarded as, hardly less than the travel books, the work of a humorist whose most characteristic form was a medley in divers keys. His critical champions used to allege that recognition of his sterling literary talent was delayed by his reputation as a creator of laughter. At the present time the danger is perhaps rather that some of his novels and tales will be unduly disparaged precisely because criticism has been persuaded to take them too seriously. With an instinct for an ingenious plot and unquestionable power of characterization within certain limits, Mark Twain sometimes lacked the ability and the patience and even the desire to carry a long piece of fiction through in the key on which he began. He would begin a story, for example, on the key of impressive realism, shift to commonplace melodrama, and end with roaring farce; and this amounts to saying that he did not himself steadily take his fiction writing seriously. He sometimes took it very lightly, like an improvising humorist; and the discords which affect

the severely critical ear as blemishes probably struck his own ear as a joke. There is amusement in the most uneven of his novels if one relaxes to the point of reading it in the mixed moods in which it was written.

The most uneven of his novels is *The Gilded Age*, begun in collaboration with Charles Dudley Warner in February, 1873, on the spur of a dinner-table challenge, and finished in the following April. The authors were proud of their performance; and it has admirable points. The title is a masterly epigraph on the flushed, corrupt period of the Reconstruction. The stage is set as for the representation of "the great American novel," with scenes in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, St. Louis, and villages of New England and Tennessee. The plot is designed to bring typical Easterners and Westerners into diverting sentimental, financial, and political relations. There is a lively satirical play upon a wide range of clearly conceived characters and caricatures, exhibiting most of the elementary passions from love-making and fortune-hunting to bribing Congressmen and murder; and the sanguine, speculative Colonel Sellers, said to have been modelled on a relative of Mark Twain's but certainly also modelled on Orion Clemens and on Mark Twain himself, is an American rival to Micawber. The book bristles with interesting intentions and accomplishments; yet its total effect is a bewildering dissonance of moods and styles, which fills one with regret that Mark Twain did not cut loose from his literary partner and work out by himself the story of Obedstown, Tennessee, opened by him with a rich realistic flow in the first eleven chapters. With all its demerits on its head, the novel sold forty thousand copies within a couple of months after publication, and a play built around the character of Sellers was immensely successful on the stage. Later, in collaboration with Howells, Mark Twain made a second Sellers play showing the hero aspiring to an English earldom; and this he worked over into *The American Claimant* (1891), a generally farcical romance streaked with admirable realistic passages. One may mention here also, as springing perhaps from experience not utterly remote from that of Sellers, Clemens's exhibition of the effect upon character produced by expectation of unearned wealth in two capital short stories: *The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg* (1899) and *The $30,000 Bequest* (1904).

*Tom Sawyer*, his second extended effort in fiction and his first masterpiece, he began as a play in 1872 and published in its present form in 1876. The long incubation contributed to its unsurpassed unity of tone. But the decisive fact is that his irresponsible and frequently extravagant fancy is here held in check by a serious artistic purpose, namely, to make an essentially faithful representation of the life of a real boy intimately known to him by memory and by introspection and by those deductions of the imaginative faculty which start from a solid basis of actuality. His own boyhood, we may believe, and that of his companions in Hannibal, lives in this intensely vital narrative. It is significant of his unwonted austerity in the composition that he wrote to Howells on its completion: "It is not a boy's book at all. It will only be read by adults. It is only written for adults." He had some justification for feeling that his newly finished manuscript broke a long taboo. He had taken a hero who was neither a model of youthful virtues nor a horrible example but was distinguished chiefly by pluck, imagination, and vanity, and had made him leader of a group of average little Missouri rascals running loose in an ordinary small river town and displaying, among other spontaneous impulses, all the "natural cussedness" of boyhood. Furthermore he had made a central incident of a rather horrid murder. Remembering the juvenile fiction of the Sunday-school library,[1] he suspected that the story of these fighting, fibbing, pilfering, smoking, swearing scapegraces was not for young people. But Howells, after reading about Aunt Polly, the whitewashing of the fenee, Tom's schoolboy love, Huck and the wart-cure, and the pirates' island, ordered the profanity deleted, and declared it the best boy story ever written; and that was near the truth. In the two sequels *Tom Sawyer Abroad* (1894) and *Tom Sawyer, Detective* (1896), the plots are rather flimsy contrivances of the humorous fancy, but the stories are partly redeemed by the established reality of the actors and the raciness of the narrative which comes from the mouth of Huck Finn.

*The Prince and the Pauper* (1881), a first venture in historical romance, was deliberately written for children and tested in the process of composition on the author's daughters. The

[1] See Book III, Chap. VII.

plot, suggested by Charlotte M. Yonge's *The Prince and the Page*, is fascinating to the youthful imagination; and the notion underlying it is to the older reader the most characteristic element in the book. The exchange of clothes and stations effected by Tom Canty and Prince Edward, later Edward VI, provided for the prince opportunities for feeling the common lot which the democratic author would gladly have given to all the monarchs of Europe. Occasionally writing over the heads of his audience, he utilizes the situation to express his inveterate sense of the evil of monarchical institutions and in particular his peculiarly flaming indignation at obsolete English penal laws. Humorous situations, sometimes tragically humorous, are abundant; but neither in the simple and vigorous prose of the narrative nor in the archaic style of the dialogue does one find at full strength the idiom and the first-hand observation for which one values *Tom Sawyer*. *The Prince and the Pauper* is a distinguished book in the class to which *Little Lord Fauntleroy* was added in 1886; but it is overshadowed by Mark Twain's own work.

*The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* (1884) overshadows it; but that is nothing. *Huckleberry Finn* exceeds even *Tom Sawyer* almost as clearly as *Tom Sawyer* exceeds *The Prince and the Pauper*. Mark Twain had conceived the tale in 1876 as a sequel to the story of Tom. In the course of its long gestation he had revisited the Mississippi Valley and had published his superb commemoration of his own early life on the river. He wrote his second masterpiece of Mississippi fiction with a desire to express what in *Tom Sawyer* he had hardly attempted, what, indeed, came slowly into his possession, his sense of the half-barbaric charm and the romantic possibilities in that grey wilderness of moving water and the rough men who trafficked on it. He had given power to the earlier story by the representation of characters and incidents which are typical of the whole of American boyhood in rural communities in many parts of the country. He gave power to *Huckleberry Finn* by a selection of unusual characters and extraordinary incidents which are inseparably related to and illustrative of their special environment. He shifted heroes, displacing quick-witted, imaginative Tom by the village drunkard's son, because Huck in his hard, nonchalant, adventurous adolescence is a more distinctive pro-

duct of the frontier. He changed the narrator, letting Huck tell his own story, in order to invest the entire narrative in its native garb and colour. Huck perhaps exhibits now and then a little more humour and feeling for nature than a picaro is entitled to possess; but in the main his point of view is well maintained. His strange captivity in his father's cabin, the great flight down the river, the mysteries of fog and night and current, the colloquy on King Sollermun, the superbly incidental narrative of the Grangerford-Shepherdson feud, the appealing devotion and affectionateness of Nigger Jim, Huck's case of conscience,—all are stamped with the peculiar comment of Huck's earthy, callous, but not insensitive soul. The stuff and manner of the tale are unique, and it is as imperishably substantial as *Robinson Crusoe*, whether one admire it with Andrew Lang as "a nearly flawless gem of romance and humour" or with Professor Matthews as "a marvellously accurate portrayal of a whole civilization."

*A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* (1889) is a work of humorous invention set in motion by G. W. Cable, who first brought Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* to Mark Twain's attention. For assignable reasons it has not had the universal admiration enjoyed by *Huckleberry Finn;* Andrew Lang, for example, could not bring himself to read it; yet one might plausibly argue that it represents Mark Twain more completely than any other single book on his list, and so may serve as a touchstone to distinguish those who care for the man from those who only care for some of his stories. It displays every variety of his style from the mock-heroic and shirt-sleeve journalese of the Yankee's familiar vein to the careful euphonies of his descriptions of English landscape and the Dantean mordancy of the chapter "In the Queen's Dungeons." It exhibits his humour in moods from the grimmest to the gayest, mingling scenes of pathos, terror, and excruciating cruelty with hilarious comic inventions and adventures, which prove their validity for the imagination by abiding in the memory: the sewing-machine worked by the bowing hermit, the mules blushing at the jokes of the pilgrims, the expedition with Alisande, the contests with Merlin, the expedition with King Arthur, Launcelot and the bicycle squad, and the annihilation of the chivalry of England. The hero is, despite the title, no mere Yankee but Mark Twain's

"personal representative"—acquainted with the machine shops of New Haven but acquainted also with navigation on the Mississippi and with Western journalism and with the use of the lariat. The moment that he enters "the holy gloom" of history he becomes, as Mark Twain became when he went to Europe, the representative of democratic America, preaching the gospel of commonsense and practical improvement and liberty and equality and free thought inherited from Franklin, Paine, Jefferson, and Ingersoll. Those to whom Malory's romance is a sacred book may fairly complain that the exhibition of the Arthurian realm is a brutal and libellous travesty, attributing to the legendary period of Arthur horrors which belong to medieval Spain and Italy. Mark Twain admits the charge. He takes his horrors where he finds them. His wide-sweeping satirical purpose requires a comprehensive display of human ignorance, folly, and iniquity. He must vent the flame of indignation which swept through him whenever he fixed his attention on human history—indignation against removable dirt, ignorance, injustice, and cruelty. As a radical American, he ascribed a great share of these evils to monarchy, aristocracy, and an established church, and he made his contemporary references pointed and painful to English sensibilities. *A Connecticut Yankee* is his *Don Quixote*, a sincere book, full of lifelong convictions earnestly held, a book charged with a rude iconoclastic humour, intended like the work of Cervantes to hasten the end of an obsolescent civilization. Whether it will finally be judged a great book will depend in considerable measure on factors outside itself, particularly on the prosperity of western democratic sentiment in the world at large. Since the War of the German Invasions there has been an increase of Quixotism in his sense, and what used to be considered his unnecessary rage at windmills now looks like prophetic tilting at giants.

The volume containing *Pudd'nhead Wilson* and *Those Extraordinary Twins*, published in 1894, one is predisposed to value because it is another specimen from the Mississippi "lead." It adds, however, relatively so little that is distinctive to the record that one is tempted to use it as an unsurpassable illustration of haphazard method in composition. The picture of a two-headed freak had given him the cue for a "howl-

ing farce." When he began to write, the contemplated short story swiftly expanded, and there developed unexpectedly under his hand serious characters and a tragic situation unrelated to the initiating impulse. After long study he extracted the "farce" by "Cæsarean operation," and appended it with amusing explanations to the "tragedy" which it had set in motion. *Pudd'nhead Wilson*, disfigured by vestiges of the farce in the incredible Italian twins, is, like *The Gilded Age*, a discordant medley with powerful character-drawing in Roxana and her half-breed son, and with a somewhat feebly indicated novelty in the philosophical detective Pudd'nhead.

The last certified claimant for a position in the front rank of the novels is *Joan of Arc* (1896), a romance containing as its core the ascertained facts concerning one of the most problematic figures in secular history, and as its important imaginative expansion Mark Twain's conception of her familiar charm and his pictures of the battles and scenes of state and trials through which she passed. As in the somewhat similar case of the supernatural powers of Jesus, of which he was certainly sceptical, he says nothing to raise a doubt of the Maid's divine assistance; he neither explained nor attempted to explain away Joan's mystery. Her character, her Voices, and her mission he presents throughout with an air of absolute reverence and indeed at times with almost breathless adoration. For the reader in whom illusion is not destroyed by constant involuntary attention to the line where fact meets fiction the total impression is doubtless both beautiful and deeply moving. In the last section, at least, which deals with the trial and martyrdom, the most impatient reader of historical romance can hardly escape the pang of actuality; he is too near the facts. Recognizing that the book was quite out of his customary vein, Mark Twain published it first anonymously; yet in 1908 he wrote: "I like the *Joan of Arc* best of all my books and it is the best; I know it perfectly well. And besides, it furnished me seven times the pleasure afforded me by any of the others; 12 years of preparation & 2 years of writing. The others needed no preparation, & got none." This much we must admit: we are glad to have *Joan of Arc* on the shelf beside *A Connecticut Yankee* to complete our conception of that versatile and representative American whom we call Mark Twain.

Without it, and its little companion-piece, *In Defence of Harriet Shelley* (1894), we should have a harder task to prove, against those that take him for a hard unsanctified philistine, his invincible chivalry and fineness in relation to womankind, feelings precious in a free society, and fostered, as we like to think, by a thoroughly established American tradition.

But if we value a book in proportion to its saturation with its author's most distinctive qualities and in proportion to its power, exerted or latent, to affect the general literary current, we shall hardly rate *Joan of Arc* among Mark Twain's most interesting or significant books. In its utterly reverent treatment of the traditional and the supernatural it impresses one as a counterpoise obviously unequal to the task of making a balance with the great burden of naturalistic and radically iconoclastic writing in the other scale.

Mark Twain counts as an influence because he is an innovator. The great notes of his innovation from *Innocents Abroad* to *A Connecticut Yankee* are: first, the disillusioned treatment of history; second, the fearless exploitation of "the natural man," or, the next thing to it, "the free-born American"; and, lastly, a certain strain of naturalistic pessimism. In the first class go the foreign-travel books, *The Prince and the Pauper*, and *A Connecticut Yankee;* and the impulse properly proceeding from them is imaginative satire. In the second class go *Roughing It, Tom Sawyer, Life on the Mississippi, Huckleberry Finn, Adam's Diary*, and *Eve's Diary;* and from such work has proceeded an observable impulse to the cultivation of the indigenous, the elemental, the primitive, and, perhaps, the brutal and the sensual. For the third class one can glean representative paragraphs only here and there among the writings published in Mark Twain's lifetime; but the posthumously published philosophical dialogue *What is Man?* (1905) and *The Mysterious Stranger* (1916), a romance, and some of the letters are steeped in a naturalistic melancholy and tinged with a philosophical bitterness of which American literature before Mark Twain showed hardly a trace. That strain seems likely to be influential too, and, unfortunately, not always in connection with the fine bravado of his American faith, which occasionally required an antidote to its natural insolence.

## CHAPTER IX

# Minor Humorists

THE eccentric and racy touch of the Civil War humorists[1] vanished early in the seventies, and humour underwent a period of organization, levelling, and standardization. Its cruder manifestations disappeared; editors no longer burst upon their readers with the discovery of unsuspected females —Ann Tiquity, Ann Gelic, and Ann O'Dyne—in Webster's Unabridged; parodying became less inevitable; and "reverses" such as P. T. Barnum's

Lewd did I live & evil I did dwel

lost their fascination for keen minds. The dialect of the immigrant replaced the twang of the crossroads. And at the same time the native flavour and homely philosophy of the older humour ceased to illuminate the work of the fun-makers.

The channels of humorous journalism were meanwhile clearly marked out. Casual newspaper paragraphers like J. M. Bailey of *The Danbury* [Connecticut] *News*, C. B. Lewis of *The Detroit Free Press*, and R. J. Burdette of *The Burlington* [Iowa] *Hawkeye* gave their otherwise obscure journals a nation-wide prominence, and demonstrated the commercial value of daily humour. Their books, compiled from newspaper clippings, have, however, long been covered by *les neiges d'antan*. Eugene Field set the measure of the humorist's output at one column a day "leaded agate, first line brevier." He aspired also to produce work of permanent literary quality. His standards in both respects are kept up at the present time by such experienced "colyumists" as Bert Leston Taylor ("B. L. T.") of

[1] See Book II, Chap. XIX.

*The Chicago Tribune* and in New York by Franklin P. Adams ("F. P. A.") of *The Tribune* and Don Marquis of *The Evening Sun*. The column that soothes tired business men on train, subway, or trolley has long been supplemented for family, club, and barber-shop consumption by the humorous weeklies: *Puck*, founded in 1877; *Judge*, 1881; and most notably *Life*, 1883. Taking their cue rather from the best of the college funny papers, such as *The Harvard Lampoon*, founded 1876, than from *Punch*, these weekly magazines have supplied the public with its best periodical humour. H. C. Bunner,[1] one time editor of *Puck*, and John Ames Mitchell and Edward S. Martin, founders of *Life*, should be mentioned among the writers who have given a high tone to comic journalism.

Besides its submission to the great American genius for commercialization, whatever national quality may be found in the humour of the last half century consists mainly in a tendency to regard fun-making as an end in itself rather than as an agent to criticism. Though no longer relying on the mechanical misspellings of Artemus Ward or Josh Billings, the next crop of humorists wrought effects in dialect rather than in character and preferred absurdities of their own invention to incongruities observed in the social scheme. Irony was alien to their minds, and satire, when they used it, took for its victims Mormons, mothers-in-law, undertakers, and other beings whose removal would in no way imperil the pillars of society. Jesters made it their function to tickle the sides of a nation content and prosperous, conscious of having made in the Civil War the great sacrifice of a generation, and confident after Grant's election that the fruits of victory would be apportioned among the truly deserving. There may be significance in the fact that the two comic writers who deserted journalism for other professions became one a popular preacher the other a successful manufacturer and conspicuous advocate of high tariff. At any rate, the words prefixed to one of the most widely circulated humorous books of the time might well have served as a motto for them all: "Fun is the most conservative element of society, and it ought to be cherished and encouraged by all lawful means."[2]

[1] See also Book II, Chap. XXIII, and Book III, Chap. VI.

[2] "Max Adeler," *Out of the Hurly-Burly*, 1874, p. 6.

Such being the case, the typical work of such humorists cannot stand high in comparison with the subtler manifestations of the Comic Spirit. That, at least, would be the conclusion if American humour were regarded as a mere stage in an inevitable progress from pioneer jocularity to urbane irony. But it is possible that the national preference for unreflective merriment is not thoughtless and immature, but deliberate, permanent, and full grown. While Americans can picture Lincoln deferring discussion of the Emancipation Proclamation to read aloud a chapter from Artemus Ward, the laughter of sheer full-throated relief may well seem to them more manly than the comedy that wakens thoughtful laughter. American humour, then, may claim to be of a different school from the comedy of the Old World, operating on human nature by the lenitives and tonics of mirth instead of by the scalpel of criticism.

One of the most decided believers in recreative humour was a man of many interests whose humorous writing was originally done merely for his own amusement. Charles Godfrey Leland (1824–1903), a native of Philadelphia and a graduate of Princeton, after three years of student life at Heidelberg and Munich and three days as captain of a barricade in the Paris revolution of 1848, found the practice of law in the city of his birth a listless occupation. Turning journalist, he worked successively as managing editor under P. T. Barnum and R. W. Griswold. He gave early and able support to Lincoln's administration, besides seeing service in an emergency regiment during the Gettysburg campaign. The later years of his long life were spent in cultivating a wide circle of friends in America and Europe, in a disinterested and successful effort to establish industrial art as a branch of public education, and in the study of gipsy lore, tinkers' language, Indian legends, Italian witches, and all things exotic, mysterious, and occult. During this time he wrote with extreme fluency more than fifty books on the most varied subjects, not to mention uncounted contributions to periodicals. He would doubtless have wished to be remembered chiefly for his services to education.

His generation, however, persisted in thinking of him exclusively as the author of *Hans Breitmann's Ballads*, often to his annoyance identifying him with the hero of his lays. Indis-

tinguishable Leland and Breitmann are only in certain ballads describing European cities with quiet sentimental charm. But the huge, bearded Hans Breitmann who gorges, guzzles, and scuffles at the famous "barty," drinks lager from his boots among the rebel dead, and cynically takes advantage of the "circumswindles" of American politics, is of course not a projection of the author's personality but "a German gentleman who drinks, fights, and plunders." In this conception Leland discovered a vein of genuine humour, the converse of that in *Innocents Abroad*.[1] Mark Twain's double-edged satire disclosed the imperviousness of the native American to the finer subtleties and superfluities of European culture. Leland revealed the demoralization of an over-complex European in the rarefied social atmosphere of the New World. Released from accustomed exterior control and given nothing for his native idealisms to work on, "der Breitmann solfe de infinide ash von eternal shpree."[2]

As a cavalry commander and "bummer" in the Civil War this compound of *geist* and thirst finds his real vocation. *Breitmann in Maryland*, describing, with a ringing "gling, glang, gloria!" refrain, the wild ride of German troopers to capture a rebel tavern, catches the fire and swiftness of an *echtdeutsch* ballad. A more unusual blend of moods—satire, sentiment, excitement, pathos—may be found in *Breitmann's Going to Church*. In later ballads Breitmann enters the Franco-Prussian War, but in proportion as he becomes an Uhlan "mad with durst for bier and blut" he loses significance as an American figure. The fun tends to be kept up by mechanical expedients, as in the ballad of *Breitmann in a Balloon*.

Decidedly more amusing are the burlesques of Teutonic legends, such as the celebrated *De Maiden mid Nodings on*. These have nothing of the real Breitmann about them but the German-American dialect. Some clever macaronics in many tongues further indicate that German-English was not the only jargon at Leland's command. Part of his reputation as being "at the very head of Pidgin English learning and literature" was earned by his publication of songs and stories in the China-English dialect, by his discovery of the last refinement

[1] See Book III, Chap. VIII.

[2] *I. e.* "Breitmann solves the Infinite as one eternal spree."

in vagabond lore, a tinkers' language called Shelta, and by his vast collection of curious mixtures of speech from all parts of the world. Much of his folklore study brought into play his keen sense of drollery. But in spite of his *Egyptian Sketch-Book*, his *Brand-New Ballads*, and the sly meditations of his *Flaxius*, Leland may fairly be considered a humorist of only one character. Hans Breitmann, created by accident to fill a space in *Graham's Magazine* in 1856 and revived for the last time in a prose and verse sketch-book of the Tyrol in 1895, remains the outstanding representative of his genius.

Opportunities for humorous studies of more varied kinds existed in plenty in Leland's career, had he cared to make use of them. One can hardly open his entertaining *Memoirs* without stumbling upon hints that would have provided twenty lesser men with sufficient stock in trade. A single incident from the Gettysburg campaign must suffice for illustration:

> There came shambling to me an odd figure. There had been some slight attempt by him to look like a soldier—he had a *feather* in his hat—but he carried his rifle as if after deer or racoons, and as if he were used to it. "Say, Cap!" he exclaimed, "kin you tell me where a chap could get some ammynition?" "Go to your quartermaster," I replied. "Ain't got no quartermaster." "Well then to your commanding officer—to your regiment." "Ain't got no commanding officer nowher this side o' God, nor no regiment. . . . I'll jest tell you, Cap, how it is. I live in the south line of New York State, and when I heard that the rebs had got inter Pennsylvany, forty of us held a meetin' and 'pinted me Cap'n. So we came down here cross country, and 'rived this a'ternoon, and findin' fightin' goin' on, went straight for the bush. And gettin' cover, we shot the darndest sight of rebels you ever *did* see. And now all our ammynition is expended, I've come to town for more, for there's some of 'em still left—who want killin' badly." [1]

Had this unique bushwhacker but grown in Leland's imagination as did Jost of the Pennsylvania cavalry, the original of Hans Breitmann in his military phase, we might have possessed a character more truly American and not less rich in humorous significance. But Leland was not merely a humorist, and to deplore the loss of what he left undone is at once

[1] C. G. Leland, *Memoirs*, vol. I., pp. 51–52.

to be ungrateful for his many services in other fields and to express the highest appreciation of what he contributed to international comedy.

Of the deluge of humorists who followed, Charles Heber Clark ("Max Adeler"), like Leland, became better known in England than in the United States. *Out of the Hurly-Burly* (1874), his first and best book, links together facetious extravagances in prose and verse on a thread of narrative describing the perplexities of the suburbanite. Its delightful illustrations by A. B. Frost contributed almost as much as the text to the popularity of the book. Clark's travesties of the obituary lyric have been long remembered. At times rivalling the mock horrors of the *Bab Ballads*, his mortuary burlesques go far to justify Augustine Birrell's dictum that the essence of American humour consists in speaking lightly of dreadful subjects.

In spite of his pseudonym Clark was not one of the many dialect writers. The verbal humours of German-American speech were further exhibited, however, in the *Yawcob Strauss* rhymes of Charles Follen Adams. Negro dialect and certain broad aspects of darky pretentiousness were turned to laughable effect by Charles Bertrand Lewis ("M. Quad") in *The Lime-Kiln Club* (1887) and other sketches. At the close of the century Bowery slang gained a temporary currency through the Chimmie Fadden stories of Edward Waterman Townsend, but Faddenism never seriously disturbed the cult of Mr. Dooley, whose Irish-American witticisms deserve more extended mention. A remarkable type of later slang, that invented by an author and yet perfectly intelligible to all alert Americans, reached its apogee in the work of George Ade, whose *Fables in Slang* (1900) have been followed by several volumes of a similar method.

Humorists who did not rely upon dialect for their main effect usually began on the humour of a particular locality and gradually extended their range. Miss Marietta Holley as "Josiah Allen's Wife" from up-state New York has for more than forty years applied shrewd observation and the homeliest common sense to the popular amusements and fashionable problems of the day. *My Opinions and Betsy Bobbett's* (1873) and *Samantha at Saratoga* (1887) established her reputation as a keen deviser of ludicrous incidents and impossible social blun-

ders. James Montgomery Bailey ("The *Danbury News* Man") and Robert Jones Burdette ("The *Hawkeye* Man") attained a more than local vogue as newspaper comedians, Bailey excelling in quaintly exaggerated pictures of familiar domestic occurrences, Burdette in the unexpected collocation of dissimilar ideas. Edgar Wilson Nye ("Bill Nye"), once of *The Laramie* [Wyoming] *Boomerang*, was also fond of surprising turns of phrase, but his most characteristic vein lay in a sort of affected, zealous idiocy. No better example of his manner is available than one already selected by a skilled hand:

> The condition of our navy need not give rise to any serious apprehension. The yard in which it is placed at Brooklyn is enclosed by a high brick wall affording it ample protection. A man on board the *Atlanta* at anchor at Brooklyn is quite as safe as he would be at home. The guns on board the *Atlanta* are breechloaders; this is a great improvement on the old-style gun, because in former times in case of a naval combat the man who went outside the ship to load the gun while it was raining frequently contracted pneumonia.[1]

The lecture platform gave both Nye and Burdette an opportunity to display at best advantage their comical solemnity, and much of their notoriety rose from their public appearances. Nye especially was fortunate in his collaborators, touring at one time with Mark Twain and again with James Whitcomb Riley[2] and Eugene Field.

The last named, greatest of newspaper paragraphers and in his own right something more, qualified as a Middle Westerner by his birth in St. Louis (1850) and by his New England ancestry and bringing up. After three years in three colleges, a trip to Europe, and an early marriage, he served his apprenticeship to journalism on several Missouri papers. From *The Denver* [Colorado] *Tribune* his first humorous skit, *The Tribune Primer* (1882), was reprinted. The best years of his life were spent in Chicago as contributing editor to *The Chicago Record*. In his daily column of "Sharps and Flats" appeared his most characteristic verse,[3] tales, and miscellaneous paragraphs, later

[1] Quoted by S. Leacock, *American Humour, Nineteenth Century*, vol. lxxvi, p. 453.

[2] See Book III, Chap. x.

[3] See Book II, Chap. xxiii.

collected to form *A Little Book of Western Verse* (1889), *A Little Book of Profitable Tales* (1889), and other volumes. He was still in the prime of life and at the height of his celebrity as a household poet, humorist, and lecturer, when he wrote in the assumed character of a veteran bibliomaniac: "I am aweary and will rest a little while; lie thou there, my pen, for a dream—a pleasant dream—calleth me away." A few weeks later (4 November, 1895) death visited the writer as he slept.

Field's best known pieces of verse and prose exploiting sentimental and pathetic themes, especially Christmas festivities and the deaths of little children, emerge from a background of humorous writing illustrated by the rank and file of his contributions to "Sharps and Flats." The waggery of his natural bent finds unmixed expression in the early and unsuccessful book, *Culture's Garland; Being Memoranda of the Gradual Rise of Literature, Art, Music and Society in Chicago and other Western Ganglia* (1887), which engagingly blends the atmosphere of cultivation, so long anticipated by Chicagoans, with whiffs from the very real and ever-present stockyards. Only a few gleams of wit, however, relieve the profitable sentimentality of the later *Tales*.

A better balanced expression of his undeniable personal charm is to be found in *A Little Book of Western Verse*, virile and funny in the ballads of the miners' camp on Red Hoss Mountain; otherwise "Western" only as it exemplifies a readiness to try anything once.[1] Among many lullabies, Christmas hymns, and lyrics of infant mortality, the playful side of Field's genius is sufficiently represented by imitations of Old English ballads, echoes of Horatian themes, a few rollicking nursery songs, and much personal, political, and literary gossip cleverly versified. A bit of flippancy like *The Little Peach of Emerald Hue* goes to show that Field's humour could on occasion conquer the sentimental strain in him. But only too often his children die from the fatal effects of contact with the angels.

In his more ambitious pieces Field not infrequently falls into an over-refinement and false simplicity of style. When not too consciously doing his best, however, nothing could seem

[1] "I want to dip around in all sorts of versification, simply to show people that determination and perseverance can accomplish much in this direction." S. Thompson, *Eugene Field*, vol. ii., p. 120.

more effortless than the easy play of his wit. One thrust at a gang of politicians junketing at their constituents' expense deserves to be recalled as a fair example of his skill:

Blue Cut, Tenn., May 2, 1885.—The second section of the train bearing the Illinois Legislature to New Orleans was stopped near this station by bandits last night. After relieving the bandits of their watches and money, the excursionists proceeded on their journey with increased enthusiasm.[1]

Political sarcasms like the foregoing, though frequently employed, have ordinarily been powerless to influence either the character of American politics or the fortunes of any particular politician. On the contrary, they have had, like Ford jokes, a certain advertising value, being considered less marks of discontent than the banter of satisfaction with which healthy Americans accompany their doings. Most unusual, therefore, is the spectacle of the national frame of mind changed in consequence of the work of a humorist. Yet that result may fairly be claimed for the "Dooleys" written by Finley Peter Dunne during the Spanish-American War. The American public, conscious of a chivalrous mission in the war, uncertain of the strength of the adversary, and angry at the bustling incompetence and greedy profiteering at home, lost its sense of humour. Its regeneration from the slough of perfervid earnestness was accelerated by the cool remarks of the Irish saloonkeeper of Archey Road, Chicago. As Mr. Dooley commented on the great charge of the army mules at Tampa with reflections on other jackasses, pictured the Cuban towns captured by war-correspondents and the Spanish fleet sunk by dispatch boats, celebrated General Miles's uniform and the pugnacity of "Cousin George Dooley" (Admiral Dewey), the national fever cooled, and the nation, realizing its superfluous power, burst into saving laughter.

"We're a gr-reat people," said Mr. Hennessy, earnestly.

"We ar-re," said Mr. Dooley. "We ar-re that. An' th' best iv it is, we know we ar-re."

Mr. Dooley for some years continued to give his opinions on the men and affairs of peace with a shrewdness that recalls

[1] S. Thompson, *Eugene Field*, vol. ii., p. 204.

the pungent insight of Josh Billings and makes him one of the most quotable writers. Americans of the present generation are not likely to forget some of his sayings, least of all the remark of Father Kelly:

"Hogan," he says, "I'll go into th' battle with a prayer book in wan hand an' a soord in th' other," he says; "an' if th' wurruk calls f'r two hands, 'tis not th' soord I'll dhrop," he says.

When not busied with comments on current events, Mr. Dooley sometimes had leisure to relate incidents of the life about him in the gas-house district. As an interpreter of the city, however, he yields to Sydney Porter ("O. Henry").[1] The O. Henry story is the last word in deft manipulation, but as a humorist Porter is not deeply philosophical. His neat situations, surprising turns, and verbal cleverness show a refinement upon the methods of predecessors, indeed, but not a new comic attitude. Unsurpassed in daring extravaganza when he can give himself completely to gaiety, he becomes immediately sober in the presence of thought or sentiment. In these respects he represents the norm of recent American humour at a high pitch of technical perfection, and his death in 1910 may fittingly be taken as the close of the period. Just at present, judicious Americans are importing their best current humour from Canada.

[1] See Book III, Chap. VI.

## CHAPTER X

# Later Poets

IN the expanding, heterogeneous America of the second half of the nineteenth century, poetry lost its clearly defined tendencies and became various and experimental. It did not cease to be provincial; for although no one region dominated as New England had dominated in the first half of the century, the provincial accent was as unmistakable, and the purely national accent as rare, as before. The East, rapidly becoming the so-called "effete East," produced a poetry to which the West was indifferent; the West, still the West of "carnivorous animals of a superior rank," produced a poetry that the cultivated classes of the East regarded as vulgar. In a broad way it may perhaps be said that the poetry of this period was dedicated either to beauty or to "life"; to a revered past, or to the present and the future; to the civilization of Asia and Europe, or to the ideals and manners of America, at least the West of America. The virtue of the poetry of beauty was its fidelity to a noble tradition, its repetition, with a difference, of familiar and justly approved types of beauty; its defect was mechanical repetition, petty embellishment. The virtue of the poetry of "life" was fidelity to experience, vitality of utterance; its defect, crudity, meanness, insensitiveness to fineness of feeling and beauty of expression. Where the poets are many and all are minor it is difficult to make a choice, but on the whole it seems that the outstanding poets of the East were Emily Dickinson, Aldrich, Bayard Taylor, R. H. Stoddard, Stedman, Gilder, and Hovey; and of the West, Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, Sill, Riley, and Moody.[1]

None of these has gained more with time than has Emily

[1] For the South, see Book III, Chap. IV.

Dickinson. Despite her defective sense of form, which makes her a better New Englander than Easterner, she has acquired a permanent following of discriminating readers through her extraordinary insight into the life of the mind and the soul. This insight is that of a latter-day Puritan, completely divorced from the outward stir of life, retiring, by preference, deeper and deeper within. Born in 1830 at Amherst, Massachusetts, she lived there all her life, and in 1886 died there. The inwardness and moral ruggedness of Puritanism she inherited mainly through her father, Edward Dickinson, lawyer and treasurer of Amherst College, a Puritan of the old type, whose heart, according to his daughter, was "pure and terrible." Her affection for him was so largely compounded with awe that in a sense they were strangers. "I have a brother and sister," she wrote to her poetical preceptor, Thomas Wentworth Higginson[1]; "my mother does not care for thought, and father, too busy with his briefs to notice what we do. He buys me many books, but begs me not to read them, because he fears they jiggle the mind. They are religious, except me." Of course, she too was religious, and intensely so, breathing as she did the intoxicating air of Transcendentalism. In person she described herself as "small, like the wren; and my hair is bold like the chestnut burr; and my eyes, like the sherry in the glass that the guest leaves." "You ask of my companions. Hills, sir, and the sundown, and a dog large as myself." These, and not her family, were actually her companions, together with a few books and her own soul. She had an alert introspection that brought her more than the wealth of the Indies. There is no better example of the New England tendency to moral revery than this last pale Indian-summer flower of Puritanism. She is said literally to have spent years without passing the doorstep, and many more years without leaving her father's grounds. After the death of her parents, not to mention her dog Carlo, she retired still further within herself, till the sounds of the everyday world must have come to her as from a previous state of existence.

"I find ecstacy in living," she said to Higginson, and spoke truly, as her poems show. In an unexpected light on orchards, in a wistful mood of meadow or wood-border held secure for a

[1] See Book III, Chap. XIII.

moment before it vanished; in the few books that she read—her Keats, her Shakespeare, her *Revelation;* in the echoes, obscure in origin, that stirred within her own mind and soul, now a tenuous melody, now a deep harmony, a haunting question, or a memorable affirmation;—everywhere she displayed something of the mystic's insight and joy. And she expressed her experience in her poems, forgetting the world altogether, intent only on the satisfaction of giving her fluid life lasting form, her verse being her journal. Yet the impulse to expression was probably not strong, because she wrote no poems, save one or two, as she herself asserts, until the winter 1861–62, when she was over thirty years old. In the spring of 1862 she wrote a letter to Higginson beginning, "Are you too deeply occupied to say if my verse is alive? The mind is so near itself it cannot see distinctly, and I have none to ask." Discerning the divine spark in her shapeless verse, he welcomed her advances, and became her "preceptor," loyally listened to but, as was inevitable, mainly unheeded. Soon perceiving this, Higginson continued to encourage her, for many years, without trying to divert her lightning-flashes. In "H. H."—Helen Hunt Jackson,[1] herself a poetess of some distinction, and her early schoolmate at Amherst—she had another sympathetic friend, who, suspecting the extent of her production, asked for the post of literary executor. At length, in 1890, a volume edited by Higginson and Mabel Loomis Todd was published, *Poems by Emily Dickinson*, arranged under various heads according to subject. The book succeeded at once, six editions being sold in the first six months; so that a second series, and later a third, seemed to be justified. From the first selection to the third, however, there is a perceptible declension.

The subject division adopted by her editors serves well enough: Life, Love, Nature, Time and Eternity. A mystical poetess sequestered in a Berkshire village, she naturally concerned herself with neither past nor present, but with the things that are timeless. Apparently deriving no inspiration from the war to which Massachusetts, including her preceptorial colonel, gave itself so freely, she spent her days in brooding over the mystery of pain, the true nature of success, the refuge of the tomb, the witchcraft of the bee's murmur, the election of love,

[1] See also Book III, Chaps. VI and XI.

the relation of deed to thought and will. On such subjects she jotted down hundreds of little poems.

Though she had an Emersonian faith that fame, if it belonged to her, could not escape her, she cared nothing at all about having it; like not a few Transcendentalists, she might have written on the lintels of her door-post, *Whim*. That was her guiding divinity, Whim in a high sense: not unruliness, for all her impishness, but complete subjection to the inner dictate. She obeyed it in her mode of life, in her friendships, in her letters, in her poems. It makes her poetry eminently spontaneous—as fresh and artless as experience itself—in spite of the fact that she was not a spontaneous singer. The ringing bursts of melody that are characteristic of the born lyrical poet, such as Burns, she was incapable of; but she had insight, and intense, or rather tense, emotion, and expressed herself with an eye single to the truth. Something she derived from her reading, no doubt, from Emerson, the Brownings, Sir Thomas Browne; but rarely was poet less indebted. From her silent thought she derived what is essential in her work, and her whole effort was to state her findings precisely. She could not deliberately arrange her thoughts; "when I try to organize," she said, "my little force explodes and leaves me bare and charred." If she revised her work, as she did industriously, it was to render it not more attractive but truer.

Her poems are remarkable for their condensation, their vividness of image, their delicate or pungent satire and irony, their childlike responsiveness to experience, their subtle feeling for nature, their startling abruptness in dealing with themes commonly regarded as trite, their excellence in imaginative insight and still greater excellence in fancy. Typical is such a poem as that in which she celebrates the happiness of a little stone on the road, or that in which she remarks with gleeful irony upon the dignity that burial has in store for each of us—coach and footmen, bells in the village, "as we ride grand along." Emily Dickinson takes us to strange places; one never knows what is in store. But always she is penetrating and dainty, both intimate and aloof, challenging lively thought on our part while remaining, herself, a charmingly elfish mystery. Her place in American letters will be inconspicuous but secure.

Also born a New Englander, Thomas Bailey Aldrich re-

mained essentially a New Englander all his days. It is true that he never sympathized with the occupations of the New England mind in his time, and that his dedication of his art to beauty is not in the tradition of that "reformatory and didactic" section, and that, on the other hand, New York left its metropolitan imprint on nearly all his work. Yet most of his career belongs to New England, and he himself liked to say that if he was not genuine Boston he was at least Boston-plated; nor is it quite fanciful to assert that his somewhat painful artistic integrity is largely a re-orientation of New England principle and thoroughness. In him, Puritan morality, after passing through Hawthorne, half artist and half moralist, becomes wholly artistic.

Aldrich's Salem was Portsmouth, New Hampshire, the "Rivermouth" of *The Story of a Bad Boy*, sleepy, elm-shaded, full of traditions, bordered by the ocean, where he spent many an hour, as he wrote reminiscently, "a little shade wandering along shore, picking up shells, and dreaming of a big ship to come and carry him across the blue water." Three years of his boyhood he lived in New Orleans, imbibing sights and moods quite other than those of the North Shore boy, travelling, too, up and down the Mississippi and receiving impressions never to be forgotten. A professed and hot-headed Southerner, he returned to Portsmouth to prepare for college, but, on the death of his father, gave up Harvard and went to New York at the age of seventeen, where he entered upon a career as counting-room clerk, contributor to periodicals, and assistant editor of the *Home Journal* under N. P. Willis.[1] During these early years he published several volumes of poems. The first, *The Bells* (1855), does little more than indicate his juvenile masters—Chatterton, Keats, Tennyson, Longfellow, Poe, Willis, among whom Tennyson is perhaps the most important in the light of his later work. The fourth, *The Ballad of Babie Bell, and Other Poems* (1859), marks his first success—*Babie Bell* itself he wrote when but nineteen. Then came the war, and adventurous war correspondence, but Aldrich was by nature nearly as timeless as Hawthorne, and in 1862 returned to his versecraft by no means transformed. Two or three of his poems, including *The Shaw Memorial Ode*, show the influence of war idealism, but most of

[1] See Book II, Chap. III.

his best work apparently owes nothing to the incitements of those stirring days. To him, indeed, the victory of 1865 meant not Appomatox but marriage, an excellent editorial position in Boston, and the publication of his collected poems in the renowned Blue and Gold series of Ticknor and Fields—an event in Boston, as Bliss Perry remarks, equivalent to election to the French Academy.

In New York he had been associated with the foremost writers of the "school" there—most intimately with Bayard Taylor, the Stoddards, Stedman, William Winter, and Fitz-James O'Brien. These and other members of the group agreed in condemning Boston and respectability in general, and espousing beauty and an enfranchised moral life. Yet their freedom was one of manners rather than of morals; even the Bohemians—headed by the satiric Henry Clapp—who foregathered at Pfaff's below the pavement at 647 Broadway and gave free rein to their impulses, seem to have had the usual impulses of the Hebraizing Anglo-Saxon if not of the Puritan. Aldrich was not a Bohemian of any type; nor was he by temperament a Manhattan journalist, but rather a gently mirthful New Englander, who felt eminently at home in the company of Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, and others whom he met through Fields, and who preferred the "respectable" social standing of a knight of the pen in Boston to the incomplete Bohemianism of New York. For nine years he edited Ticknor and Fields's *Every Saturday*, while in the next room Fields and William Dean Howells edited *The Atlantic Monthly;* then, upon Howells's resignation in 1881, he entered upon a nine-years' editorship of the *Atlantic*. Travel was an item of importance in these later years. He wandered through Spain, one of his old castles in the air, and through the rich Orient, where his poetic fancy was always at ease, and he travelled round the world twice. Travel, and reading in foreign literature, added to an attractive cosmopolitanism in his spirit that marks him off from some of his Boston friends. He retained to the end a boyishness of disposition that made him personally winning, together with an intellectual liveliness that earned him a national reputation as a wit and the friendly admiration of no less a man than Mark Twain. He died in Boston in 1907.

Aldrich's unfailing good fortune was only a fitting reward

for a single-hearted devotion to art that is too rare in the history of American literature. His faith as an artist was that, while many fine thoughts have perished through inadequate expression, even a light fancy may be immortal by reason of its "perfect wording." There is here a suggestion of embellishment that marks the limit of Aldrich's reach. It was well enough for him to object to "Kiplingese" and to the negligée dialect of James Whitcomb Riley, but he himself went to the other extreme in his solicitude for beautiful form. Even more than his master Tennyson, he loved fine form so ardently that he cared too little whether the embodied thought was equally distinguished. That he realized his danger is indicated by his verses *At the Funeral of a Minor Poet.* Some thought the poet's workmanship, he says,

> more costly than the thing
> Moulded or carved, as in those ornaments
> Found at Mycenæ;

and yet in defence it may be said that Nature herself works thus, lavishing endless patience "upon a single leaf of grass or a thrush's song"; or, as he puts it in one of his prose papers, "A little thing may be perfect, but perfection is not a little thing."

Many of Aldrich's poems, however, have substance enough to deserve the embalming power of fine form. Their extraordinary neatness, precision, and delicacy, their fascinating melody, are again and again conjoined with a mood or conception so subtly true or so vividly felt that we discern in them the classic imprint. *Latakia, On Lynn Terrace, Resurgam, Sleep, Frost-Work, Invita Minerva, The Flight of the Goddess, Books and Seasons, Memory, Enamoured Architect of Airy Rhyme, Palabras Cariñosas,* are poems that we may re-read repeatedly with an ever renewed sense of their beauty. They offer no profound criticism of life; but much great literature does not. Aldrich's other work—his long narrative poems, of which he regarded *Wyndham Towers* and *Friar Jerome* as the best; his *Judith of Bethulîa*, a dramatic poem; and his occasional poems, such as the *Ode on the Unveiling of the Shaw Memorial on Boston Common*—is work in kinds in which other American poets have done better. But none of them has done better than he in

*vers de societé*, in sonnets, and very short poems generally; indeed, the quality of Aldrich is the more apparent the shorter the poem, many of his best poems being quatrains. In *Songs and Sonnets*, a selection from his work published in 1906, the shorter poems have been brought together in a captivating little volume. Aldrich called Herrick "a great little poet"; he merits the title himself.[1]

In the Transcendental period, it was said that one could not throw a stone in Boston without hitting a poet; in the latter half of the century one's chances would have been little better. Representative, perhaps, of the countless lesser poets of New England in this period are Thomas William Parsons (1819–92), a Boston dentist who translated the *Inferno* admirably in *terza rima* and wrote poems of small merit save *On a Bust of Dante*, which, through its Dantesque elevation and purity of form, deserves to rank with the best American lyrics; William Wetmore Story (1819–95), of Salem, lawyer, later sculptor in Italy, his adopted home, a poet influenced by Tennyson and Browning, whose passionate *Cleopatra* and lofty *Praxiteles and Phryne* are among his most successful work; Lucy Larcom (1826–93), who spent her girlhood in the Lowell cotton mills, and whose lyrics, too often sentimental, show the influence of Whittier; Celia Thaxter (1836–94), whose father was lighthouse keeper on the Isles of Shoals, where the blended beauties and austerities of sea and rocks evoked many poems of nature in her sympathetic temperament; and J. G. Holland (1819–81),[2] who lived in Massachusetts till 1870, when he founded *Scribner's Monthly* (now *The Century Magazine*) in New York, a versatile author whose poems, such as the long *Bitter Sweet* and *Kathrina*, little read now, were widely popular in their day.

Of the New York authors, the most prominent in the first part of the half century was Bayard Taylor. As Aldrich belongs not only to New York but also to New England, so Taylor belongs not only to New York but also to Pennsylvania, where he was born in Kennett Square in 1825. By that time the State had lost what literary glories it had ever had, and although a new brood of native writers had just been born—T. Buchanan Read in 1822, Boker[3] in 1823, Leland[4] in 1824—New York was

[1] For Aldrich's prose see Book III, Chap. VI.
[2] See Book III, Chap. XI.
[3] See Book II, Chap. II.
[4] See Book III, Chap. IX.

already obviously destined to be the literary centre of the future.

Bayard Taylor is fairly representative of his State by virtue of his Quaker descent and his mixed English and German blood. Aside from the abounding life of nature in which he immersed himself as a boy, he found inhibitions on all sides: in his moral and religious life, in his practical life as a farmer's son, and in his intellectual life as a boy for whose education means were wanting. Gifted with the impetus of genius, he broke away from these hindrances, and embarked upon that varied and adventurous career of expansion that marks both his greatness and his littleness. He read all the books, especially poetry and travel, he could lay his hands on; he wrote verse from his seventh year onward; he drew and painted; he dreamed of foreign lands; he aspired to the heights—envying the bird, the weathercock, the balloonist. He had the expansiveness that often accompanies vigorous health of mind and body—at seventeen was six feet tall and enjoyed a magnetic power that foreshadowed his friendships and his personal impressiveness. Two years later, in 1844, having won the interest of Rufus W. Griswold, he was enabled to publish his first book, *Ximena*, in Philadelphia; though in later years, recognizing the emptiness of the fifteen poems that made up the book, he repented of it.

Already, in a sense, his poetry was subordinate to his travels; *Ximena* was intended to supply the means necessary for the voyage abroad that he had long cherished for its own sake and for its educational value. At a time when American pilgrims were a curiosity, he wandered through Europe for two years, virtually without funds, enduring and enjoying every manner of hardship and adventure. Particularly in Germany, where he was subsequently to marry and to find the material for his most ardent literary studies, he felt more at home than in repressive Kennett. *Views Afoot* (1846) told the story of these years, and launched Taylor upon a career of travel and journalistic distinction that made his fame international. Of all the lands that he lived in or roamed through, the countries of the Orient captivated this eager romanticist most completely.

It needed not [says Stedman] Hicks's picture of the bronzed traveller, in his turban and Asiatic costume, smoking, cross-legged,

upon a roof-top of Damascus, to show us how much of a Syrian he was. We saw it in the down-drooping eyelids which made his profile like Tennyson's; in his acquiline nose, with the expressive tremor of the nostrils as he spoke; in his thinly tufted chin, his close-curling hair, his love of spices, music, coffee, colours, and perfumes.

The author of *Poems of the Orient* (1854) was indeed a fitting leader and high priest of the cult of the East that was one characteristic of the New York school.

After his first voyage to Europe, Taylor determined, in 1847, to try to make a living as a writer in New York; "this mighty New York," as he calls it with his appetite for large experience, "*here* is the metropolis of a continent!" It was the New York of Bryant, Halleck, and Willis to which he had come; it was under Willis's wing that he came to know the literary life of the city. When Greeley, the next year, invited him to a post on the *Tribune*, Taylor formed a connection that was to give him a sense of security for many years. In the newspaper rooms he now wrote for fifteen hours a day. He also contrived to see a good deal of R. H. Stoddard, Boker, Read, William Winter, and later Aldrich, who were to be his closest friends. He knew the Bohemians well enough not to be one of them; though he could scarcely avoid having some traits in common with them, since Bohemianism in one form or another has been a characteristic of New York literary life from the days of the Knickerbocker school. When the war came he sold a share of his *Tribune* stock so that his brother might enlist in the army; this he regarded as his "bit." The next year he was in Washington as war correspondent for the *Tribune*, but his activity in that capacity was cut short by a chance, too good to be sacrificed, to see Russia and Central Asia as Secretary of the Legation in Russia. His *Gettysburg Ode*, despite the fact that his brother died on that field, is distinguished neither in its poetry nor in its grasp of the significance of the war.[1] Meanwhile he had built, in his old Pennsylvania haunts, a manorial house named Cedarcroft, at a cost of $17,000, then a good deal of money,—a roomy dwelling with, typically, a tower that commanded an extended view of the gentle Pennsylvania countryside. Cedarcroft became a haven of refuge from his

[1] See also Book III, Chap. II.

arduous travels, where he might write undisturbed, and converse at ease with Boker and Stedman and the rest, and smoke his narghile, and shock the good people of Kennett through his Continental *Gemüthlichkeit* in the use of liquor; it became also, unfortunately, as Stoddard says, "a Napoleonic business for a poet," who, in committing himself to earning a large income, sometimes $18,000 a year, by writing prose, appreciably injured his poetry.

And poetry was his passion, his religion, as he says with proud humility in *Porphyrogenitus*. In 1874 he told Howells that he was trying desperately to bury his old reputation as a traveller and writer of travel books "several thousand fathoms deep" and to create a new one. His prose he wrote with fatal facility, performing prodigies of speed, but his poetry he composed with the most painstaking care, spending hours over a couplet, if necessary, till it satisfied him. Like Aldrich, he despised American dialect verse. He venerated the great traditions of poesy, and never threw off the influence of his best-loved masters, Tennyson and Shelley. The "Immortal Brother" of his *Ode to Shelley* has left traces in most of his poetical work.

But, after all, it is Goethe, rather than Shelley, who is the index to Taylor's mind. He was so devoted to Goethe, and to German literature generally, that Whitelaw Reid found it necessary to say that "those who did not know him, have sometimes described him as more German than American." Some acquaintance with the German language he picked up at home; far more he gathered in his hibernation in Germany in the first year of his wanderings abroad; in time he spoke it like a native, and composed poems in it, including a *Jubel-lied* (Berlin, 1870) celebrating German unity. He enjoyed life in Germany much as an earlier and greater Pennsylvanian cosmopolite, Franklin, enjoyed life in London and Paris, but his loyalty to America was never in question. He came to know the great men of Germany, including Bismarck, who, commenting on a novel by Taylor, remarked that the villain was allowed to escape too easily. In 1869 he was made non-resident professor of German literature at Cornell, where he gave courses of lectures. In 1870 he completed his admirable translation of *Faust* in the original metres, which he had projected twenty years before, and over which he had laboured with something of the devotion

of Carlyle. This translation will doubtless come to be regarded as Bayard Taylor's foremost achievement. It was largely instrumental in obtaining for him the appointment, in 1878, as Minister to Germany, whither he sailed thoroughly worn out with congratulations and flowers and champagne. Excessively hard work had taken its revenges, and he was never to enjoy the great future that the new life in Germany held out to him—he was never, for one thing, to carry out his fond plan of writing the biography of Goethe, a task for which he was well fitted. He died soon after reaching Germany.

His death is the symbol of his life. His whole career, his poetical achievement most of all, was an approximation to high distinction that was frustrated through both outer and inner forces. He was cast in a large, a Goethean mould; he aspired highly and in many directions, seeking self-realization, but he lacked—outwardly—freedom from worldly troubles and—inwardly—Goethe's ideal of *Entsagung*. His buoyant enthusiasm, his capacity for hard work, tended to deploy in the void because of his lack of concentration and true harmony. He sought what he liked to call "cosmical experience," but in his eagerness he lost himself.

The consequences are plainly visible in his poetry. It is the poetry of a man who has "aspired" rather than "attained." It is, to begin with, dangerously versatile. Aside from his varied experiments in prose, Taylor wrote lyrics, pastorals, idylls, odes, dramatic lyrics, lyrical dramas, translations, poems in German, poems in every mood and every metre, poems consciously or unconsciously imitative of a host of poets (he had a remarkable but ill-controlled verbal memory), poems on themes Oriental, Greek, Norse, American from coast to coast, poems classical, sentimental, romantic, realistic, poems of love, of nature, of art. In most of this work he was acceptable to his age; in very little is he acceptable to a later time. His poetry, again, is diffuse, as the poetry of a fifteen-hour-a-day journalist is likely to be. Despite a certain buoyant resonance, a resonance, however, rarely full enough; despite a frequent delicacy of perception and expression; despite a sense of melody that seldom fails; despite a simplicity of method and phrasing that betokens sincerity;—despite all these merits and others, his poetry attracts mildly because it is diffuse, and it is diffuse,

fundamentally, because it is shallow. In his ode on Goethe, written three years before Taylor died, conscious of his "lighter muscle" he asks with an undercurrent of sadness:

> How charge with music powers so vast and free,
> Save one be great as he?

Taylor, with all his aspiration and energy, was ill-educated, ill-disciplined, emotionally and intellectually unsymmetrical. He was too fond of his narghile and of melon-seeds brought all the way from Nijni-Novgorod. He learned modern Greek before he learned ancient Greek. His few good poems, such as the popular *Bedouin Song*, *John Reed*, *The Quaker Widow*, *Euphorion*, are far too few. He had latent powers, if not supreme power, but it was misdirected. To his contemporaries, he was a distinguished poet as well as traveller; to us he is an interesting personality.[1]

While Shelley was Taylor's poet, Richard Henry Stoddard found in Keats, as he says in a verse tribute, the Master of his soul. As a boy, he "lived for Song," and throughout his life, in surroundings essentially alien and "an age too late," he dedicated himself to poetry with a happiness and dignity, and with a degree of success in his own day, quite out of proportion to the merit of his achievement.

A New Englander like Aldrich and Stedman, he was born in the same year with Taylor (1825), in Hingham, Massachusetts, where his ancestors were hardy sailors. In his *Recollections* he tells of his grandfather's house by the sea, where his mother sang melancholy hymns at nightfall, and of the ancient church and cemetery that gave tone to the family life—"dying seemed to be the most laudable industry of the time." His father being lost at sea, the pale widow and her delicate boy removed to Boston, and later to New York, where she married again. After a few years of schooling, Richard was set to work, first as errand-boy, as shop-boy, and as legal copyist,—spending part of his petty earnings in the purchase of the English poets, —later as blacksmith and as moulder in an iron foundry. On the threshold of manhood, he worked in the foundry for three hard years, with ever one consolation: "the day would end, night would come, and then I could write poetry." In 1849 he

[1] For Taylor's travels see Book III, Chap. xv.

published his first volume, *Footprints*, of which he tells us one copy was sold before the edition was given to the flames. Leaving the foundry, he supported himself, like Aldrich and Taylor, as a journalist, becoming in time literary editor of the *World* and *Mail and Express*. Meanwhile he had married Elizabeth Barstow, of Mattapoisett, Massachusetts, "one of those irrepressible girls," says her husband, "who are sometimes born in staid Puritan families," who later attained some distinction as novelist and poetess ("for she became," says Stoddard, "the best writer of blank verse of any woman in America"), and had secured a clerkship in the New York Custom House which he held till 1870. He lived in New York through many of its varied decades till 1903, a prominent figure in the literary life, a close friend of Taylor, Stedman, and the others. In his somewhat austere devotion to beauty he was far removed from the Bohemians; he states specifically with regard to Pfaff's "I never went inside the place." His life lacked the advantages—and disadvantages—of much travel, though, like his friends, he poetized the magical Orient (in *The Book of the East*). His personality was that of a somewhat angular individualist, outspoken, vigorous, inflexible in his support of the right. He was a product of Puritan New England as well as a disciple of Keats.

New England didacticism, however, is all but absent from his poetry. Here and there is a trace, now and then a whole poem, such as *On the Town*, a harlot's plea for justice, which has also, it is true, a modernly realistic aspect; but otherwise the world of sin that Hawthorne loved to brood over and the New England poets sought to improve, is far away. He began his career as a palpable imitator of Keats's sensuousness, magical epithet, and praise of beauty. His *Autumn* is little more than a frank copy of the ode by Keats. Other early poems are full of echoes of Milton and Wordsworth. Though he soon passed into his own manner, which was never highly individualized, one can discern his masters everywhere. Some of his best narrative poetry, such as *Leonatus* and *Imogen*, is agreeably reminiscent of Keats. His blank verse, as in the tribute to Bryant, *The Dead Master*, often has power and accomplished variety, but it is not individual. Indeed, it may not be unfair to say that Stoddard was mainly a passionate lover of poetry,

more passionate than the others of the New York group, and not so much a natural creator of it. Creation was, to him, an inevitable accident; enjoyment of others' poetry was a leading function of life. Most of his work is the expression of commonplace sentiment and tame emotion. Its merit is melody and deftness, in phrasing, in rhyming, in imagery. Consequently his best work is doubtless that which the public of his day knew him by, his lyrics, as in the pleasant volume *Songs of Summer*, diverse snatches of song without attachment to time or place, also without much meaning or purpose, but so well fashioned that one can understand why Stoddard was once a prominent poet. His *Lincoln, an Horation Ode*, however, still has power.[1]

If Bayard Taylor's handicap was travel, and Stoddard's uncongenial labour, Stedman's was business. Though born of an old New England family in Hartford, Connecticut, and educated at Yale, he immersed himself so thoroughly in Wall Street that he belongs to New York. Probably he owed less to his father, lumber merchant and devout Christian, than to his mother, Elizabeth Dodge Stedman, a poetess notable chiefly for her ardent emotional life. Of her son she wrote: "As soon as he could speak he lisped in rhyme, and as soon as he could write, which was at the age of six years, he gave shape and measure to his dreams. He was a sedate and solemn baby." In college, as the youngest in a class of more than one hundred, he developed his infantile devotion to poetry, winning prizes, but losing his sedateness and solemnity. According to the Faculty Records, "Stedman, Soph. was dismissed for having been present at a 'dance house' near the head of the wharf," this being apparently his culminating indiscretion. As soon as he realized his error, he said in applying for his degree years later, he "resolved to obtain a higher culture"; and, taking himself in hand, he transformed his raw, strong-willed, high-spirited youth to an attractive type of energetic, idealistic manhood. In 1855 he became a broker in New York. Associating himself with Greeley's *Tribune*, he presently found himself the popular author of three lively, rather journalistic poems—*The Diamond Wedding*, *The Ballad of Lager Bier*, and *How Old Brown Took Harper's Ferry*. In 1860, the year of his first volume, *Poems, Lyric and Idyllic*, he joined the staff of the

[1] See also Book III, Chap. II.

*World.* For this newspaper he went to the front, in 1861, as war correspondent. A man of thirty years when the war was over, he turned to the life of Wall Street, becoming, six years later, an active member of the Stock Exchange. He held his seat till 1900. "There was no such market for literary wares at that day as has since arisen, and I needed to be independent in order to write and study." Perhaps so; it was a bitter problem to solve; yet there is little question that Stedman's choice limited his literary achievement in quality as well as quantity. To be sure, he could not have foreseen the financial misfortunes that beset his way to independence. At the same time, he had a talent for business that might better not have been developed, since it flourished at the expense of a rarer talent that he possessed for literary criticism and for poetry. With more knowledge and the discipline of hard thinking, his literary criticism, at its best in *Poets of America* (1885), might have contributed much to a department of our literature that is all too weak. He had high, if not the highest, seriousness, without the admixture of sentimentalism that often accompanies ideality and range.

His distinction as a literary critic and as an editor of anthologies and other works seems to have given rise to an unwarranted presumption in his favour as a poet. If he had a voice of his own, he spoke in uncertain tones; in the main his poetry is an echo of the romantic poets and Tennyson. He seems to have written frequently in cold blood; at least he told Winter that "it was his custom to select with care the particular form of verse that he designed to use, and sometimes to invent the rhymes and write them at the ends of the lines which they were to terminate,—thus making a skeleton of a poem, as a ground-work on which to build." Aside from his war verse[1] he wrote poems on New York themes, the best of which is *Pan in Wall Street;* on New England life and ideals, including the charming lines entitled *The Doorstep;* on *The Carib Sea;* on special occasions, including poems on Greeley and several of the New England poets; and on various other themes, notably in *The Hand of Lincoln* and *Stanzas for Music.* In most of this work—limited in quantity to a single volume—Stedman's muse is decorously uplifted rather than elevated of its own

[1] See Book III, Chap. II.

nature; it rarely sings freely, and, if it never offends, also never stirs deeply. At a public meeting in his memory, his friend William Winter expressed Stedman's literary faith in a compact phrase when he said: "He steadfastly adhered to the stately, lovely, ancient traditions of English poetry." Undidactic, devoted to the dignity and beauty of letters, he expressed himself in the idiom of the tradition of beauty in literature, both classical and modern. His protracted studies in Theocritus and the other early idyllists were typical of his scholarly love of literature. He himself is the *Pan in Wall Street* of one of his few fascinating poems: among the bulls and bears he too held

> a Pan's-pipe (fashioned
> Like those of old),

and upon it he could sing arrestingly if not greatly.[1]

Though subordinate in genius to the greater New Englanders,—Emerson, Lowell, Whittier, and the rest,—the poets of the New York school made a positive contribution to our literature. Aside from the intrinsic merit of their work, they are important on account of their influence. Holding that poetry is amply justified through its beauty and the happiness produced in us by its beauty, and that the moral element is ancillary, if not accidental or irrelevant, they prepared the way for the highly accomplished versecraft that is characteristic of the declining years of the century. Whether this highly accomplished, often precious, poetry is itself admirable is scarcely open to question: it is not great, but it provided a discipline that American poets had never had and that they needed.

Of the lesser luminaries in New York little need be said. They include William Winter (1836–1917), who early came from Massachusetts, primarily a dramatic critic[2] but also the author of verses resembling those of his poet friends: Emma Lazarus (1849–87), born in New York of Portuguese Jewish ancestry, some of whose work is remarkable for its Hebraic intensity[3]; and the Cary sisters, Alice (1820–71) and Phoebe (1824–71), who came from Ohio, importing the sentimental and moralizing tendency of the age along with a sweetness and beauty by virtue of which they still have some charm. Two

[1] For his prose see Book III, Chap. XIII.

[2] See Book III, Chap. XIII.

[3] See Book III, Chap. XIII.

Philadelphians already mentioned, George H. Boker (1823–90)[1] and Thomas B. Read (1822–72),[2] may be named here again on account of their association with writers of the New York group. Boker, distinguished as a dramatist, began authorship with *The Lesson of Life, and Other Poems* in 1847 and continued to write verse. Read's first volume appeared in Philadelphia in the same year. Among his poems are *The New Pastoral* (1855), a long poem dealing with American pioneer life, *The Wagoner of the Alleghanies* (1862), a tale of the Revolutionary War, and many short lyrics, of which the best known is *Sheridan's Ride.*

Although Richard Watson Gilder (1844–1909) belongs to the same general group with Taylor, Stoddard, and the other "squires of poesy," as they called themselves a trifle ostentatiously, he is associated with a later and more public-spirited period of New York culture.

Born at Bordentown, New Jersey, he was educated at his father's schools, first at Bordentown, then at Flushing. The latter school failing, his father re-entered the active ministry shortly before the Civil War. In the war, the father served as chaplain till his death in 1864; a son served in a Zouave regiment; and Richard, a boy of nineteen, enlisted in Landis's Philadelphia Battery when the Confederate invasion threatened eastern Pennsylvania. The war over, Richard Watson Gilder became a journalist in Newark, soon after in New York, where, in 1870, he became the assistant editor of the new periodical known as *Scribner's Monthly.* When his chief, Dr. J. G. Holland, died in 1881, Gilder assumed control of the *Century*, as it was now called, giving it unsparingly his best energy for more than a quarter of a century. Partly through his own interests, partly through his wife's (Helena de Kay's) association with fellow painters, he found himself surrounded by friends of a type very different from those of the Bohemians and squires of poesy—La Farge, Saint-Gaudens, Stanford White, Joseph Jefferson, Madame Modjeska, and, in the summers on Cape Cod, President Cleveland. Again, unlike the earlier members of the New York group, he became an ardent and enlightened humanitarian and publicist, serving the cause of good government in city and nation. "That I am

[1] See Book II, Chap. II. [2] See Book III, Chap. II.

drawn into too many things," he wrote in a letter, "is perhaps true." He was right; both his health and his work, in various fields, were impaired. In another letter he refers to his "insufficient but irrepressible verse," which describes it well enough.

He began verse writing under happy auspices. Milton was his master at the age of ten or twelve, and his father encouraged him to write. Years later, he chanced to meet Helena de Kay at the very time that he came upon Rossetti's translation of the *Vita Nuova;* the result of the conjunction was the love sonnets of *The New Day*, his first volume, which was published in 1875. With its slow, heavily-freighted lines, its solemn music and carefully composed imagery, its intense feeling not fully articulate, its occasional vagueness of meaning, it contrasts with the obvious and more lively American poetry of that day and the day before. The vagueness of meaning Gilder happily escaped in his later work; the other qualities he retained and improved.

Of virtually all of his poetry, the dominant trait is a brooding intensity,—suggested by the dark, peering eyes of the man himself,—expressed in language distilled and richly associative, "the low, melodious pour of musicked words." He was passionately responsive to music, to

> The deep-souled viola, the 'cello grave,
> The many-mooded, singing violin,
> The infinite, triumphing, ivoried clavier

—his own poetry has the quality of orchestral instruments, oftenest the grave 'cello. Many of his poems are concerned with other arts, especially painting and acting, for art was to this "stickler for form," as he called himself, a large part of life. He naturally wrote on *Modjeska*, *Eleonora Duse*, *A Monument of Saint-Gaudens*, *An Hour in a Studio*, and *In Praise of Portraiture* as well as on *MacDowell*, *The Pathetic Symphony*, *A Fantasy of Chopin*, *Paderewski*, and *Beethoven*. He had, too, a love of the Orient,—an artist's love as well as a reflective poet's, —that led him to add *In Palestine, and Other Poems* (1898) to New York's considerable body of literature on the East.

Yet art was by no means a tower of ivory to this public man.

The youth of the Gettysburg campaign became the laureate of the Civil War heroes, and the volume of his poems entitled *For the Country* (1897) is as typical as any. It includes *Sheridan* and *Sherman* and the excellent sonnet on *The Life-Mask of Abraham Lincoln*. Gilder took his place eagerly in the "wild, new, teeming world of men" that America meant to him, and desired a part, as he stated in a poem written abroad, in making it not only free and strong but also noble and pure—a land of justice lifting a light for all the world and leading into the Age of Peace.

New York fostered if not produced one other important poet, Richard Hovey, who was born in 1864, when Gilder was a young man. Follower of Whitman and the Elizabethans, and poet in his own right, Hovey won the enthusiasm of both the conventional school—especially Stedman—and the eager modernists who began to attract attention near the close of the century. The odd mixture of loyalties in his verse is paralleled by the curious variety in his life. Born in Illinois, he lived in Washington, D. C., graduated from Dartmouth College, New Hampshire, studied at the General Theological Seminary, New York, became lay assistant at the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, accepted literature as his profession, and ended his brief career as professor of English literature in Barnard College and lecturer in Columbia University. Several years, also, he lived abroad—familiarizing himself, for one thing, with Verlaine, Mallarmé, and the later symbolists, and becoming one of the first American disciples and translators of Maeterlinck.

Hovey's early death deprived us of a poet who had not yet reached the height of his powers. Finer work than he actually produced lay ahead unrealized, but it was probably not the unfinished dramatic work which he had come to regard as his *magnum opus*,—*Launcelot and Guenevere: A Poem in Dramas*, which he began to publish in 1891. This was not to be merely a rehandling of ancient poetic material by an idle singer of an empty day but a profound treatment of a modern problem in terms of the past—the conflict of the individual and society, and the establishment of a right relation between them. Hovey planned nine plays, though he completed only four. He expected to arrange them in three trilogies: in the first, Launcelot and Guenevere were to disregard society; in the second they

were to disregard themselves; and in the third their problem was to be resolved. It was a tremendous theme, worthy of a poet of an ampler intellectual endowment than Hovey's. How high a flight he attempted may be seen in *Taliesin: A Masque* (1900), the last play that he completed, a poet's poem which to some readers has been Hovey at his most exalted, while others have roundly condemned its exuberant fancy, imagination, and metaphysics. It is, at all events, a remarkable feat in rhythm-building, astonishing in the easy mastery with which the poet passes from one movement to another and in the variety of musical effects. The other plays are clearer and more substantial; in *The Marriage of Guenevere* (1895), for example, the Queen is revealed with a definiteness unequalled in the Arthurian tradition, though it is by no means certain that the modern touch is in this respect an unmixed advantage. All the plays are deftly and fluently written, but they fail in sustained power. The note of the *improvvisatore* is never away.

This note is not so fatal in the lyric. Hovey's lyrics time will doubtless adjudge his best work. He has little weight, little insight of the profounder sort, but he has, on the other hand, unusual fervor and *élan*, and much insight of the merely subtle sort. Sensitive, tingling with life, he responds to the world with a gaiety not so much thoughtless as thought-banishing, a gaiety alien to the dominant moods of modern life and hence always open to the suspicion of affectation. His quality is very evident in the three series of *Songs from Vagabondia* (1893, 1896, 1900) written collaboratively with Bliss Carman. They express impetuously, a little artificially at times, the vagabondage of the soul that runs like a gypsy thread through the romantic literature of the century. *The Wander-Lovers*, which sets its pace in the first line, "Down the world with Mania!" is in its way a nearly perfect thing. In a distinct part of Hovey's work, his poems of masculine comradeship and college fraternity, this Bohemian mood is expressed in a really notable way. *Spring*, for instance, read at a fraternity convention in 1896, contains, in a charming natural setting, the lines beginning "Give a rouse, then, in the May-time" which, set to music by Frederic Field Bullard, are familiar to college youth from coast to coast. This kind of thing Hovey could do better than any other of our poets.

His poems on serious themes lack the delightful assurance of *The Wander-Lovers* and *Spring*. *The Call of the Bugles*, one of his several Spanish War poems, is only intermittently buoyant and martial, is too long, and is scarcely American in its sentiment "Great is war—great and fair!" In a rarer mood of Hovey's is *Unmanifest Destiny*, in which, as in *Seaward*, his elegy on the death of Thomas William Parsons, his tone is impressively reverent and his music richly solemn.

Another Columbia University poet of latter-day New York was the accomplished Frank Dempster Sherman (1860–1916), professor of graphics, an ardent philatelist and collector of book-plates, author of *Madrigals and Catches* (1887), *Lyrics for a Lute* (1890), *Little Folk Lyrics* (1892), and *Lyrics of Joy* (1904). The titles indicate of themselves the poetic *genres* to which he devoted himself. Whether he dealt with love, or nature, or books, his lines were short and jocund. His range was narrow, and quite out of the modern current; but his love of music and image were so genuine that his poems reached a cordial if small audience.

This brings us to the poetry of the West. The poets of the East are, in one sense, a survival from the past; in another sense, a bridge leading from the past into the future. The West, on the other hand, having the initiative, the irreverence, and the breezy optimism of a new country, set about creating a literature fashioned in its own image. If that image was unbeautiful, it was at least sturdy and forward-looking. At times the West did not hesitate to use the past, but its own force nearly always gave the past a new direction. It was this element of novelty that delighted ordinary readers even in the conservative East and caused England to find in Western poetry, as it found in Whitman, the authentic voice of the New World at last beginning to express itself:

> Nothing of Europe here—
> Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still.

For this hasty generalization there is some semblance of justification, since, after all, as Professor Turner has shown impressively, all of the United States save the Atlantic seaboard has at some time been a democratic West in opposition to an aristocratic East. And yet, if the West was not a fixed region,

it was merely a phase in national development, and the voice of that phase is not the voice of the nation itself.

The immigrant character of the Far West is illustrated by its chief writers, Harte, Miller, and Sill. Bret Harte, born in Albany, never became quite saturated with the spirit of the West, and spent a little more than half of his total years in the State of New York and in Great Britain. His poetry is that of a gifted man of letters who perceived the literary possibilities of the material lying about him in his impressionable young manhood in California. The picturesque California of the early fifties he presented adroitly not only in his short stories but also in such poems as *Plain Language from Truthful James* (generally known as *The Heathen Chinee*), *The Society upon the Stanislaus*, *Dickens in Camp*, and *Jim*. Some of these poems were dramatic monologues, commonly in dialect; Harte's poems in conventional English were less successful, though some of his *Spanish Idyls and Legends* depict attractively the fading glory of Spanish rule in the West. Most of his poems contain humour and pathos, often blended, as in the short stories; in most of them the deft technique, especially the surprising turn at the end, adds much to the reader's pleasure. His range was considerable but his excellence nowhere great enough to lift him above the minor poets.[1]

Harte's *East and West Poems*, which came out in 1871, exploited "the Pike," a recurrent figure in our literature since the work of George W. Harris[2] and other Southerners. The *Pike County Ballads* of John Hay (1838–1905), published in the same year, reached an extensive audience, English as well as American; to the English reviews, indeed, Hay was likely to be the poet of *Jim Bludso* and *Little Breeches* rather than one of the authors of a monumental life of Lincoln.[3] Since 1871 dialect poems portraying humble life in a definite region have contributed a striking localism to our minor poetry.

Possibly the truest representative of the Far West in the poetry of the nineteenth century is Joaquin Miller (1841–1913). Like Whitman, whom he resembles in more ways than one, Miller won a following first of all in England, ever watchful for

[1] For Harte's stories see Book III, Chap. VI.
[2] See Book II, Chap. XIX.
[3] See Book III, Chap. XV.

signs of the indigenous in American literature and finding them in Miller's poetry as in his leonine mane, flannel shirt, and high boots. In 1870–71 the "Oregon Byron," then in London, achieved a popularity as sudden as that of his master. *Songs of the Sierras*, first published many thousand miles from the Sierras themselves, was widely applauded, and Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, and Rossetti received this "typical American" author as a brother bard. Then America, too, discovered him, and he was soon known from London to San Francisco. Although his debt to Byron, Coleridge, and other romanticists is obvious to any reader, his verse is by no means purely imitative. If his subject matter had been less novel, it is hard to say what his poetry would have been; certainly we may say that it owes at least as much to its novelty of theme as to its essential qualities. The element of imitation, plain as it is, is superficial; his poetry may best be regarded, as Miller regarded it himself, as indirect autobiography, as the extraordinary product of an extraordinary life.

"My cradle," he wrote in a lively prose account of his life, "was a covered wagon, pointed West." In this wagon he was born, he tells us, as it was crossing the border line of Indiana and Ohio, in the year 1841, and he was named Cincinnatus Hiner Miller. His family settled on the Middle Western frontier, where they suffered many hardships without becoming dispirited. Fascinated, however, by accounts of the Far West, the family began, in March, 1852, a three-thousand-mile journey to Oregon, lasting more than seven months, beset by cholera, tornadoes, and hostile Indians. Thus as a boy of eleven Joaquin Miller came to know that terrible and alluring westward journey to the ultimate frontier. After only two years on the Oregon farm, he began a roving life of adventure that led him into half a dozen Indian campaigns, and into repeated struggles with mountain flood and prairie fire, desert thirst and buffalo stampede, until he understood the life of that region outwardly, perhaps inwardly too, as nobody else in American literature. In the course of this life bristling with action he found time to write verse constantly, publishing, first, *Specimens* in 1868; a year later *Joaquin et al*, whence his rechristening derisively as "Joaquin Miller"; and another year later, at his own expense, in London, *Pacific Poems*, which had an astonishing reception

before being promptly republished as *Songs of the Sierras*. Of the many volumes that followed, none fulfilled the promise that readers not unnaturally found in the *Songs*. He wrote dramas, too, and novels, uniformly without success.

Little as Joaquin Miller had in common with the Pre-Raphaelites, his view of poetry—"To me a poem is a picture," he stated at a Rossetti dinner—was not uncongenial to them. One would expect his work to be concerned with action first of all, but it is not: nearly always the action, even in the ostensibly narrative poems, is subordinate to the description. He loved the West as he loved nothing else, and his best work is a pictorial treatment of it: the West from Central America to Alaska, from the Great Plains to the coast, its grand Sierras,—"white stairs of heaven,"—its canyons, its great rivers, its ocean,—"the great white, braided, bounding sea,"—its chaparral and manzanita, its buffaloes and noble horses, its stars overhead "large as lilies." Then the figures that peopled this vast setting—gold-miners, Indians, Mexicans, and the romantic adventurers who are commonly his heroes, restless, rebellious, and misunderstood. All these Miller had lived among till he knew them as well as he, at least, could know anything, and in his best work they stand forth vividly. His poems of the personal life are forgotten, but the power of *Yosemite* lives. One reads again and again, with renewed pleasure, such poems as *Exodus for Oregon* and *Westward Ho!*, which picture the heroic wanderings of the pioneers across the continent, "A mighty nation moving west," in long wagon trains, with their yoked steers, shouting drivers, crashing whips, "blunt, untutor'd men," and "brave and silent women." This westward movement is the theme of Miller's most impressive poems, from *Columbus* who sailed "on and on" (a phrase that recurs repeatedly in these poems) to *The Last Taschastas*, an old chief who is driven, in an open boat, from the Pacific shore, as the Indians of the Atlantic coast had been driven westward centuries earlier. More than anyone else, Joaquin Miller is the poet of our receding frontier.

In narrative poetry he could use to the full his immense energy, which is his chief excellence. He was not a man of ideas; he reflected objectively less perhaps than Byron, and certainly was less fond of introspection, despite his later years

as a sort of hermit on the heights above Oakland, where he built the cairn upon which his ashes rest. Primarily he was a man of action in an active society. If there was something of the theatrical about him, it became so habitual, as C. W. Stoddard testifies, as to be natural. Compared with Harte at least, who exploited the West, he is the unfeigned expression of the West. If he had not much culture, he fortunately did not pretend to have, but relied upon the force within him. His "rough, broken gallop," as a London reviewer described his style, has a charm that draws the reader "on and on," disregarding the defects of his quality—his lack of proportion, his crudity in music and in taste. In the end, his defects may be fatal, so far as purely literary values are concerned, but he had the good fortune to record the Western scene in poetry as no one else has done, an achievement that will not soon be forgotten. He was so Western as almost to be a caricature of his section, as Emily Dickinson is of New England.

Edward Rowland Sill (1841–87), another of the more prominent Far Western poets, born in the same year with Joaquin Miller, wrote quite apart from the literary movements of both West and East, though his artistic ideals had some resemblance to those of the New York school and his temperament was that of a New Englander. Twenty-two years of his life belong to California, but he was born in Connecticut and died in Ohio. He was descended from old New England families, whose heads were mainly ministers on his mother's side and physicians on his father's side. At Yale College he was a "dreamy, impetuous, sensitive, thoughtful youth" who read widely aside from the curriculum, who impressed his comrades with his attractive personality, pure character, and literary talent, and who confronted the world in a spirit of independent inquiry. "He must translate human experience into his own thought and language." He published *Dream-Doomed*, *Music*, and other poems in the college literary magazine, and was the class poet of 1861; his *Commencement Poem*, included in his collected verse, was long regarded at Yale as the best class poem that had been delivered there. Graduating at twenty, in poor health, he made the trip to California by way of Cape Horn. For half a dozen years he engaged in miscellaneous occupations, on a ranch, in a post-office, eventually becoming much attached to this alien land.

In order to study theology he attended the Divinity School at Harvard; but he quickly gave over this ambition and entered upon a still briefer career as journalist in New York. Then followed his school-teaching years, first in Ohio and afterwards in California, where he eventually became professor of English in the State University. This post he held, with distinction as a teacher, for eight years, resigning in 1882 mainly on account of the failing health that dogged his steps most of his life. In Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, he continued his literary pursuits to his death at the age of forty-six, in 1887.

The struggle between faith and doubt, forced upon him by the spirit of the age even before he was a man, survived all the changing scenes of his life. In another age his Puritan inwardness might have made of him a poet of faith, if not a minister of the Gospel. But he never attained conviction, was always gently questioning, finding, it seems, a certain twilight gratification in his inconclusive brooding. This habit of brooding was alleviated by a delicate sense of humour, which removed all suspicion of morbidity, and was intensified by his modesty. "You should see," he wrote to a friend, "the equanimity with which I write thing after thing—both prose and verse—and stow them away, never sending them anywhere, or thinking of printing any book of them, at present, if ever." Most of his published work, indeed, is posthumous—to use his word, posthumorous—and there is very little of it, only a volume of collected prose and a volume of collected poetry. To the *Atlantic* he sent a number of poems, some of which were printed under a pen-name, and in the "Contributors' Club" his prose enjoyed complete anonymity.

Among his prose studies is an essay on *Principles of Criticism*, which contains a statement of the ideal that his own poetry followed:

> In the poem, the requirement is that it shall be full of lovely images, that it shall be in every way musical, that it shall bring about us troops of high and pure associations,—the very words so chosen that they come "trailing clouds of glory" in their suggestiveness; and in its matter, that it shall bring us both thought and feeling, for whose intermingling the musical form of speech alone is fitted; and that, coming from a pure and rich nature, it shall leave us purer and richer than it found us.

It is not too much to say that these are the characteristics of Sill's poetry at its best. We are the purer and richer for reading him; he rouses life in the dark, disused corners of our being as many greater poets do not. In *The Fool's Prayer* and *Opportunity*, his two best known poems, he attacks us rather too directly, in the New England didactic strain. Yet even here the "moral," though obvious, exists in solution rather than in a crystallized statement. Nearly always his instinct was to be suggestive, to reach the reader's emotion by indirection, by surprise. Always clear, he is also quietly subtle; his meaning steals upon us like the mood of a peaceful evening. His diction is so simple that an unpracticed reader does not suspect how delicately the poet has felt the "troops of high and pure associations" that accompany his plain words. So, too, his poems are musical, frequently, with a melody that is unheard. He was devoted to music all his life, playing a number of instruments with skill if not virtuosity. He wrote about music in prose and verse. In nature, sound seemed to attract him especially, most of all the fitful surf-music of the wind, which he used in his poems repeatedly. He had, too, a pictorial sense, which gave him a command of the "lovely images" that he regarded as essential in verse. Indeed, he had all the qualities needed for the highest excellence in poetry except a vigorous creative imagination. His imagination was perhaps mainly inarticulate, for though he wrote all his life he seems to have lacked the intense eagerness or the steady, resolute progress in creation that we associate with the great artist. His overmodest mind, moreover, together with his unresolved struggle of faith and doubt, encouraged his tendency to rest in the unrecorded thought—to read widely, to feel and reflect abundantly, rather than to shape his conception in the concrete poem.

Among his many poems that peer within to the shadowy mood and the curious speculation, there are also poems, and a larger number than one would expect, presenting the scene of that "purer world" of the Far West to which this typical New England spirit attached itself with few moments of regret,—the soaring pines filled with the sound of chanting winds, the surf with its "curdling rivulets of green," the city of San Francisco across the bay like a sea-dragon crawled upon the shore,

the flowery fields now white, now orange or sea-blue, the great redwood forest dreaming in silence disturbed only by the sob of a distant dove, and overhead, by night, the clear stars that he loved because they made him, as he said, victor over time and space. In these poems we come to know the Western scene, not as it appeals to a man of action and large, blunt emotion, but as it rouses the feeling of a temperament subtly æsthetic and spiritual.

Harte, Miller, and Sill were born far from the Pacific coast region with which they are associated; the case is otherwise with the leading poets of the Middle West,—the Piatts, Carleton, Riley, and Moody. "The wedded poets," John James Piatt (1835–1917), born in Indiana, and Sarah Morgan Piatt (1836–1912), born in Kentucky, together produced a large number of volumes of verse, little of which has survived its age. They used conventional forms, and wrote with care and skill; today, however, what interest they still have depends on the themes of their Western poems, such as *The Mower in Ohio* and *Fires in Illinois*. With the Piatts may be named Madison Cawein (1865–1915), of Kentucky, notable for his delicately fanciful sense of the camaraderie of nature. Will Carleton (1845–1912), born in Michigan and brought up on a farm, became a journalist, first in the West and later in the East, and a popular reader of his own work. In 1873 he published *Farm Ballads*, a group of crudely sentimental pieces directed at the common heart of humanity; forty thousand copies were sold within a year and a half. Poems like *Out of the Old House, Nancy*, and *Gone with a Handsomer Man* were not too good for anybody.

Carleton's success foreshadows the still greater success of another journalist and public reader of his own verse, the "People's Laureate," James Whitcomb Riley. Of Pennsylvania Dutch and Irish stock, the latter predominating, he was born in 1849 in the country town of Greenfield, Indiana, where his father had attained a considerable local reputation as a lawyer and orator. In his boyhood Riley was, as he says, "always ready to declaim and took natively to anything dramatic or theatrical." He was fond of poetry before he could read it, carrying a copy of Quarles's *Divine Emblems* about with him for the sake of its "feel." In later years his favourite authors

were Burns in poetry and Dickens in prose. With his father he often went to the courthouse, where, being allowed to mingle freely with the country people, he came to know the dialect and the hearts and minds of the people who were in after years to be the subject of his poems. For a time he devoted himself to music—the banjo, the guitar, the violin, the drum.

> In a few weeks I had beat myself into the more enviable position of snare drummer. Then I wanted to travel with a circus, and dangle my legs before admiring thousands over the back seat of a Golden Chariot. In a dearth of comic songs for the banjo and guitar, I had written two or three myself, and the idea took possession of me that I might be a clown, introduced as a character-song-man and the composer of my own ballads.

For a time, too, he was a "house, sign, and ornamental painter," covering, he tells us, "all the barns and fences in the State with advertisements." Persuaded by his father, he read law, only to find himself running away with a travelling medicine man, whose company was composed, he says, of "good straight boys, jolly chirping vagabonds like myself. Sometimes I assisted the musical olio with dialect recitations and character sketches from the back step of the wagon." This life suited him; "I laughed all the time."

Returning to Greenfield, he entered journalism, and began to publish in various papers elsewhere. Lean and uncertain years followed, till, in 1877, he was invited to take a place on *The Indianapolis Journal.* In this newspaper he printed his dialect poems by "Benjamin F. Johnson of Boone," which were welcomed so warmly that a pamphlet edition was sold locally, with the title *The Old Swimmin' Hole and 'Leven More Poems* (1883). This marks the beginning of his widespread success as a poet of the people, which led to his success as a public reader of his own work. Early in his career he had been given valuable encouragement by the Eastern people's laureate, Longfellow, and in 1887, when he appeared before a New York audience, he was introduced as a "true poet" by the author of *The Biglow Papers.* By 1912 schools in many parts of the country celebrated "Riley Day"; by 1915 he was honoured by official recognition, the Secretary of the Interior suggesting that one of his poems be read in each school-house in the land.

When he died in the year following, some thirty-five thousand people are said to have passed his body as it lay in state under the dome of the Indiana capitol. The impression that Riley made—and still makes—on the American public was indeed extraordinary.

It is to be accounted for, in part, by his personality. His sunny, gentle nature won the affection of those who met him, and he had a group of loyal friends who presented him to the public in his true character. But in the main his popularity depends on the excellence and the limits of his achievement. Essentially sincere, he nevertheless aimed at the public a little too deliberately. "In my readings," he informs us, "I had an opportunity to study and find out for myself what the public wants, and afterwards I would endeavour to use the knowledge gained in my writing." The public wants, he concluded, "simple sentiments that come from the heart" and not intellectual excellence; he must therefore compose poems, he says expressively, "simply heart high."

This he did. Even his poems in conventional English, of which he wrote not a few, fail to rise above simple sentiments; there is scarcely a trace of thought or passion in even so pleasantly sentimental a poem as *An Old Sweetheart of Mine*. Nor, in all his dialect verse, is there more than a suggestion here and there of the profundity of emotion—not to mention profundity of thought—of the great poets. He wrote of the everyday life of rustic America, of "home" and "old times,"—magic words with him,—of childhood, of simple well-tried pleasures and sensibly received pains. He had genuine sympathy for ordinary folk, for animals, for nature. In his presentation of character,—Old John Clevenger, Bee Fessler, Myle Jones's wife, and the rest of his large gallery,—he showed an understanding born of sympathy and humour; in his pictures of nature, as in *When the Frost is on the Punkin*, responsiveness and distinct vision, though to be sure he fails to go much below the physical, even the air being "so appetizin" merely. His "philosophy" is that of the prudent farmer; it is made up of the most patent truisms, though some of them are freshly worded. If there is nowhere the quality of *The Biglow Papers*, still less of Burns, there is at least a wholesomeness of mood and mind, uncommon in the restlessly brooding nineteenth century, that offers some justi-

fication for Riley's enormous vogue. Though there are capacities in the American mind and character that he does not appeal to, it is undeniable that he appeals urgently to the normal thoughts and feelings of the divine average.

This is not true of the last of the greater Western poets who are no longer living—William Vaughn Moody. His small, discriminating audience regarded him as a poet of the highest promise, whose early death was a public loss. Wholly without the sectional point of view, he was also free from the restrictions in vision characteristic of certain decades in American life. He was neither Middle Western nor late Victorian, but American and modern.

Born, like Riley, in Indiana, in 1869,—at the beginning of an era of industrial development and clearer national consciousness,—the son of a steamboat captain, with English, French, and German strains in his blood, and educated in a New England college, Moody naturally attained a larger outlook on life than most of the poets of the half century. After graduating from Harvard, he stayed in Cambridge for two years, and then, in 1895, returned to the Middle West as instructor in English in the University of Chicago. Although conscientious as a teacher, he chafed at the routine,—measuring time in terms of committee meetings and quantities of "themes," —and at his environment, finding himself, he soon reported, "fanatically homesick for civilization," though it is doubtful whether he could have found a congenial post as a teacher anywhere in the "booming" America of his day. Fond of outdoor activity, he found relief in swimming, bicycling, and walking in this country and abroad, from Arizona to Greece. He was a vigorously sensuous, full-blooded, ruddy-faced, youthful poet, intensely curious of experience, ardently devoted to "It," his term for "the sum total of all that is beautiful and worthy of loyalty in the world"—chief of all, poetry as an expression of life. The decisions of his life prove the sincerity of this devotion. Achieving a sudden success through his drama *The Great Divide*,[1] he was besieged by publishers who offered him as much as fifty thousand dollars for the play in the form of a novel; but he did not believe in "novelization" and preferred to follow his own artistic bent. So, too, after vir-

[1] See Book III, Chap. XVIII.

tually severing his connection with the University of Chicago in 1902, when offered a professorship at full salary if he would lecture for a single quarter annually, he declined, valuing his independence so highly that he accepted hardship with it, rather than a prosperous subjection.

Before his early death in 1910 he had made his way to a mode of expression quite his own. His imitative and experimental period extended into his manhood years; it took this florid Westerner, for example, a curiously long time to pass from the shadow of Rossetti, and his debt to Browning is visible in some of his best work. Answering a friend's criticism of *Wilding Flower* (later named *Heart's Wild Flower*), he said: "'Paltry roof' is paltry I freely admit; 'wind-control' and 'moonward melodist' are rococo as hell." The remark has the downrightness, with a trace of humour, which is common in his letters, and which helped him to become more than a moonward melodist. The same letter contains another sentence that suggests at once the strength and the weakness of his work. "I think you are not tolerant enough for the instinct for conquest in language, the attempt to push out its boundaries, to win for it continually some new swiftness, some rare compression, to distill from it a more opaline drop." This eagerness of expression gives vitality to all of Moody's work; but it also gives it a sense of effort, of straining to obtain an intensity that must, after all, come inevitably and easily.

In his dramas in blank verse, this characteristic eagerness dominates not only style but theme. His trilogy of poetic dramas aims to do no less than to reveal the need of God to man and of man to God. *The Fire-Bringer* (1904) is concerned with the Prometheus legend; *The Masque of Judgment* (1900) with the eventual meaning to God of his decree of man's destruction; and *The Death of Eve* (1901), unhappily never completed, was to show the impossibility of separation. The plan is stupendous; there is perhaps none greater in literature; but certainly it may be questioned whether the problem is soluble at all, and if it is, whether Moody was the poet needed for so lofty an enterprise. It is true that the fragmentary member of the trilogy is finely done, in a manner grandly simple despite the complex and murky emotional states evolved, and that the conception of Eve as the instrument of reconciliation

between man and God is carried out with impressive power. Still, it cannot be denied that the other dramas are vague and inchoate, lacking the lucidity and impact of the true classic, and that, therefore, even if Moody might have improved the trilogy later, his actual accomplishment is, at best, splendidly tentative and grandiose.

Possibly the lyrics contained in these dramas are the best part of them; and it is in the lyric, unquestionably, that Moody did his most important work. Dainty lyricism was beyond his sober touch; and the commonplace theme never appealed to him, any more than the commonplace mode of expression. Given a substantial conception, however, he could use his intellectual power and his large emotional reservoirs in such a manner as to repel the plain man and delight the lover, say, of Shelley and Browning. Such poems as *Gloucester Moors*, with its vivid sense of the earth sailing through space like a gallant ship with a dubious crew (a conception previously used more than once by Sill), and *The Menagerie*, with its grimly humorous description of the evolutionary ancestors of "A little man in trousers, slightly jagged," are of a kind unmatched in American poetry. They have the sophisticated, questioning spirit of the new century. Closer to tradition are his patriotic poems, the *Ode in Time of Hesitation*, written in 1900 when the relation of the United States to the former Spanish colonies was in question, and the lines *On a Soldier Fallen in the Philippines*, with its desolating sense of a dishonourable cause. These poems appeared when the public was warmly debating the questions they deal with. To that fact, and to their beauty and assured tone, is owing the thrill that welcomed them, as if a new Lowell had come to voice our conscience in memorable verse. But they form a tiny group; and indeed the total bulk of Moody's lyrics is inconsiderable. What he might have done had he not been cut off at the height of his powers it is vain to wonder.

Moody brings us to the new century, in years and in spirit. In his work is a turbulence unknown in the facile and edifying poetry of our "albuminous" Victorian era, a passionate discontent with old forms, old themes, old thoughts. In the twentieth century our poets have more and more believed that, if their work was to be vital, they must return to

the laboratory of poetry to study afresh the raw materials and to seek a new formula in accord with the time spirit. In this effort they have naturally derived more help from Whitman, a poet *in posse*, than from anyone else. To him, and of course to others, they owe their usual form, free verse, and their point of view, that of an exaggerated individualism, often combined with humanitarian emotion and an intimate feeling for nature. But though their intellectual outlook is still in the main that of Whitman's century, their poetic energy is so fresh and vital that it may reasonably be expected to prelude a new vision of life adequate to the new era. From the point of view of a conventional public, the new poetry has been bizarre and not always sincere; but the new poets themselves—to mention only Edwin Arlington Robinson, Robert Frost, Vachel Lindsay, Edgar Lee Masters, Carl Sandburg, and Amy Lowell, of the many poets who may be studied in W. S. Braithwaite's annual anthologies—have for the most part honestly sought to see life more truly than it has been envisaged by the poets of the past, and to reveal their findings to other men by means of a form entirely dictated by the substance—the very substance externalized. Recent years have brought forth an extraordinary number of poets, a great mass of verse, not a few remarkable poems, and the promise of still higher achievement when the new poetry has found its intellectual and artistic standards through some kind of genuine discipline.

## CHAPTER XI

# The Later Novel: Howells

THE romance of the school of Cooper was not only falling into disuse among most writers of capacity at the time of his death but was rapidly descending into the hands of fertile hacks who for fifty years were to hold an immense audience without more than barely deserving a history. It was in that very year (1851) that Robert Bonner bought the New York *Ledger* and began to make it the congenial home of a sensationalism which, hitherto most nearly anticipated by such a romancer as Joseph Holt Ingraham, reached unsurpassable dimensions with the prolific Sylvanus Cobb, Jr. From the *Ledger* no step in advance had to be taken by the inventors of the "dime novel," which was started upon its long career by the publishing firm of Beadle and Adams of New York in 1860.[1] Edward S. Ellis's *Seth Jones or The Captive of the Frontier* (1860), one of the earliest of the sort, its hero formerly a scout under Ethan Allen but now adventuring in Western New York, sold over 600,000 copies in half a dozen languages. Though no other single dime novel was perhaps ever so popular, the type prospered, depending almost exclusively upon native authors and native material: first the old frontier of Cooper and then the trans-Mississippi region, with its Indians, its Mexicans, its bandits, its troopers, and above all, its cowboys, among whom "Buffalo Bill" (Col. William F. Cody) achieved a primacy much like that of Daniel Boone among the older order of scouts. Cheap, conventional, hasty,—Albert W. Aiken long averaged one such novel a week, and Col. Ingram Prentiss produced in all over

[1] Charles M. Harvey, *The Dime Novel in American Life, Atlantic*, July, 1907.

six hundred,—they were exciting, innocent enough, and scrupulously devoted to the doctrines of poetic justice, but they lacked all distinction, and Frank Norris could justly grieve that the epic days of Western settlement found only such tawdry Homers. In the fourth quarter of the century the detective story rivalled the frontier tale; after 1900, both, though reduced to the price of five cents apiece, gave way before the still more exciting and easily comprehended moving picture.

One successor of Cooper, however, upheld for a time the dignity of old-fashioned romance. John Esten Cooke (1830–86), born in the Valley of Virginia and brought up in Richmond, cherished a passion as intense as Simms's for his native state and deliberately set out to celebrate its past and its beauty. *Leather Stocking and Silk* (1854) and *The Last of the Foresters* (1856), both narratives of life in the Valley, recall Cooper by more than their titles; but in *The Youth of Jefferson* (1854), still more in *The Virginia Comedians* (1854) and its sequel *Henry St. John, Gentleman* (1859), Cooke seems as completely Virginian as Beverley Tucker[1] before him, though less stately in his tread. All three of these novels have their scenes laid in Williamsburg, the old capital of the Dominion; they reproduce a society strangely made up of luxury, daintiness, elegance, penury, ugliness, brutality. At times the dialogue of Cooke's impetuous cavaliers and merry girls nearly catches the flavour of the Forest of Arden, but there is generally something stilted in their speech or behaviour that spoils the gay illusion. Nevertheless, *The Virginia Comedians* may justly be called the best Virginia novel of the old régime, unless possibly *Swallow Barn*[2] should be excepted, for reality as well as for colour and spirit. During the Civil War Cooke fought, as captain of cavalry, under Stuart, and had experiences which he afterwards turned to use in a series of Confederate romances, most notable of which is *Surry of Eagle's Nest* (1866). But in this and in the related tales *Hilt to Hilt* (1869) and *Mohun* (1869), as well as in numerous later novels, he continued to practice an old manner which grew steadily more archaic as the realists gained ground. Towards the end of his life he participated, without changing his habits, in the revival of the historical romance which began

[1] See Book II, Chap. VII.

[2] *Ibid.*

in the eighties; but his pleasant, plaintive *My Lady Pokahontas* (1885) cannot really compare for charm with his *Virginia A History of the People* (1883), a high-minded and fascinating work. Cooke was the last of Cooper's school; but he was also the first of those who contributed to the poetic idealization of the antebellum South which has been one of the most prominent aspects of American fiction since 1865.

Less close to Cooper was another novelist who fought in the Civil War, and gave his life in one of the earliest battles, Theodore Winthrop (1828–61). Of a stock as eminent in New England and New York as Cooke's in Virginia, Winthrop had a more cosmopolitan upbringing than Cooke: after Yale he travelled in Europe, in the American tropics, in California while the gold fever was still new, and in the North-west. His work at first found so delayed a favour with publishers that his books were all posthumous—*Cecil Dreeme* (1861), *John Brent* (1862), *Edwin Brothertoft* (1862), *The Canoe and the Saddle* (1863), and *Life in the Open Air and Other Papers* (1863).[1] Time might, it is urged, have made Winthrop the legitimate successor of Hawthorne, but in fact he progressed little beyond the qualities of Brockden Brown, whom he considerably resembles in his strenuous nativism, his melodramatic plots, his abnormal characters, his command over the mysterious, and his breathless style. Of the three novels *John Brent* is easily the most interesting by reason of its vigorous narrative of adventures in the Far West, at that time a region still barely touched by fiction, and its magnificent hero, the black horse Don Fulano. That Winthrop's real talent looked forward in this direction rather than backward to Hawthorne appears still more clearly from *The Canoe and the Saddle*, a fresh, vivid, amusing, and truthful record of his own journey across the Cascade Mountains, and an established classic of the North-west. His death, however, prevented further achievement, and the Pacific Coast had to wait for Mark Twain[2] and Bret Harte.[3]

What chiefly characterized American fiction of the decade 1850–60, leaving out of account romancers like Hawthorne,

[1] *Mr. Waddy's Return*, written earliest of all, was first published in 1904, edited and condensed by Burton Egbert Stevenson.

[2] See Book III, Chap. VIII.

[3] See Book III, Chap. VI.

Cooke, and Winthrop, was domestic sentimentalism, which for a time attained a hearing rare in literary history, and produced one novel of enormous influence and reputation. In that decade flowered Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, Mary Jane Holmes, and Augusta Jane Evans (Wilson), all more or less in the *Charlotte Temple* tradition; Anne and Susan Warner[1] and Maria S. Cummins, pious historians of precocious young girls; and—not so far above them—the almost equally tender and tearful Donald Grant Mitchell ("Ik Marvel")[2] and George William Curtis,[3] young men who, however, afterwards took themselves to sterner tasks. Professor Ingraham gave up his blood-and-thunder, became a clergyman, and wrote the long-popular biblical romance *The Prince of the House of David* (1855). Indeed, the decade was eminently clerical, and though Mitchell and Curtis might recall Irving and Thackeray respectively, they were less representative than the most effective writer of the whole movement, who was daughter, sister, wife, and mother of clergymen.

Harriet Beecher, born in Litchfield, Connecticut, 14 June, 1811, passed her childhood and girlhood, indeed practically her entire life, in an atmosphere of piety which, much as she eventually lost of its original Calvinistic rigour, not only indoctrinated her with orthodox opinions but furnished her with an intensely evangelical point of view and a sort of Scriptural eloquence. Her youth was spent in a more diversified world than might be thought: from her mother's people, who were emphatically High Church and, in spite of the Revolution, some of them still Tory at heart, she learned a faith and ritual less austere than that of her father, Lyman Beecher[4]; she had good teaching at the Litchfield Academy, especially in composition; like all her family, she was highly susceptible to external nature and passionately acquainted with the lovely Litchfield hills; she read very widely, and not only theology, of which she read too much for her happiness, but the accepted secular authors of the eighteenth century, as well as Burns and Byron and Scott. At the same time, she justified her Beecher lineage by her ready adaptation to the actual conditions under which she lived during Lyman Beecher's pastorates

[1] See Book III, Chap. VII. [2] See Book III, Chap. XIII. [3] *Ibid.*
[4] See Book II, Chap. XXII.

in Litchfield and Boston, and during her own career as pupil and then teacher in the school conducted at Hartford by her strong but morbid sister Catherine. Although Harriet Beecher was still a thorough child of New England when she went, in 1832, to live in Cincinnati, to which her father had been called as president of the Lane Theological Seminary, and although her earliest sketches and tales, collected in a volume called *The Mayflower* (1843), deal largely with memories of her old home set down with an exile's affection, she grew rapidly in knowledge and experience. Married in 1836 to Professor Calvin E. Stowe of the Seminary, mother by 1850 of seven children, she returned in that year to Brunswick, Maine, where Professor Stowe had accepted a position in Bowdoin College. There, deeply stirred by the passing of the Fugitive Slave Law, she began *Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Life among the Lowly*, which ran as a serial in *The National Era* of Washington from June, 1851, to April, 1852, and then, on its appearance in two volumes in March, 1852, met with a popular reception never before or since accorded to a novel. Its sales went to the millions. Over five hundred thousand Englishwomen signed an address of thanks to the author; Scotland raised a thousand pounds by a penny offering among its poorest people to help free the slaves; in France and Germany the book was everywhere read and discussed; while there were Russians who emancipated their serfs out of the pity which the tale aroused. In the United States, thanks in part to the stage,[1] which produced a version as early as September, 1852, the piece belongs not only to literature but to folklore.

That *Uncle Tom's Cabin* stands higher in the history of reform than in the history of the art of fiction no one needs to say again. Dickens, Kingsley, and Mrs. Gaskell had already set the novel to humanitarian tunes, and Mrs. Stowe did not have to invent a type. She had, however, no particular foreign master, not even Scott, all of whose historical romances she had been reading just before she began *Uncle Tom*. Instead she adhered to the native tradition, which went back to the eighteenth century, of sentimental, pious, instructive narratives written by women chiefly for women. Leave out the merely domestic elements of the book—slave families

[1] See above, Vol. I, p. 227.

broken up by sale, ailing and dying children, negro women at the mercy of their masters, white households which at the best are slovenly and extravagant by reason of irresponsible servants—and little remains. To understand why the story touched the world so deeply it is necessary to understand how tense the struggle over slavery had grown, how thickly charged was the moral atmosphere awaiting a fatal spark. But the mere fact of an audience already prepared will not explain the mystery of a work which shook a powerful institution and which, for all its defects of taste and style and construction, still has amazing power. Richard Hildreth's[1] *The Slave; or Memoirs of Archy Moore* (1836) and Mrs. M. V. Victor's once popular "dime novel" *Maum Guinea; or, Christmas among the Slaves* (1861) no longer move. They both lack the ringing voice, the swiftness, the fullness, the humour, the authentic passion of the greater book.

It has often been pointed out that Mrs. Stowe did not mean to be sectional, that she deliberately made her chief villain a New Englander, and that she expected to be blamed less by the South than by the North, which she thought peculiarly guilty because it tolerated slavery without the excuse either of habit or of interest. Bitterly attacked by Southerners of all sorts, however, she defended herself with *A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin; Presenting the Original Facts and Documents upon which the Story is Founded* (1853), and then, after a triumphant visit to Europe and a removal to Andover, essayed another novel to illustrate the evil effects of slavery especially upon the whites. *Dred; A Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp* (1856)[2] has had its critical partisans, but posterity has not sustained them. Grave faults of construction, slight knowledge of the scene (North Carolina), a less simple and compact story than in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and a larger share of disquisition,—these weigh the book down, and most readers carry away only fragmentary memories, of Dred's thunderous eloquence, of Tom Gordon's shameless abuse of his power as master, and of Old Tiff's grotesque and beautiful fidelity.

After *Dred* Mrs. Stowe wrote no more anti-slavery novels, although during the Civil War she sent to the women of Eng-

[1] See Book II, Chap. XVII.

[2] Also known as *Nina Gordon* from the English title.

land an open letter reminding them that they, so many of whom now sympathized with the defenders of slavery, had less than ten years ago hailed *Uncle Tom's Cabin* as a mighty stroke for justice and freedom. A considerable part of her later life (she died 1 July, 1896) was spent in Florida, where she had taken a plantation on the St. John's River for the double purpose of establishing there as a planter one of her sons who had been wounded at Gettysburg and of assisting the freedmen, about whom and their relation to the former masters she had more enlightened views than were then generally current in the North. Now an international figure, she let her pen respond too facilely to the many demands made upon it: she wrote numerous didactic and religious essays and tales, particularly attentive to the follies of fashionable New York society, in which she had had little experience; she was chosen by Lady Byron to publish the most serious charges ever brought against the poet. In another department of her work, however, Mrs. Stowe stood on surer ground, and her novels of New England life—particularly *The Minister's Wooing* (1859), *The Pearl of Orr's Island* (1862), *Oldtown Folks* (1869), *Poganuc People* (1878)—cannot go unmentioned.

Weak in structure and sentimental she remained. Her heroines wrestle with problems of conscience happily alien to all but a few New England and Noncomformist British bosoms; her bold seducers, like Ellery Davenport in *Oldtown Folks* and Aaron Burr in *The Minister's Wooing*, are villains to frighten schoolgirls; she writes always as from the pulpit, or at least the parsonage. But where no abstract idea governs her she can be direct, accurate, and convincing. The earlier chapters of *The Pearl of Orr's Island* must be counted, as Whittier thought, among the purest, truest idyls of New England. It is harder now to agree with Lowell in placing *The Minister's Wooing* first among her novels, and yet no other imaginative treatment so well sets forth the strange, dusky old Puritan world of the later eighteenth century, when Newport was the centre at once of Hopkinsian divinity[1] and the African slave trade. Mrs. Stowe wisely did not put on the airs of an historical romancer but wrote like a contemporary of the earlier Newport with an added flavour from her own youthful recollections.

[1] See Book II, Chap. XXII.

This flavour was indispensable to her. When her memory of the New England she had known in her girlhood and had loved so truly that Cotton Mather's *Magnolia* had seemed "wonderful stories . . . that made me feel the very ground I trod on to be consecrated by some special dealing of God's providence,"—when this memory worked freely and humorously upon materials which it was enough merely to remember and set down, she was at her later best. These conditions she most fully realized in *Poganuc People*, crisp, sweet, spare (for her), never quite sufficiently praised, and in *Oldtown Folks*, like the other a series of sketches rather than a novel, but—perhaps all the more because of that—still outstanding, for fidelity and point, among the innumerable stories dealing with New England.

Adaptable to literary as to other circumstances, Mrs. Stowe had actually in *Oldtown Folks* fallen in with the imperious current proceeding from the example of Bret Harte, whose *Luck of Roaring Camp* stands at the very headwaters of American "local colour" fiction and largely gave it its direction. Elsewhere in this history that movement, so far as it concerns the short story, its chief form, has been traced[1]; in the novel a similar fondness for local manners and types appeared, but not so prompt a revolution in method, for the good reason that most writers who followed Bret Harte followed him in the dimensions of their work as well as in its subjects, and left the novel standing for a few years a little out of the central channel of imaginative production. Domestic sentimentalism, of course, did not noticeably abate, carried on with large popular success by Josiah Gilbert Holland (1819–81) of Massachusetts and Edward Payson Roe (1838–88) of New York until nearly the end of the century, when others took up the useful burden. Both Holland and Roe were clergymen, a sign that the old suspicion of the novel was nearly dead, even among those petty sects and sectarians that so long feared the effects of it. Holland, whose first novel had appeared in 1857, was popular moralist and poet[2] as well as novelist and first editor of *Scribner's Magazine* (founded 1870); but Roe contented himself with fiction. Chaplain of cavalry and of one of the Federal hospitals during the Civil War, he

[1] See Book III, Chap. VI.

[2] See Book III, Chap. X.

later gave up the ministry in the firm conviction that he could reach thousands with novels and only hundreds with his voice. His simple formula included: first, some topical material, historical event, or current issue; second, characters and incidents selected directly from his personal observation or from newspapers; third, an abundance of "nature" descriptions with much praise of the rural virtues; and fourth, plots concerned almost invariably, and not very deviously, with the simultaneous pursuit of wives, fortunes, and salvation. *Barriers Burned Away* (1872), *The Opening of a Chestnut Burr* (1874), and *Without a Home* (1881) are said to have been his most widely read books.

The greatest, however, and practically the ultimate victory over village opposition to the novel was won by *Ben-Hur A Tale of the Christ* (1880), a book of larger pretension and broader scope than any of Roe's or Holland's modest narratives, the only American novel, indeed, which can be compared with *Uncle Tom's Cabin* as a true folk possession.[1] Its author, Gen. Lew Wallace (1827–1905), an Indiana lawyer, a soldier in both the Mexican and the Civil War, had already published *The Fair God* (1873), an elaborate romance of the conquest of Mexico. A chance conversation with the notorious popular skeptic Col. Robert G. Ingersoll led Wallace to researches into the character and doctrines of Jesus which not only convinced him but bore further fruit in a tale which thousands have read who have read no other novel except perhaps *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and have hardly thought of either as a novel at all, and through which still more thousands know the geography, ethnology, and customs of first-century Judaea and Antioch as through no other source. Without doubt the outstanding element in the story is the revenge of Ben-Hur upon his false friend Messala, a revenge which takes the Prince of Jerusalem through the galleys and the palaestra and which leaves Messala, after the thrilling episode of the chariot race, crippled and stripped of his fortune. And yet, following even such pagan deeds, Ben-Hur's discovery that he cannot serve the Messiah with the sword does not quite seem an anticlimax, though the conclusion, dealing with the Passion, like the introductory

[1] An edition numbering a million copies was ordered by a Chicago mail order house in 1913 and promptly distributed.

chapters on the meeting of the Magi, falls somewhat below the level of the revenge theme in energy and simplicity. Compared with other romances of this sort, however, with William Ware's[1] or Ingraham's, for instance, *Ben-Hur* easily passes them all, by a vitality which has a touch of genius. It passes, too, Wallace's third romance, written while he was ambassador to Turkey, *The Prince of India or Why Constantinople Fell* (1893), a long, dull romance with the Wandering Jew as principal figure.

Edward Eggleston (1837–1902), a clergyman like Holland and Roe, and like General Wallace a native of Indiana, though nourished in the school which made the domestic-sentimental-pious romance the dominant type of fiction between 1850 and 1870, must yet be considered the pioneer figure in the new realism which succeeded it in the eighties. As a Methodist on the frontier he had been brought up, though of cultivated Virginia stock, to think novels and all such works of the imagination evil things, but his diversified experience as an itinerant preacher, or "circuit rider," and as editor and journalist, his wholesome religion, and the studious habit which eventually made him a sound historical scholar, took him out of these narrow channels of opinion. It is highly significant that whereas Mrs. Stowe or her followers would have thought of themselves as writing fiction considerably for the sake of its moral consequences, Eggleston, having read Taine's *Art in the Netherlands*,[2] undertook to portray the life of southern Indiana in the faithful, undoctrinaire spirit of a Dutch painter. His first novel, *The Hoosier Schoolmaster* (1871), remains his most famous. Indiana's singularities had already been exposed by Bayard Rush Hall ("Robert Carlton") in *The New Purchase* (1855), and there was growing up a considerable literature[3] reporting

> that curious poor-whitey race which is called "tar-heel" in the northern Carolina, "sand-hiller" in the southern, "corn-cracker" in Kentucky, "yahoo" in Mississippi, and in California "Pike" . . . the Hoosiers of the dark regions of Indiana and the Egyptians of southern Illinois.[4]

[1] See Book II, Chap. VII. [2] Published in English at New York in 1871.

[3] See *The Discovery of Pike County* in F. L. Pattee's *American Literature since 1870* (1915).

[4] *Roxy*, Chap. XXVI.

All Eggleston's essential novels are concerned with this phase of American life, whatever the scene: Indiana in *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*, *The End of the World* (1872), and *Roxy* (1878); Ohio in *The Circuit Rider* (1874); Illinois in *The Graysons* (1887); Minnesota in *The Mystery of Metropolisville* (1873). Light is thrown upon his aims in fiction by the fact that he subsequently aspired to write "A History of Life in the United States," which he carried through two erudite, humane, and graceful volumes.[1] His Hoosier novels, simple in plot, clear-cut in characterization, concise and lucid in language, unwaveringly accurate in their setting, manners, and dialect, are indispensable documents, even finished chapters, for his uncompleted masterpiece. The *Schoolmaster*, as first in the field and fresh and pointed, still remains most famous; but *Roxy* is perhaps most interesting of them all, and *The Circuit Rider* the most informing. *The Graysons* deserves credit for the reserve with which it admits the youthful Lincoln into its narrative, uses him at a crucial moment, and then lets him withdraw without one hint of his future greatness. If the morals of these tales seem a little easy to read, they nevertheless lack all that is sentimental, strained, or perfervid. Without Mrs. Stowe's rush of narrative, neither has Eggleston her verbosity. Even where, in his fidelity to violent frontier conditions, his incidents seem melodramatic, the handling is sure and direct, for the reason, as he says of *The Circuit Rider*, that whatever is incredible in the story is true. No novelist is more candid, few more convincing. With greater range and fire he might have been an international figure as well as the earliest American realist whose work is still remembered.[2]

It was perhaps a certain bareness in Middle Western life, lacking both the longer memories of the Atlantic States and the splendid golden expectations of California, that thus early established in the upper Mississippi valley the realistic tradition which descends unbroken through the work of Eggleston, E. W. Howe, Hamlin Garland, and Edgar Lee Masters.

[1] See Book II, Chap. xv.

[2] Mention should be made here of Col. John W. De Forest (1826–1906), who has not deserved that his novels should be forgotten as they have been, even *Miss Ravenel's Conversion from Secession to Loyalty* (1867), which survives only in the thoroughly merited praise of W. D. Howells (*My Literary Passions*, 1895, p. 233), but which still seems strong and natural.

From the Middle West, too, came the principal exponent of native realism, in himself almost an entire literary movement, almost an academy. William Dean Howells was born at Martin's Ferry, Ohio, 1 March, 1837, the grandson of a Welsh Quaker and the son of a country printer and editor. Like his friend Mark Twain he saw little of schools and nothing of colleges, and like him he got his systematic literary training from enforced duties as a printer and journalist. But, unlike Mark Twain, he fell as naturally into the best classical traditions as Goldsmith or Irving, who, with Cervantes, earliest delighted him. In *My Literary Passions* Howells has delicately recorded the development of his taste. At first he desired to write verse, and devoted months to imitating Pope in a youthful fanaticism for regularity and exactness. From this worship he turned, at about sixteen, to Shakespeare. particularly to the histories; then to Chaucer, admired for his sense of earth in human life; and to Dickens, whose magic, Howells saw, was rough. Macaulay taught him to like criticism and furnished him an early model of prose style. Thackeray, Longfellow, Tennyson followed in due course. Having taught himself some Latin and Greek and more French and Spanish, Howells took up German and came under the spell of Heine, who dominated him longer than any other author and who showed him once for all that the dialect and subjects of literature should be the dialect and facts of life.

Poems in the manner of Heine won Howells a place in the *Atlantic*, then the very zenith of his aspiration, and in 1860 he undertook the reverent pilgrimage to New England which he recounts with such winning grace in *Literary Friends and Acquaintance*. Already a journalist of promise, and something of a poet, he made friends wherever he went and was reconfirmed in his literary ambitions. At the outbreak of the Civil War appointed United States consul at Venice, married at Paris in 1862 to Miss Elinor G. Mead of Vermont, he spent four years of almost undisturbed leisure in studying Italian literature, notably Dante, as the great authoritative voice of an age, and Goldoni, whom Howells called "the first of the realists." In Italy, though he wrote poetry for the most part, he formed the habit of close, sympathetic, humorous observation and discovered the ripe, easy style which made him, beginning with

*Venetian Life* (1866) and *Italian Journeys* (1867), one of the happiest of our literary travellers. From such work he moved, by the avenue of journalism, only gradually to fiction. On his return to the United States in 1865 he became, first, editorial contributor to *The Nation* for a few months, and then assistant editor and editor of the *Atlantic* until 1881.

The literary notices which he wrote for the *Atlantic* during these years of preparation would show, had he written nothing else, how strong and steady was his drift toward his mature creed. Not alone by deliberate thought nor even by the stimulus of polemic was he carried forward, but rather by a natural process of growth which, more than an artistic matter, included his entire philosophy. From his childhood he had been intensely humane—sensitive and charitable. This humaneness now revealed itself as a passionate love for the truth of human life and a suspicion, a quiet scorn, of those romantic dreams and superstitious exaggerations by which less contented lovers of life try to enrich it or to escape it. "Ah! poor Real Life," he wrote in his first novel, "can I make others share the delight I find in thy foolish and insipid face?" Perhaps *Their Wedding Journey* (1871) ought hardly to be called a novel, but it is a valuable Howells document in its zeal for common actuality and in its method, so nearly that of his travel books. A *Chance Acquaintance* (1873), more strictly a novel, for the first time showed that Howells could not only report customs and sketch characters felicitously but could also organize a plot with delicate skill. A young Bostonian, passionately in love with an intelligent but unsophisticated inland girl, who returns his love, is so little able to overcome his ingrained provincial snobbishness that he steadily condescends to her until in the end he suddenly sees, as she sees, that he has played an ignoble and vulgar part which convincingly separates them. Nothing could be more subtle than the turn by which their relative positions are reversed. The style of *A Chance Acquaintance*, while not more graceful than that of Howells's earlier books, is more assured and crisp. The central idea is clearly conceived and the outlines sharp without being in any way cruel or cynical. The descriptions are exquisite, the dialogue both natural and revealing, and over and through all is a lambent mirth, an undeceived

kindliness of wisdom, which was to remain his essential quality.

In 1869 he had published a metrical novel, *No Love Lost*, and in 1871 a volume of *Suburban Sketches;* he continued to write criticism and later began to write farces; but an increasing share of his energy now went to novels. The study of the conflict between different manners or grades of sophistication, taken up at about the same time by Henry James,[1] concerned Howells largely, and appears in *A Foregone Conclusion* (1875), *The Lady of the Aroostook* (1879), and *A Fearful Responsibility* (1881). Writing of spiritualism and Shakerism in *An Undiscovered Country* (1880), he made clear his suspicion of those types of otherworldliness. And in 1882, with the publication of *A Modern Instance*, Howells assumed his proper rank as the chief native American realist.

The superiority of this book to all that had gone before can less justly be said to lie in its firmer grasp of its materials, for Howells from the first was extraordinarily sure of grasp, than in its larger control of larger materials. It has a richer timbre, a graver, deeper tone. Marcia Gaylord, the most passionate of all his heroines, is of all of them the most clearly yet lovingly conceived and elaborated. In the career of her husband, Bartley J. Hubbard, Howells accomplishes the difficult feat of tracing a metamorphosis, the increase of selfishness and vanity, fed in this case by Marcia's very devotion, into monstrous growths of evil without a redeeming tincture even of boldness—mere contemptibility. The process seems as simple as arithmetic, but, like all genuine growth, it actually resists analysis. The winter scenes of the earlier chapters, faithful and vivid beyond any prose which had yet been written about New England, drawn with an eye intensely on the fact, have still the larger bearings of a criticism of American village life in general. The subsequent adventures of the Hubbards in Boston, though so intensely local in setting and incident, are applicable everywhere. Squire Gaylord's arraignment of his son-in-law in the Indiana courtroom vibrates with a passion seldom met in Howells; and Bartley's virtual offer of his former wife to his former friend belongs with the unforgettable, unforgivable basenesses in fiction. After these episodes, however, it

[1] See Book III, Chap. XII.

must be owned that an anticlimax follows in Halleck's discovery that his New England conscience will now forever hold him from Marcia because he had loved her before she was free.

Between 1881, when Howells resigned from the *Atlantic*, and 1886, when he began to write for *Harper's*, he had some years of leisure, particularly signalized by the publication in 1884 of the novel which brought him to the height of his reputation as well as of his art. The theme of *The Rise of Silas Lapham* is the universal one, very dear in a republic, of the rising fortunes of a man who has no aid but virtue and capacity. Lapham, a country-bred, "self-made" Vermonter, appears when he has already achieved wealth, and finds himself drawn, involuntarily enough, into the more difficult task of adjusting himself and his family to the manners of fastidious Boston. A writer primarily satirical might have been contented to make game of the situation. Howells, keenly as he sets forth the conflict of standards, goes beyond satire to a depth of meaning which comes only from a profound understanding of the part which artificial distinctions play in human life and a mellow pity that such little things can have such large consequences of pain and error. The conflict, however, while constantly pervasive in the book, does not usurp the action; the Lapham family has serious concerns that might arise in any social stratum. Most intense and dramatic of these is the fact that the suitor of one daughter is believed by the whole family to be in love with the other until the very moment of his declaration. The distress into which they are thrown is presented with a degree of comprehension rare in any novel, and here matched with a common sense which rises to something half-inspired in Lapham's perception—reduced to words, however, by a friendly clergyman—that in such a case superfluous self-sacrifice would be morbid and that, since none is guilty, one had better suffer than three. A certain rightness and soundness of feeling, indeed, govern the entire narrative. As it proceeds, as Lapham falls into heavy business vicissitudes and finally to comparative poverty again, and yet all the time rises in spiritual worth, the record steadily grows in that dignity and significance which, according to Howells's creed, is founded only on absolute truth.

*Silas Lapham* marked the culmination of Howells's art,

approached the next year in the exquisite interlude *Indian Summer*, gayly, lightly, sweetly, pungently narrating the loves of a man of forty, and not quite approached in *The Minister's Charge* (1887), which shows a homespun poet moving in the direction of comfortable prose. But Howells had not yet shaped his final philosophy, which grew up within him after he had left Boston for New York in 1886 and had established his connection with *Harper's Magazine*. Again, as from the *Atlantic* literary notices, light falls upon his growth from the monthly articles which he wrote for "The Editor's Study" between 1886 and 1891. Chiefly discussions of current books, concerned with poetry, history, biography nearly as much as with fiction, these essays remarkably encouraged the growth of realism in America, and most eloquently commended to native readers such Latin realists as Valera, Valdés, Galdós, and Verga, and the great Russians Turgenev, Dostoevsky, and Tolstoy. It will not do to say that these foreign realists moulded Howells, for his development, whatever his readiness to assimilate, was always from within outward, but it helps to distinguish between the Howells who lived before 1886 and the one who lived after that date, to say that the earlier man had one of his supreme literary passions for the art of Turgenev, and that the later Howells, knowing Tolstoy, had become impatient of even the most secret artifice. For Tolstoy was Howells's great passion. "As much as one merely human being can help another I believe," said Howells, "that he has helped me; he has not influenced me in æsthetics only, but in ethics, too, so that I can never again see life in the way I saw it before I knew him." Tolstoy's novels seemed to Howells as perfect as his doctrine. "To my thinking they transcend in truth, which is the highest beauty, all other works of fiction that have been written. . . . [He] has a method which not only seems without artifice, but is so."

This was some ten years after Howells had first read Tolstoy, ten years during which, in spite of Tolstoy's example, he had not at all reverted to the preacher but had published many merry farces and had begun to be sunnily reminiscent in *A Boy's Town* (1890). But though too much himself to be converted from his artistic practice, Howells had broadened his field and deepened his inquiries. *A Hazard of New Fortunes*

(1889), in which Basil and Isabel March, the bridal couple of *Their Wedding Journey*, now grown middle aged, give up Boston, as Howells had himself recently done, for a future in New York, is not content to point out merely the unfamiliar fashions of life which they meet but is full of conscience regarding certain evils of the modern social order. Or rather, Howells had turned from the clash of those lighter manners which belong to Comedy and had set himself to discuss the deeper manners of the race which belong to morals and religion. He wrote at a moment of hope:

> We had passed through a period of strong emotioning in the direction of the humaner economics, if I may phrase it so; the rich seemed not so much to despise the poor, the poor did not so hopelessly repine. The solution of the riddle of the painful earth through the dreams of Henry George, through the dreams of Edward Bellamy, through the dreams of all the generous visionaries of the past, seemed not impossibly far off.[1]

In this mood Howells's theme compelled him so much that the story moved forward almost without his conscious agency, "though," he carefully insists, "I should not like to intimate anything mystical in the fact." *A Hazard of New Fortunes* outdoes all Howells's novels in the conduct of different groups of characters, in the superb naturalness with which now one and now another rises to the surface of the narrative and then retreats without a trace of management. New Englanders, New Yorkers, Southerners, Westerners, all appear in their true native colours, as do the most diverse ranks of society, and many professions, in their proper dress and gesture. The episode of the street-car strike, brought in near the end, dramatizes the struggle which has been heretofore in the novel rather a shadow than a fact, but Howells, artist first then partisan, employs it almost wholly as a sort of focal point to which the attention of all his characters is drawn, with the result that, having already revealed themselves generally, they are more particularly revealed in their varying degrees of sympathy for the great injustice out of which class war arises. In this manner, without extravagant emphasis,

[1] Preface dated July, 1909.

Howells judges a generation at the same time that he portrays it in the best of all novels of New York.

Howells's Tolstoyanism appears still more frankly in his two Utopian tales, *A Traveller from Altruria* (1894) and *Through the Eye of the Needle* (1907), in which he compares America with the lovely land of Altruria, where all work is honourable and servants are unknown, where capital and interest are only memories, where equality is complete, and men and women, in the midst of beauty, lead lives that are just, temperate, and kind. The stern tones of Tolstoy Howells never learned, or at least never used, for he could not lose his habitual kindness, even when he spoke most firmly. It was kindness, not timidity, however, for though he held steadily to his art he did not keep silence before even the most popular injustices. He plead for the Chicago "anarchists" and he condemned the annexation of the Philippines in clear, strong tones; no good cause lacked the support of his voice. He was extraordinarily fecund. After 1892 he succeeded George William Curtis in "The Easy Chair" of *Harper's* and wrote monthly articles which, less exclusively literary than the "Editor's Study" pieces, carried on the same tradition. His most significant critical writings, chiefly concerned with the art he himself practiced, are found in *Criticism and Fiction* (1891), *Heroines of Fiction* (1901), and *Literature and Life* (1902). Reminiscences and travels assume a still larger place in his later work. After *A Boy's Town* came *My Literary Passions* (1895), and then *Literary Friends and Acquaintance* (1900), of accounts of the classic age of Boston and Cambridge easily the best. He revisited Europe and left records in *London Films* (1905), *Certain Delightful English Towns* (1906), *Roman Holidays* (1908), *Seven English Cities* (1909), *Familiar Spanish Travels* (1913), in which he occasionally drew his matter out thin but in which he was never for a page dull, or untruthful, or sour, after the ancient habit of travellers. *My Mark Twain* (1910) is incomparably the finest of all the interpretations of Howells's great friend, while *Years of My Youth* (1916), written when the author was nearly eighty, is the work of a master whom age had made wise and left strong. In 1909 he was chosen president of the American Academy, and six years later he received

the National Institute's gold medal "for distinguished work in fiction." He died 11 May, 1920.

The Institute rightly judged that, important as Howells is as critic and memoir-writer, he must be considered first of all a novelist. His later books of fiction make up a long list. That he could produce such an array of fiction is sign enough that he had not been overpowered by humanitarianism; a better sign is the fact that these later novels are even kinder, gayer, mellower than the early ones. In them his investigation moves over a wide area, which includes the solid realism of *The Landlord at Lion's Head* (1897) and *The Kentons* (1902); the sombre study of a crime in *The Quality of Mercy* (1892); the keen statement of problems in *An Imperative Duty* (1892) and *The Son of Royal Langbrith* (1904); happier topics as in *Miss Bellard's Inspiration* (1905); and, very notably, subtle explorations of what is or what seems to be the supersensual world in *The Shadow of a Dream* (1890), *Questionable Shapes* (1903)—short stories, *Between the Dark and the Daylight* (1907)—short stories, and *The Leatherwood God* (1916), which last, the study of a frontier impostor who proclaims himself a god, best hints at Howells's views of the relation between the real world which he had so long explored and so lovingly portrayed and those vast spaces which appear to be beyond it for the futile tempting of religionists and romanticists.

Holding so firmly to his religion of reality, and with his varied powers, it is not perhaps to be wondered at that Howells produced in his fourscore books the most considerable transcript of American life yet made by one man. Nor, of course, should it be wondered at, that in spite of his doctrine of impersonality the world of America as he has set it down is full of his benignance and noble health, never illicit or savage and but rarely sordid. His natural gentleness and reserve, even more than the decorous traditions of the seventies and eighties, kept him from the violent frankness of, say, Zola, whose books Howells thought "indecent through the facts that they nakedly represent." What Howells invariably practiced was a kind of selective realism, choosing his material as a sage chooses his words, decently. Most of his stories end "happily," that is, in congenial marriages with good expectations. He did not mind employing one favoured situ-

ation—in which a humorous husband and a serious wife find themselves responsible for a young girl during her courtship—so often as to suggest a personal experience. Not without some complaint, he nevertheless not too rebelliously accepted the modern novelist's fate of writing largely for women, a sex which in Howells's world appears as often shallow and changeful and almost always quite unreasonable. Thus limited as to subjects by his temper and his times, he was likewise limited as to treatment. On every ground he preferred to make relatively little of impassioned or tragic moments, believing that the true bulk of life is to be represented by its commonplaces. "It will not do," he wrote, speaking of the ducal palace at Weimar, "to lift either houses or men far out of the average; they become spectacles, ceremonies; they cease to have charm, to have character, which belong to the levels of life, where alone there are ease and comfort, and human nature may be itself, with all the little delightful differences repressed in those who represent and typify."[1] (The pendulum had swung far since the days when Cooper and Hawthorne repined over the democratic barrenness of American manners!) No one has written more engaging commonplaces than Howells, though perhaps something like the century which has elapsed since the death of Jane Austen—Howells's ideal among English novelists—will have to pass before the historian can be sure that work artistically flawless may be kept alive, lacking malice or intensity, by ease and grace and charm, by kind wisdom and thoughtful mirth.

Hawthorne and Mrs. Stowe, romance and sentiment, had divided first honours in American fiction during the twenty years 1850–1870; the seventies belonged primarily to the short story of the school of Bret Harte. The novel of that decade, thus a little neglected, profited in at least one respect: it ceased to be the form of fiction on which all beginners tried their pens and passed rather into the hands of men whose eyes looked a little beyond easy conquests and an immediate market. This fact, with the rapid growth of the artistic conscience in the cosmopolitanizing years which followed the Civil War, serves to explain in part the remarkable florescence, the little renaissance of fiction in the eighties.[2] The short story may specially

[1] *Their Silver Wedding Journey* (1899), chap. lx.
[2] *A Renaissance in the Eighties*, *Nation*, 12 October, 1918.

claim Bret Harte, Aldrich, Stockton, Bunner, Rose Terry Cooke, Sarah Orne Jewett, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Cable, Constance Fenimore Woolson, Charles Egbert Craddock, Johnston, Page,[1] and Joel Chandler Harris,[2]—though they all wrote novels of merit,—because their talents were for pungency, fancy, brevity. But to the novel of the decade three of the five major American novelists, Mark Twain, Howells, Henry James, contributed their greatest triumphs; then appeared *Ben-Hur*, for a good while rivalled in popularity by Judge Albion Winegar Tourgee's *A Fool's Errand* (1879), a fiery document upon Reconstruction in the South; and there were such diverse pieces as Edward Bellamy's much-read Utopian romance *Looking Backward* (1888), dainty exotics like Blanche Willis Howard's *Guenn A Wave on the Breton Coast* (1884) and Arthur Sherburne Hardy's *Passe Rose* (1889), E. W. Howe's grim *The Story of a Country Town* (1883), Helen Hunt Jackson's *Ramona* (1884), passionately pleading the cause of the Indians of California, Miss Woolson's *East Angels* (1886), just less than a classic, Henry Adams's[3] *Democracy* (1880) and John Hay's[4] *The Bread-Winners* (1884), excursions into fiction of two men whose largest gifts lay elsewhere, the earlier army novels of General Charles King, and the earlier detective stories of Anna Katharine Green (Rohlfs). As a rule these novels seem more deftly built than the novels of the sixties or seventies, more sophisticated. People talked somewhat less than formerly about "The Great American Novel," that strange eidolon so clearly descended from the large aspirations of men like Timothy Dwight and Joel Barlow[5] but by 1850 thought of less as an epic which should enshrine the national past than as a great prose performance reflecting the national present

In the eighties began the career of that later American writer who gave to the novel his most complete allegiance, undeterred by the vogue of briefer narratives or other forms of literature. Francis Marion Crawford, son of the sculptor Thomas Crawford and nephew of Julia Ward Howe, was born at Bagni di Lucca, Tuscany, in 1854. He prepared for college at St. Paul's School, New Hampshire, and entered Harvard,

[1] For these writers see Book III, Chap. VI. [2] See Book III, Chap. V.
[3] See Book III, Chap. XV. [4] See Book III, Chaps. X and XV.
[5] See Book I, Chap. IX.

but soon left it to study in Europe, successively at Cambridge, Heidelberg, and Rome. Having become interested in Sanscrit, and having lost his expectations of a fortune, he went to India and there edited *The Indian Herald* at Allahabad. In 1881 he returned to America, spent another year upon Sanscrit with Professor Lanman of Harvard, and wrote his first novel, *Mr. Isaacs* (1882), on the advice of an uncle who had been struck by Crawford's oral account of the central personage. The success of the experiment was so prompt and complete that its author recognized his vocation once for all, much as does George Wood in *The Three Fates* (1892), a novel admitted to be partly autobiographical. Crawford went to Italy in 1883, and thereafter spent most of his life at Sorrento. He still travelled, grew wealthy from the sale of his novels, became a Roman Catholic, and died in 1909.

Except that toward the end of his life he partly turned from fiction to sober—and not remarkably spirited—history, Crawford can hardly be said to have changed his methods from his earliest novel to his latest. Improvisation was his knack and forte; he wrote much and speedily. His settings he took down, for the most part, from personal observation in the many localities he knew at first hand; his characters, too, are frequently studies from actual persons. In his plots, commonly held his peculiar merit, Crawford cannot be called distinctly original: he employs much of the paraphernalia of melodrama—lost or hidden wills, forgeries, great persons in disguise, sudden legacies, physical violence; moreover, it is almost a formula with him to carry a story by natural motives until about the last third, when melodrama enters to perplex the narrative and to arouse due suspense until the triumphant and satisfying dénouement. And yet so fresh, strong, and veracious is the movement that it nearly obscures these conventional elements. Movement, indeed, not plot in the stricter sense, is Crawford's chief excellence. He could not tell a story badly, but flowed on without breaking or faltering, managing his material and disposing his characters and scenes without apparent effort, in a style always clear and bright. This lightness of movement is accompanied, perhaps accounted for, by an absence of profound ideas or of any of that rich colour of life which comes only—as in Scott, Balzac, Tolstoy—when

fiction is deeply based in a native soil. As to his ideas, Crawford appears to have had few that were unusual, and at least he suspected such ideas as the substance of fiction, about the aims and uses of which he is very explicit in *The Novel: What It Is* (1893). Novelists he called "public amusers," who must always write largely about love and in Anglo-Saxon countries must write under the eyes of the ubiquitous young girl. They might therefore as well be reconciled to the exigencies of their business. For his own part he thought problem novels odious, cared nothing for dialect or local colour, believed it a mistake to make a novel too minute a picture of one generation lest another should think it "old-fashioned," and preferred to regard the novel as a sort of "pocket-theatre"—with ideals, it should be added, much like those of the British and American stage from 1870 to 1890.

Thus far Crawford was carried by his cosmopolitan training and ideals: he believed that human beings are much the same everywhere and can be made intelligible everywhere if reported lucidly and discreetly. Reading his books is like conversing with a remarkably humane, sharp-eyed traveller who appears —at least at first—to have seen every nook and corner of the world. *Zoroaster* (1885), *Khaled* (1891), and *Via Crucis* (1898) have their scenes laid in Asia; *Paul Patoff* (1887), in Constantinople; *The Witch of Prague* (1891), in Bohemia; *Dr. Claudius* (1883), *Greifenstein* (1889), and *A Cigarette-Maker's Romance* (1890), in Germany; *In the Palace of the King* (1900), in Spain; *A Tale of a Lonely Parish* (1886) and *Fair Margaret* (1905), in England; *An American Politician* (1885), *The Three Fates* (1892), *Marion Darche* (1893), *Katharine Lauderdale* (1894), and *The Ralstons* (1895), in America; and, most important group of all, the Italian tales, of which *A Roman Singer* (1884), *Marzio's Crucifix* (1887), *The Children of the King* (1892), and *Pietro Ghisleri* (1893) are but little less interesting than the famous Roman series,—*Saracinesca* (1887), *Sant' Ilario* (1889), *Don Orsino* (1892), and *Corleone* (1896). The Saracinesca cycle most of all promises to survive, partly because as a cycle it is imposing but even more particularly because here Crawford's merits appear to best advantage. After all, though he considered himself an American, and though he knew many parts of the globe, he knew the inner circles of

Rome better than any other section of society, and really minute knowledge came, as it did not always in his stories of America, for instance, and almost never did in his historical tales, to the aid of his invariable qualities of movement and lucidity and large general knowledge of life. If in this admirable cycle, which is to Crawford's total work much what the Leather-Stocking cycle is to Cooper's, Crawford actually achieved less than Cooper, it is to some extent for the reason that some cosmopolitanism finds it even harder than does some provincialism to impart to fiction true depth and body; that reality, like charity, often begins at home.

In the eighties realism was the dominant creed in fiction, which in practice followed its creed somewhat closely, with exceptions, of course, among the purely popular novelists like Roe and General Wallace. The same decade, however, saw the beginnings of two movements which became marked in the nineties, both of them natural outcomes of the official realism of Howells and James. One led, by reaction, to the rococo type of historical romance which flourished enormously at the end of the century; and the other to the harsher naturalism which shook off the decorums of the first realists, contended with the historical romancers, first succumbed to them, and then succeeded them in power and favour. The historical tendency, less than the naturalistic a matter of doctrine, came at first from the South and West: from writers who painted the amiable colours of antebellum plantation life—Cable, Page, Joel Chandler Harris; or from California, from writers who tried to catch the charm of old Spanish days—Bret Harte and Helen Hunt Jackson; or from the Mississippi Valley, from writers who, thanks to Parkman, had discovered the richness and variety of the French régime there—Constance Fenimore Woolson and Mary Hartwell Catherwood. Of all these Mrs. Jackson wrote perhaps the best single romance in *Ramona* (1884), a story aimed to carry forward an indictment, already begun in the same author's *A Century of Dishonor* (1881), against the treatment of the Indians by their white conquerors. Ramona, however, and her Temecula husband Alessandro have so little Indian blood that their wrongs seem less those of Indians than the wrongs which all the older Californians, Indian or Spanish, suffered from the predacious

vanguard of the Anglo-Saxon conquest. And the romance dominates the problem. For Mrs. Jackson, Spanish California had been a paradise of patriarchal estates set in fertile valleys, steeped in drowsy antiquity, and cherished by fine unworldly priests. Her tragic story derives much of its impressiveness from the pomp of its setting, the strength of its contrasts, its passionate colour and poetry. Mrs. Catherwood wrote graceful and engaging but not quite permanent tales, from *The Romance of Dollard* (1889) to *Lazarre* (1901), which added a definite little province to our historical fiction—the French in the interior of the continent.

But the later historical romance is best studied in the work of Dr. Silas Weir Mitchell (1829–1913) of Pennsylvania, who, on the advice of Oliver Wendell Holmes, early set aside his literary ambitions until he should have established himself in a profession, became one of the most eminent of medical specialists, particularly in nervous diseases, and only after he was fifty gave much time to verse or fiction, which, indeed, he continued to produce with no diminution of power until the very year of his death. His special knowledge enabled him to write authoritatively of difficult and wayward states of body and mind; as in *The Case of George Dedlow* (1880), so circumstantial in its impossibilities, *Roland Blake* (1886), which George Meredith greatly admired, *The Autobiography of a Quack* (1900), concerning the dishonourable fringes of the medical profession, and *Constance Trescott* (1905), considered by Dr. Mitchell his best-constructed novel and certainly his most thorough-going study of a pathological mood. His psychological stories, however, had on the whole neither the appeal nor the merit of his historical romances, which began with *Hephzibah Guinness* (1880) and extended to *Westways* (1913). *Westways* is a large and truthful chronicle of the effects of the Civil War in Pennsylvania, but Mitchell's best work belongs to the Revolutionary and Washington cycle: *Hugh Wynne Free Quaker Sometimes Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel on the Staff of his Excellency General Washington* (1896), *The Youth of Washington Told in the Form of an Autobiography* (1904), and *The Red City A Novel of the Second Administration of President Washington* (1908). Dr. Mitchell's own favourite among his books, *The Adventures of François, Foundling, Thief,*

*Juggler, and Fencing-Master during the French Revolution* (1898), stands as close to the American stories as did Paris to the city of Franklin in the later eighteenth century. Revolutionary these narratives are only by virtue of the time in which they take place, for their sympathies are almost wholly with the aristocrats in France, with the respectable and Federalist classes in America. Philadelphia, generally the centre of the action, appears under a softer, mellower light than has been thrown by our romaneers upon any other Revolutionary city, and Washington, though drawn, like Philadelphia, as much to the life as Dr. Mitchell could draw him, is a demigod still.

By the time *The Red City* appeared its type was losing vogue, but *Hugh Wynne* and *The Adventures of François* came on the high tide of the remarkable outburst of historical romance just preceding the Spanish War. The best books of the sort need but to be named: Mark Twain's *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc* (1896), Frederic Jesup Stimson's *King Noanett* (1896), James Lane Allen's *The Choir Invisible* (1897), Charles Major's *When Knighthood Was in Flower* (1898), Mary Johnston's *Prisoners of Hope* (1898) and *To Have and To Hold* (1899), Paul Leicester Ford's *Janice Meredith* (1899), Winston Churchill's *Richard Carvel* (1899) and *The Crisis* (1901), Booth Tarkington's *Monsieur Beaucaire* (1900), Maurice Thompson's *Alice of Old Vincennes* (1900), Henry Harland's *The Cardinal's Snuff-Box* (1901). In part they were an American version of the movement led in England by Robert Louis Stevenson, Rider Haggard, Conan Doyle, and Anthony Hope; the "Ruritanian" romance, for instance, of Anthony Hope was so popular as to be delightfully parodied in George Ade's *The Slim Princess* (1907); all these tales were courtly, high-sounding, decorative, and poetical. But their enormous popularity—some of them sold half a million copies in the two or three years of their brief heyday—points to some native condition. In the history of the American imagination they must be thought of as marking that moment at which, in the excitement which accompanied the Spanish War, the nation suddenly rediscovered a longer and more picturesque past than it had been popularly aware of since the Civil War. The episode was brief, and most of the books now seem gilt where some of them once looked like gold, but it was a vivid moment

in the national consciousness, and if it founded no new legends it deepened o d ones.

Romance did not have the field entirely during these years, for there was also a strong naturalistic trend, which dated from the eighties, when Henry James had seemed too foreign and Howells too hopeful. In 1883 Edgar Watson Howe, of Kansas, had published *The Story of a Country Town*, a book almost painfully overlooked and yet worthy to be mentioned with *Wuthering Heights* or *Moby Dick* for power and terror. Unlike those two it lacks locality, as if the bare, sunburned Kansas plain had no real depth, no mystery in itself, and could find no native motif but the smoldering discontent of that inarticulate frontier. Sternest, grimmest of American novels, it moves with the cold tread and the hard diction of a saga. No shallow mind could have conceived the blind, black, impossible passion of Joe Erring or have conducted it to the purgation and tranquillity which succeeds the catastrophe. Plainly, the author had deliberately hardened his heart against the too facile views of contemporary novelists. It is this stiffening of the conscience which goes with all the later naturalistic writers in America; they are polemic haters of the national optimism. Howe's early experiment was followed, not imitated, by a brilliant group of writers undoubtedly nearer to Zola than to Howells: Hamlin Garland,[1] best in short stories, who stressed the sordid facts of Middle Western farm life and who spoke for the group in his volume of essays *Crumbling Idols* (1894); Henry Blake Fuller, who wrote *The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani* (1890) under the ægis of Charles Eliot Norton and then the realistic novel of Chicago, *The Cliff-Dwellers* (1893); Harold Frederic, who after his lucid and accurate romance of the Mohawk, *In the Valley* (1890), followed Ambrose Bierce[2] with energetic Civil War stories and later made a sensation with *The Damnation of Theron Ware* (1896) and *The Market-Place* (1899); and the notable pair who promised much but died young, Stephen Crane (1871–1900) and Frank Norris (1870–1902).

Crane was a genius who intensely admired Tolstoy and somewhat febrilely aimed at absolute truthfulness in his fiction. *Maggie A Girl of the Streets* (1896), written when he

[1] See Book III, Chap. VI.

[2] *Ibid.*

was but twenty-one, gave a horrible picture of a degenerate Irish family in New York and the tragedy of its eldest daughter; its violent plain speaking seemed very new when it appeared. Crane's great success, however, attended *The Red Badge of Courage An Episode of the American Civil War* (1895), a reconstruction, by a man who at the time of writing knew war only from books, of the mental states of a recruit when first under fire. A greater war has made the theme widely familiar, but Crane's performance still seems more than an amazingly clever *tour de force;* it is a real feat of the imagination. Norris had larger aims than Crane and on the whole achieved more, though no one of his books excels the *Red Badge.* He was one of the least sectional of American novelists, with a vision of his native land which attached him to the movement, then under discussion, to "continentalize" American literature by breaking up the parochial habits of the local colour school. He had a certain epic disposition, tended to vast plans, and conceived trilogies. His "Epic of the Wheat"—*The Octopus* (1901), *The Pit* (1903), and *The Wolf* (never written)—he thought of as the history of the cosmic spirit of wheat moving from the place of its production in California to the place of its consumption in Europe. Another trilogy to which he meant to give years of work would have centred about the battle of Gettysburg, one part for each day, and would have sought to present what Norris considered the American spirit as his Epic of the Wheat presented an impersonal force of nature. Such conceptions explain his grandiose manner and the passion of his naturalism, which he was even willing to call romanticism provided he could mean by it the search for truths deeper than the surface truths of orthodox realism. He had a strong vein of mysticism; he habitually occupied himself with "elemental" emotions. His heroes are nearly all violent men, wilful, passionate, combative; his heroines—thick-haired, large-armed women—are endowed with a rich and deep, if slow, vitality. Love in Norris's world is the mating of vikings and valkyries. Love, however, is not his sole concern. The Pacific and California novels, *Moran of the Lady Letty* (1898), *Blix* (1899), *McTeague* (1899), *A Man's Woman* (1900), as well as *The Octopus,* are full of ardently detailed actualities; *The Pit* is a valuable representation of

a "corner" on the Chicago Board of Trade. In all these his eagerness to be truthful gave Norris a large energy, particularly in scenes of action, but his speed and vividness are not matched by his body and meaning.

Much the same thing may be said of Jack London (1876–1916), one or two of whose novels will likely outlast his short stories,[1] important as they were in his best days, and close kin as his stories and novels are in subjects, style, and temper. Norris's "elemental" in London became "abysmal" passions. He carried the cult of "red-blood" to its logical, if not ridiculous, extreme. And yet he has a sort of Wild-Irish power that will not go unnoted. *John Barleycorn* (1913) is an amazingly candid confession of London's own struggles with alcohol. *Martin Eden* (1909), also autobiographical, though assumed names appear in it, recounts the terrific labours by which in three years London made himself from a common sailor into a popular author. *The Sea-Wolf* (1904) reveals at its fullest his appetite for cold ferocity in its record of the words and deeds of Wolf Larsen, a Nietzschean, Herculean, Satanic ship captain, whose incredible strength terminates credibly in sudden paralysis and impotence. Most popular of all, and best equipped for survival, is *The Call of the Wild* (1903), the story of a dog stolen from civilization to draw a sledge in Alaska, eventually to escape from human control and go back to the wild as leader of a pack of wolves. As in most animal tales, the narrative is sentimentalized, but there runs through it, along with its deadly perils and adventures, an effective sensitiveness to the Alaskan wastes, a robust, moving, genuine current of poetry.

A real, however narrow, gulf separates London from such colleagued naturalists as Richard Harding Davis, better in short stories[2] than in novels, and often romantic, or even from David Graham Phillips (1867–1911), whose bitter war upon society and "Society" culminated in the two volumes of *Susan Lenox* (1917), the only extended portrait of an American courtesan No one of them all had quite London's boyish energy, quite his romantic audacity in naturalism. And the tendency of fiction is just at present away from the world of "elemental" excitement to more civil phases of life, a newer form of realism having succeeded alike the episode of naturalism and the

[1] See Book III, Chap. VI. [2] *Ibid.*

antithetical episode of historical romance. At the same time there are still novels of many types: domestic and sentimental romances; tales of wild adventure; stories written to exploit a single character in the tradition of F. Hopkinson Smith's[1] *Colonel Carter of Cartersville* (1891), Edward Noyes Westcott's *David Harum* (1898), and Owen Wister's *The Virginian* (1905); a few records of exotic life at the ends of the earth; narratives, nicely skirting salaciousness, of "fast" New York; affectionate, idealized portrayals, as in the work of James Lane Allen for Kentucky, of particular states or neighbourhoods. But no tendency quite so clearly prevails as romance in the thirties, sentimentalism in the fifties, realism in the eighties, or naturalism at the turn of the century.

[1] See Book III, Chap. VI.

CHAPTER XII

# Henry James

HENRY JAMES was born an American and died an Englishman. He might never have formally transferred his allegiance had it not been for the War and our long delay in espousing the Allied cause. He became a British subject in July, 1915. The transfer had, however, been virtually made many decades earlier. Of the two ruling passions of James, one was surely his passion for "Europe." Of this infatuation the reader will find the most explicit record in his fragmentary book of reminiscences, *The Middle Years* (1917), record and whimsical apology which may well serve the needs of other Americans pleading indulgence for the same offence. James loved Europe, as do all "passionate pilgrims," for the thick-crowding literary and historical associations which made it seem more alive than the more bustling scene this side the water. Going to breakfast in London was an adventure,—being not, as at Harvard, merely one of the incidents of boarding, but a social function, calling up "the ghosts of Byron and Sheridan and Scott and Moore and Lockhart and Rogers and *tutti quanti.*" In America, James had never so taken breakfast except once with a Boston lady frankly reminiscent of London, and once with Howells fresh from his Venetian post, and so "all in the Venetian manner." Everybody in Victorian London had, as he calls it, references—that is, associations, appeal to the historic imagination; and, as he humorously confesses, "a reference was then, to my mind, whether in a person or an object, the most becoming ornament possible." It was "with bated breath" that he approached the paintings of Titian in the old National Gallery; and when, in the presence of the Bacchus and Ariadne, he became aware,

at the same moment, of the auburn head and eager talk of Swinburne, his cup for that day ran over. With the best of introductions to the Rome of Story, the London of Lord Houghton, the highest ambition of James was to establish "connections" of his own with a world in which everything so bristled with connections; and it is he who lets us know with what joy he found himself, on the occasion of his first visit to George Eliot, running for the doctor in her service, since thereby "a relation had been dramatically determined."

But it is only in the light of his other ruling passion that we can rightly understand the force of his passion for Europe. Even more rooted was his love for art, the art of representation. All his pilgriming in London and elsewhere was by way of collecting a fund of material to draw upon "as soon as ever one should seriously get to work." And is it surprising that he should have been impressed with the greater eligibility of the foreign material; that his impressions of New York and Boston seemed to him "negative" or "thin" or "flat" beside the corresponding impressions of London? The old world was one which had been lived in and had taken on the expressive character of places long associated with human use. It was not simply the individual object of observation, but the "cross-references"; or, again, the association of one object with another and with the past, making up altogether a "composition." Whatever person or setting caught his attention, it was always because it "would fall into a picture or a scene." Of the heroine of *The American*, a young French woman of rank, the hero observed that she was "a kind of historical formation." And along with his material, James found abroad a favourable air in which to do his work. There he found those stimulating contacts, there he could observe from within those movements in the world of art, which were of such prime importance for his own development. Lambert Strether, in *The Ambassadors*, represents the deprivations of a man of letters, strikingly suggestive in many ways of James himself, condemned to labour in the provincial darkness of "Woollett, Massachusetts."

In all this our American author seems identified with anything but the American scene; and the case is not altered when we consider his stories on the side of form. His form is not American, nor his preoccupation with form. It is as

strictly international as that of Poe. James was a profound admirer of Hawthorne; but so was he an admirer of Balzac and of George Sand, and it is probably to later models than any of these that he owes whatever is most characteristic in his technique. There is at any rate nothing here drawn from American sources rather than from European; nothing which we can claim as our production.

Yet we have reasons for our claim upon him. This very passion for Europe, as he has exhibited it in himself and in so many of his creatures, this European "adventure" of Lambert Strether and Isabel Archer (of *The Portrait of a Lady*)—what more purely American product can be conceived? Even to the conscientiousness with which young James did his London sightseeing, mindful of his own feeble health, which threatened to cut it short, and above all mindful "that what he was doing, could he but put it through, would be intimately good for him!"

Altogether his theme turned out to be quite as much American character as European setting. We must not forget how predominantly his novels, and how frequently his short stories, have for their subject Americans,—Americans abroad, or even Americans at home seen in the light of foreign observation. In this connection the novels in particular may be divided into three groups, falling chronologically into three periods. In the first period, extending from *Roderick Hudson* to *The Bostonians*, 1875 to 1885, the leading characters are invariably Americans, though the scene is half the time abroad. In the second period, from *The Princess Casamassima* to *The Sacred Fount*, 1885 to 1901, the novels confine themselves rather strictly to English society. In the third period, from *The Wings of the Dove* to the novels left unfinished at the author's death, 1902 to 1917, James returned to his engrossing, and by far his most interesting, theme of Americans in Paris or Venice or London. Not a very original contribution to literature is the American scene itself—the New York of *Washington Square* (1881), the Boston of *The Europeans* (1878) and *The Bostonians;* and none of these novels was included by James in the New York Edition. His American settings are but palely conceived; and his figures do not find here the proper background to bring them out and set off their special

character. But the crusading Americans—variegated types, comic and romantic—with the foreign settings in which they so perfectly find themselves, these make up a local province as distinct in colour and feature as those of Cable[1] and Bret Harte,[2] —a province quite as American, in its way, and for the artist quite as much of a *trouvaille*, or lucky strike.

These Americans abroad fall naturally into two classes. The first are treated in the mildly comic vein, as examples of American crudeness or simplicity. Such are the unhappy Ruck family of *The Pension Beaurepas*,—poor Mr. Ruck who had come abroad in hopes of regaining health and escaping financial worries, and his ladies whose interest in the old world is confined to the shops where money can be spent. Perhaps we might refer to this class Christopher Newman, the self-possessed and efficient American business man, hero of *The American* (1877); though in his case the comedy of character is by no means broad, and is strictly subordinate to the larger comedy of social contrast. In general, these people are treated not unkindly; and there is the one famous instance of *Daisy Miller*, in which the fresh little American girl is so tenderly handled as to set tears flowing—a most unusual proceeding with James. Generally the Americans emerge from the international comedy with the reader's esteem for sterling virtues not always exhibited by the more sophisticated Europeans. In the later group of stories in particular, the American character, presented with no hint of comic bias, actually shines with the lustre of a superior spiritual fineness. This is what Rebecca West has in mind in her somewhat impatient reference to James's characters as American old maids, or words to that effect.

And here we have the very heart of his Americanism, if we may make bold to call it that. There is something in James's estimate of spiritual values so fine, so immaterial, so indifferent to success or happiness or whatever merely practical issues, as to suggest nothing so much as the transcendentalism of Emerson, the otherworldliness of Hawthorne. There is here a psychology not of Scott or Thackeray, not even of George Eliot, still less of any conceivable Continental novelist; and one can hardly refer it to any but a New England origin.

[1] See Book III, Chap. VI. [2] *Ibid.*

William James, the novelist's grandfather, was an Irishman settled in Albany. He was described in a New York newspaper of 1832 as "the Albany business man"; and he laboured so well at business that he left several millions to be divided among twelve heirs. Otherwise the relatives of the novelist were quite innocent of practical affairs. His father, Henry James,[1] was a philosopher-clergyman, a friend of Emerson's, who carried with him everywhere the entire works of Swedenborg. Henry James, Jr., was born 15 April, 1843, in New York; but he went to Europe as a babe in arms. Two years later, still in long clothes and waggling his feet, he noted from the carriage window "a stately square surrounded with high-roofed houses and having in the centre a tall and glorious column"—the reader will recognize the Place Vendôme. From the earliest times, in New York and Albany, all his conceptions of culture had a transatlantic origin. The caricatures of Gavarni, Nash's lithographs of *The Mansions of England*, the novels of Dickens read aloud in the family circle, —these fed his imagination. He and his brothers went regularly to a New York bookseller for a boys' magazine published in London. Even their sense of a "political order" was derived from Leech's drawings in *Punch*. Their education was amazingly various and spasmodic,—better adapted, one might suppose, to the formation of novelists than of philosophers. Dozens of private schools and tutors succeeded one another in bewildering rapidity in New York, not to speak of later instruction in Bonn and Geneva, in Paris and London.

All this while the main occupation of the future novelist was the contemplative observation of character. The world of Albany and New York was a world not of vulgar persons but of artistic "values." Everyone was interesting as a "type": type of "personal France" or of French "adventuress" (referring to early governesses), type of orphan cousins, type of wild young man. Cousin Henry was a kind of Mr. Dick, cousin Helen a kind of Miss Trotwood. James's account in *A Small Boy and Others* shows him in those early days a mere vessel of impressions suitable to the uses of art. All this was fostered by the kind of discipline, or no discipline, maintained by their metaphysical father. For religion, the boys went to all the

[1] See also Book III, Chap. XVII.

churches, and, we gather, in much the spirit in which they approached any other æsthetic experience. As for livelihood, or occupation, the father was always inclined to discourage any immediate decision upon that point, lest a young man might prematurely limit the development of his inner life. We are reminded how small a place is taken in the stories of James by what men do to earn a living. In America, it seemed, there were—apart from the unique case of Daniel Webster—but two possible destinies for a young man. Either he went into business or he went to the dogs. But the immediate family and connections of James were always aspiring to that more liberal foreign order in which was offered the third alternative of a person neither busy nor tipsy,—a cultivated person of leisure.

In 1860 the family went to live in Newport, so that the older brother might work in the studio of William Morris Hunt; and Henry, who had earlier haunted the galleries of Paris with his brother, welcomed this occasion to frequent a place devoted to the making of pictures. In 1862, William being at Lawrence Scientific School, Henry entered the Harvard Law School; still noting, in boarding-house or lecture-room, personalities, chiaroscuro, *mise en scène*, more than the precedents of law. The Civil War was the one distinctly American fact which seems to have penetrated the consciousness of Henry James. While he was prevented by lameness from going to war himself, it was brought home to him, for one thing, by the participation of two of his brothers. But the war, like everything else, was followed by him, however breathlessly, as a spectacle rich in artistic values. In 1864 the family were living in Boston, and from 1866 they were definitely settled in Cambridge, William entering the Harvard Medical School in that year; and in these days the young author was forming excitingly important literary connections. One friendship dating from this time was that with E. L. Godkin, editor of the newly founded *Nation*.[1] But most important no doubt was that with the Nortons of Shady Hill, who later introduced him to London society.

In 1870 died the person to whom James refers with the greatest personal affection, his cousin Mary Temple, the model for Milly Theale in *The Wings of the Dove*, as he tells us, and

[1] See Book III, Chap. xx.

also—as we guess—for Isabel Archer of *The Portrait of a Lady* and more than one other of his loveliest American women. Of her death he says "we felt it together as the end of our youth." So far he brings the family record in his *Notes of a Son and Brother* (1914). Meanwhile in 1869 occurred the visit to London recorded in *The Middle Years*. To 1872 belongs a perhaps equally memorable visit to Italy. And from that time forward until his death, 28 February, 1916, he lived abroad; during the first years largely in Italy and France ("inimitable France" and "incomparable Italy"), and then, from about the year 1880, in the England of his adoption,—making his bachelor home in London or in the old Cinque Port of Rye. But he continued almost to the end to publish his novels and tales in the great American magazines, so that his first appeal was generally to the public here.

Evidences of the honour in which he was held in England were the Order of Merit conferred upon him at New Year's, 1916; and his portrait by Sargent, undertaken on the occasion of his seventieth birthday, at the invitation of some two hundred and fifty English friends. At the outbreak of the War, none was more enthusiastic for the cause of the Allies, which was associated with everything he held most precious. His feeling for England at this time, on looking out across the channel from his Sussex home, is described in what is perhaps his latest piece of writing, *Within the Rim*, published in the *Fortnightly Review* in August, 1917. It has been said that his mortal illness was provoked by the vigour with which he took up the work of relief for suffering Belgium and France.

James began his literary career as an anonymous contributor of reviews to *The North American Review* and *The Nation;* and such reviews and literary news-letters he continued to write for many years. Only a small part of his critical writing has appeared in book form; and it still remains for the curious to trace the development of his literary theory from the beginning. His books of fiction were frequently supplemented, too, with books of impressions, in which he might commune at length with the spirit of places,—English, French, American, Italian. He also wrote many plays, a few of which made brief appearances on the London stage. But they were

"talky" and untheatrical; and he succeeded neither in purging the theatre of the commercialism he deprecated nor even in taking the public fancy himself. His first attempts at fiction were printed in *The Atlantic Monthly* and *The Galaxy;* but he hardly emerges as an author of account before the appearance of *The Passionate Pilgrim* in 1871. His first important novel was *Roderick Hudson*, published in *The Atlantic* in 1875. His first and only approach to popularity, whether in long or short story, was made by *Daisy Miller* in 1878. The New York Edition of his novels and tales, published during the years 1907 to 1909, is of the greatest interest because of the extended discussion of his own work and the account of his imaginative processes found in the Prefaces. It is, however, very far from being a complete collection even of his works of fiction. It is simply the choice made by James at that late date, and according to his taste as it had then developed, of such of his stories as he wished to be known by. It remains to be seen how far posterity will submit to his judgment in the matter.

The threefold grouping of his novels already suggested was in connection with the treatment of American themes. In reference to form and method a more illuminating division would be one of two periods: first, *Roderick Hudson* to *The Tragic Muse*, 1875–1890; and second, *The Spoils of Poynton* to *The Sense of the Past*, 1896–1917.

In the novels of the first group, he includes, in general, more material than in the later ones, more incident, a greater number of characters, a more extended period of time; and he treats his material in the larger, more open, more lively manner of the main English tradition. He also chooses, in the earlier period, what may be considered more ambitious themes in the matter of psychology. In *Roderick Hudson*, for example, he undertakes to trace the degeneration of a man of genius, a young American sculptor, when given the freedom of the artistic life in Rome. This evolutionary—or revolutionary—process of character, suggestive of George Eliot, is a "larger order" than he would ever have taken on in the later period. In *The Tragic Muse* he reverts to the theme of the artistic temperament—this time in disagreement with the world of affairs; and he develops it by means of two great interrelated stories, one dealing with an actress, one with a painter. In the later

years he would not have undertaken thus to tell two stories at the same time; and perhaps the artistic temperament itself would have seemed to him too ambitious a theme. In the earlier period, again, we find him sometimes treating subjects touching on political or the more practical social problems, though indeed his interest was never primarily in the problems. *The Bostonians* is a somewhat satirical study, at one and the same time, of the Boston character and of feminism; while in *The Princess Casamassima* the leading persons are revolutionary socialists, and political murder lurks in the background. Probably the best, as well as the best liked, of the earlier novels is *The Portrait of a Lady* (1881), which records at length the European initiation of a generous-souled American girl.

In the course of six years between the first and second periods no novel of James was published; but during that interim came the culmination of his long activity as a short-story writer. It was his tendency always to subordinate incident to character, to subordinate character as such to situation—or the relations among the characters; and in situation or character, to prefer something rather out of the ordinary, some aspect or type not too obviously interesting but calling for insight and subtlety in the interpretation. Good examples, in the short story, of this predilection are *The Pupil*, *The Real Thing*, and *The Altar of the Dead*, all appearing in the early nineties; and a little later, *The Beldonald Holbein* and *The Turn of the Screw*, most haunting of ghost stories. In *The Beldonald Holbein* the beautiful great lady has chosen for her companion a supposedly unattractive middle-aged American woman, who will admirably serve as a foil to her beauty. But certain painters of her acquaintance having discovered that the foil is herself remarkably "beautiful"—that is, distinguished, significant of feature, a subject worthy of Holbein—it becomes necessary to send her back home and get another companion with less character engraved upon her countenance. How one of the artists gets his revenge by painting Lady Beldonald in all the splendour of her mediocrity is not the point of interest; the point of interest is the fine discrimination shown by artist —and author, and reader—in evidence of their superior good taste.

Each tale of James is thus an "initiation" into some social or artistic or spiritual value not obvious to the vulgar. And each tale is a quiet picture, a social study, rather than the smart anecdote prescribed by our doctors of the "short-story." James is not rigorous in his limitation of the short story to the magazine length; so that his tales are as likely to take the form of the more leisurely *nouvelle* as of the brief and sketchy *conte*. And so it was not surprising to find a tale intended originally for a magazine short story enlarging itself by insensible degrees into what is practically a novel. Such was the case with *The Spoils of Poynton*, one of his finest stories, which has the length of a novel, together with the restricted subject-matter, the continuity, and economy of the short story.

But these traits, it is clear, had already grown to be James's ideals for a narrative of whatever length. They were the ideals of many of the foreign novelists whose personal influence had swayed him in Paris; and to a considerable extent those of George Eliot, whose influence upon him must have been mediate, working through her French imitators, as well as emanating directly from her own work. More and more, serious novelists were denying themselves the breezy and picturesque variety of materials, the broad free stroke, of the old masters, in favour of a dramatic limitation, a dramatic closeness of weave, a scientific minuteness of detail, an intimate psychological notation, and a pictorial (as distinguished from picturesque) consistency of tone,—all of which we find in their extremest development in the later novels of James. This is what makes the international character of his art. Note should be taken, of course, of a certain fussiness and long-windedness, as well as a certain tendency to the abstract, which are partly to be set down to the score of personal idiosyncrasy. But in general he is clearly following the ideals of George Eliot, of Flaubert, of Turgenev. Perhaps too we should admit the suggestion of F. M. Hueffer, who would trace back the lineage of James, through Stendhal and other French writers, ultimately to Richardson, the early master of the technique of manifold fine strokes, of the close and sentimental study of souls.

Along with *The Spoils of Poynton* may be mentioned,

among the later novels, *The Sacred Fount* (1901) and *What Maisie Knew* (1897) as partaking somewhat of the nature of long short stories. *What Maisie Knew* is, by the way, in a class by itself, not merely for reasons of technique too special to be considered here, but also by reason of the great charm of the little girl,—so naïve, so earnest, so much a lady and so much a girl, whose experience of evil is the subject of the story.

For the full-fledged novels of the later period, it will suffice to state briefly the themes of *The Awkward Age* (1899) and *The Golden Bowl* (1904)—without prejudice, however, to the special claims of *The Ambassadors*, the novel considered by James himself to be his most perfect work of art. *The Awkward Age* is concerned with the adjustment called for in a certain London circle by the emergence of the *jeune fille* and the consideration due her innocence of the world. The adjustments prove to be very extensive, but almost wholly subjective, and leaving things very much where they were before so far as any outward signs go. The book is almost literally all talk,—the talk of people the most "civilized" and "modern," people the most shy of "vulgarity," who have ever been put in a book. It is a fascinating performance—for those who have the patience to read it. *The Golden Bowl* is a study of a theme not unlike that of *The Portrait of a Lady*. It is the story of an American girl who marries an Italian prince, and the strategy by which she wins his loyal affection. The time covered is much shorter than that in the *Portrait*, the important characters only about half as many, the amount of action much smaller: and there is little change of scene as compared with the earlier novel. The length of the book is about the same; and the space saved by these various economies is devoted to the leisurely development of a single situation as it shaped itself gradually in the minds of those participating, the steady deepening of a sense of mystery and misgiving, the tightening of emotional tension, to a degree that means great drama for all readers for whom it does not mean a very dull book.

For many readers it certainly means a very dull book. In this recipe for a story almost everything has been discarded which was the staple of the earlier English novel, even of George Eliot,—exciting incident, dramatic situation, highly-coloured character and dialogue, humour, philosophy, social

comment. Indeed, we may almost say the story itself has been thrown out with the rest. For in the later novels and tales of James there is not so much a story told as a *situation revealed;* revealed to the characters and so to us; and the process of gradual revelation, the calculated "release" of one item after another—that is the plot. It is as if we were present at the painting of a picture by a distinguished artist, as if we were invited to follow the successive strokes by which this or that detail of his conception was made to bloom upon the canvas; and when the last bit of oil had been applied, he should turn to us and say "Now you have heard Sordello's story told." Some of us would be satisfied with the excitement of having assisted at such a function, considering also the picture which had thus come into being. Others,—and it is human nature, no doubt,—would exclaim in vexed bewilderment "But *I* have heard no *story* told!"

The stories of James tend to be records of seeing rather than of doing. The characters are more like patients than agents; their business seems to be to register impressions; to receive illumination rather than to make up their minds and set about deeds. But this is a way of conceiving our human business by no means confined to these novels; is it not more or less characteristic of the whole period in which James wrote? One passes by insensible degrees from the world of Renan to that of Pater and Swinburne, and thence to that of Oscar Wilde and of writers yet living, in whom the cult of impressions has been carried to lengths yet more extreme.

Among all these names the most significant here seems to be that of Walter Pater, whose style and tone of writing—corresponding to his intellectual quality and bias—more nearly anticipate the style of James than do those of any other writer, English or French. It does not matter that Pater's subject is the art of the past and James's the life of the present. No two writers were ever more concerned with mere "impressions," and impressions mean for them discriminations, intimate impressions, subtle and finely sympathetic interpretations. None ever found it necessary, in order to render the special quality of their impressions, to try them in so many different lights, to accompany their state-

ments with so many qualifications and reservations: impulses giving rise to sentences more curiously complex and of longer breath than were ever penned by writers of like pith and moment. They were both of them averse to that raising of the voice, that vehement or emphatic manner, characteristic of the earlier Victorians and supposed to be associated with strong feelings and firm principles. These reasonable and well-bred writers, if they ever had strong feelings or firm principles, could be trusted to dissimulate them under a tone of quiet urbanity. They abhorred abrupt transitions and violent attitudes. They proceed ever in their discourse smoothly and without marked inflection, softly, as among tea-tables, or like persons with weak hearts who must guard themselves against excitement. There is a kind of hieratic gentleness and fastidiousness,—and yet withal a hint of breathless awe, of restrained enthusiasm,—in the manner in which they celebrate the mysteries of their religion of culture, their religion of art.

This, we say of James, is anything but American, indigenous; this is the *Zeitgeist;* this is the spirit of England in the "æsthetic nineties" reacting against the spirit of England in the time of Carlyle. But then we think of the "passionate pilgrimage" of Isabel Archer and the others; we think of James's *Middle Years;* we think, it may be, of ourselves and eastward prostrations of our own. And we realize that what the romancer has conjured up is a world not strange to our experience. His genius is not the less American for presenting us, before all things, this vision of a bride rushing into the arms of her bridegroom: vision of the mystic marriage (shall we say?) of new-world faith and old-world culture.

## CHAPTER XIII

# Later Essayists

WHEN, speaking to his classmates on their graduation from college, William Ellery Channing[1] made the address entitled *The Present Age* (1798), the note that he uttered was one that thenceforth reverberated throughout our national life and literature. It showed affiliation with the French Revolution, and with the England of Burns, Shelley, and Wordsworth; and notable is the emphasis on the possibility of all human progress, not alone American progress, and on the importance of that culture which shall be shared by all classes of mankind. To material objects Channing gave their due, but regarded them merely as the manifestations of character and of power that have in higher fields their most inspiring representation; and beauty was for him a vast treasury of benediction wherefrom he wished his fellow men to draw the priceless blessings available to the poorest purse. Thus the essay on *Self-Culture*, written as an address in 1838, is a composition to which the writings of Emerson, Curtis, Higginson, Mabie, and later authors owe a decided, even if in some cases unconscious, debt—the practical and poetical blending of humanity with the humanities.

As Channing was the earliest in that firmament of lecturer-essayists where Emerson shone as the most benignant star, so Nathaniel Parker Willis[2] is the prototype of later semi-literary American journalists. Now, the mark of the journalist, the trait which surely establishes both his immediate success and his final oblivion, is the intentness of seizure on what the present can give, in swift, exciting, easily apprehensible interest. It was always the present that fascinated Willis; and, save in fleeting mo-

[1] See Book II, Chap. VIII.

[2] *Ibid.*, Chap. III.

ments of early days, his vision did not seek the future with any sincere scrutiny. Revelling in personalities, he is expository only secondarily, if at all; and inspiring never. The writer of our own time who works up an interview with some man of mark is following Willis not alone in his interest in the superficialities of personality, but often in the very tricks of style, varying from gaudy metaphor to the epithet that has the tang of the unexpected. Our journalists, by and large, remain lesser members of the Willis tribe.

Still a third writer, Washington Irving,[1] exerted a notable influence as the originator of a literary form which, for want of a better phrase, might be called the story-essay, wherein the narrative element runs its gentle course over a bed of personal reflections and descriptive comment of individual flavour. He had a whole school of followers,[2] and even Hawthorne[3] for a time moved among them; while two more natural inheritors of his moods of tender sentiment and gentle satire are Donald Grant Mitchell (1822–1908) and George William Curtis, with whom the history of our later essayists may well begin.

The two volumes, *Reveries of a Bachelor* (1850) and *Dream Life* (1851), which Mitchell, as a young writer, issued under the pseudonym of Ik Marvel, are volumes that strike the same chords whose artistically modulated music resounds in so much of Irving, to whom the latter volume was dedicated; while in *The Lorgnette, or Studies of the Town* (1850) we have a series of papers directly modelled on *Salmagundi*. These sketches, despite the facile manner of their kindly satire, belong in the topical realm of ephemera, and are of interest mainly to the historical critic, who, harking back to the days of *The Spectator* and *The Tatler*, finds in them another nexus between English and American literature. Not so, however, can we dismiss *Reveries of a Bachelor* and *Dream Life*. Their hold on the affections of later generations is secure despite that naïve sentimentality frequently displayed by American literature in the period just preceding the Civil War. Both these books present a series of pictures in the imaginary life of their author, and there is a general adherence to the concept of life as a succession of the seasons. This parallel does not, however,

[1] See Book II, Chap. IV. [2] *Ibid.*, Chap. VII. [3] *Ibid.*, Chap. XI.

lead into paths of wintry regret. We find even December logic taking on a golden hue in such a sentence as this from the *Reveries:* "Affliction has tempered joy, and joy adorned affliction. Life and all its troubles have become distilled into a holy incense rising ever from your fireside—an offering to your household Gods." "And what if age comes"—Mitchell writes further on, in the vein of Browning's *Rabbi Ben Ezra*—"what else proves the wine? It is but retreating towards the pure sky depths." The note of joy in the springtime of life, the accent of sympathy for young griefs as well as young loves, echo from these charming pages; while the ingenuousness of Ik Marvel's sentiments is embedded in an old-fashioned form of sentimental phraseology which brings a smile to the lips of the sophisticated critic. But after all it is the smile in the reader's heart that attests the lasting human appeal of both the *Reveries* and *Dream Life.* These books were written while their author was still in his twenties, and they have the immaturity, both of technique and philosophy, which precedes the labour of the craftsman and the experiences of the man; yet they have also, with the aroma of youth, that even subtler fragrance—the gift of the gods to all who comprehend the value of the dreaming hour.

There are two elements in these works secondary in interest only to the major themes of love, sorrow, and ambition. One is the immediate affection for nature, nowhere more beautifully expressed than in this springtime picture: "The dandelions lay along the hillocks like stars in a sky of green." The other note is of love for old books. These themes are repeatedly found in Mitchell's later writings; and *My Farm of Edgewood* (1863)—Edgewood was his country home near New Haven —began a series of volumes among the earliest of a steadily increasing department of American literature revolving around agricultural and rural themes.

Mitchell's own experiences with the soil of his native Connecticut are, in *My Farm of Edgewood,* recounted with the seriousness of the scientific farmer and the grace of the man of letters. In *Wet Days at Edgewood* (1865) his pleasant discourse ranges from ancient country poets to the latest practical studies of soil cultivation; while in the yet later volume *Rural Studies, with Hints for Country Places* (1867) he continues in confidential

mood to the widening circles of those readers whose love for country life his own writings had in no small measure developed. Thus Mitchell figures in a very personal way in the large group of American writers on nature, and deserves recognition as an influential pioneer in directing, with the urbanity of the scholar, the attention of his countrymen to non-urban delights. This point is emphasized because, all told, American essayists have, in their treatment of nature, covered an exceptionally wide range, and approached this theme, both as to style and interpretation, in ways that repay the most interested study: Audubon,[1] the important naturalist, indulging in exaggerated poetical rhetoric in acquainting us with the habits of birds; Emerson[2] and Thoreau,[3] not impervious to the interest of nature's details, yet winning from them the highest spiritual sustenance for the world of men; Agassiz[4] and Warner and Mabie and Burroughs and John Muir, approaching each according to his temperament and qualifications this ever bountiful theme. From some of these authors we derive knowledge concerning animal life and plant life; from others, messages of the intimate relationship between human life and the great world of nature. But Mitchell, in his Edgewood writings, stands as one whose main interest sprang from the soil itself.

Towards the end of his long life, Mitchell wrote four volumes on *English Lands, Letters, and Kings* (1890), and two on *American Lands and Letters* (1897–99). Here are many shrewd observations concerning his contemporaries, as well as pungent estimates, often mingled with humour, of the writings and character of earlier authors; but these books, with their wealth of pictures, were intended for the public at large, and cannot be considered as original contributions to critical literature. In them we have the somewhat obvious fruit of his travels, experiences, and readings, but in a manner that has less flavour than the gleanings of travel, published in far younger days, such as *A New Sheaf from the Old Fields of Continental Europe* (1847). Those earlier descriptive papers and legends, so immediately related to Irving's *Tales of a Traveller*, are more in accord with Mitchell's fame as the author of the *Reveries* and *Dream Life*, and through them Mitchell is most pleasantly

[1] See Book III, Chap. xxvi.
[2] See Book II, Chap. ix.
[3] *Ibid.*, Chap. x.
[4] See Book III, Chap. xxvi.

affiliated with many other American essayists—Emerson, Bryant,[1] Bayard Taylor,[2] Curtis—who made their travels the basis of a great body of work that varies from the decorous pace of well-phrased description to graceful flights of fancy and even to soarings of the creative imagination.

Before we leave Mitchell there is, however, to be noted one point which differentiates him from the majority of American essayists. Again like Irving, whose life Mitchell's parallels in details of ill health, early travels abroad, the study and abandonment of law, and the tenure of official position in Europe, the author of *Dream Life* held to the belief that a writer is not called upon to take an active part in the great political and social questions of his day, if he feels that he can best express himself and, in the long run, most effectively serve mankind through adherence to his literary art along the lines of his own predilections. Irving, of course, was at one time most adversely criticized by his countrymen for just such an attitude, and his protracted stay abroad was misconstrued as a form of national renegadism. Mitchell escaped hostile comment for his general abstention from participation in those public topics, ranging from the abolition of slavery and the preservation of the Union to Civil Service reform, woman suffrage, national copyright, and other themes of social betterment that led Whittier,[3] Lowell,[4] Curtis, and Higginson, and indeed almost all the leading American poets and essayists for the last fifty years, to become, at times, propagandists. This absence of the outright didactic note is a decided characteristic of Ik Marvel, leaving him none the less creditably in the brotherhood of those authors whose message remains abidingly sweet and wholesome.

The most remarkable blending of the man of letters and the devoted public servant among American authors is manifested in the life and writings of George William Curtis (1824–92). In all the literary essays and addresses of Curtis, and in even the briefest of his papers for "The Easy Chair," is apparent his incomparably suave diction; but here, too, is that firmness of thought clothing his civic aspirations in the impregnable armour of dauntless and logical convictions. And

[1] See Book II, Chap. v.
[2] See Book III, Chaps. x and xiv.
[3] See Book II, Chap. xiii.
[4] *Ibid.*, Chap. xxiv.

how graciously the two great streams in our essay literature—the Puritan stream softened by the elemental thought of the brotherhood of man, with Channing as its fountainhead, and the genial flow of benign art, with Irving as its fountainhead—have their confluence in Curtis! "Honor," he writes, "is conscious and willing loyalty to the highest inward leading. It is the quality which cannot be insulted"; thus expressing the thought which underlay the memorable phrase of a later essayist, Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States. One recalls in this connection another of Curtis's sentences: "Reputation is favorable notoriety as distinguished from fame, which is permanent approval of great deeds and noble thoughts by the best intelligence of mankind."

The literary career of Curtis falls into two parts. Born in Providence, he went, as a boy, to New York, where, for a short while, he held a clerkship. His first direct connection with other men of letters came with his sojourn in 1842 at Brook Farm; and this was followed by travels in Europe and in Egypt and Syria. The result was a series of delightful books, based on letters that he had sent to the New York *Tribune;* and in them we find Curtis giving full and original vent to his nimble fancy and his graceful descriptive powers. *The Nile Notes of a Howadji* (1856), *The Howadji in Syria* (1852), and *Lotus Eaters* (1852) are thus delectable resting places for the literary student who seeks to cover the territory of our travel literature. In *Potiphar Papers* (1853), Curtis resorted to our chief city, continuing the *Salmagundi* tradition of local satire, not without immediate evidence of the influence of Thackeray; chastizing with somewhat gentle blows of the moralist's whip the more obvious faults of a community too much given to ostentation; and pointing with no very stern finger at the social excrescences of his (and other) times. But a more individual flavour comes to the front in *Prue and I* (1856), one of the most charming of American books, wherein the poor man endowed with the gift of imagination is shown to be a far richer and infinitely more sympathetic figure than the millionaire whose festivities he contemplates with the eye of a philosopher whom love has blessed. About this same period, Curtis began those papers which made the "Editor's Easy Chair" in *Harper's Monthly* a national, as well as a literary, institution; and he began, also,

his public lectures, which, till the time of his death some forty years later, were so beneficially to affect the national life. Prior to 1860 Curtis was almost exclusively a man of letters; and had not civic duties spoken to him with peremptory voice, his early work bids us believe that he would have rounded out his career with many volumes of the most graciously conceived and gracefully expressed essays and fiction. But with his entrance, during Lincoln's first candidacy, into the field of politics, his literary activities were made largely subservient to his civic endeavours and aspirations. First one of the pillars of the Republican party, and later chairman of the Independent Republicans who rebelled against the nomination of Blaine; the chief exponent and the most influential advocate of Civil Service reform; the kindly but firm leader in every forward moving social cause, Curtis, during the latter half of his life, gave up the chance that was his to achieve preponderant literary fame, winning, instead, his high title in the citizenship of his country. What he said of Lowell may even more cordially be said of him—that he had the "grace, charm, and courtesy of established social order, blending with the masculine force and the creative energy of the Puritan spirit." The intimacy between Curtis, Lowell, and Norton, so fully revealed in the letters of the three, embodies one of the rarest and most fragrant episodes of friendship among American men of letters. Each influenced the others, strengthening that faith in one's self which, among civilized men, is the elementary religion. Each of these three was true to the conviction that acts which primarily serve ambition are seldom in accordance with the ambition to serve. Yet Curtis, for all his unfearing rectitude, felt most keenly that only those who are virtuous have the right to judge severely; but a part of their virtue consists in the frequent kindly abnegation of this right.

In his essays and addresses on Burns, on Bryant, on Sumner, on Wendell Phillips, Curtis combines the qualities of the scholar, the lover of romance, and the radical reformer; while in his attitude towards nature, as apart from his interpretation and exposition of the deeds of individuals, he shows a kinship with Thoreau in his rarest moods. Lowell would have spurned the thought that Thoreau was our most nobly imaginative nature writer (to whom Emerson owed a debt that has not yet

been fully appreciated); and indeed, one recalls how Lowell, as editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, objected to a paragraph of Thoreau's wherein the pines were made to tower into a higher heaven than might be reached by the souls of lesser men. Curtis we cannot imagine thus adopting the theologian's views.

> What man of you all [writes Curtis in his paper on *Autumn Days*] what man of you all is as true and noble for a man as the oak upon yon hill-top for an oak? The oak obeys every law, regularly increases and develops, stretches its shady arms of blessing, proudly wears its leafy coronel, and drops abundant acorns for future oaks as faithful; but who of you all does not violate the law of your life?

And a little further on: "A stately elm is the archbishop of my green diocese. In full canonicals he stands sublime. His flowing robes fill the blithe air with sacred grace." It is in sentences like these that Curtis takes firm place beside Thoreau, both of them ambassadors bringing messages from the world of nature to the world of men—and beside John Muir (1838–1914), who, though born in Scotland, was thoroughly naturalized in America, as inventive as any Yankee, and a passionate foster-son of the western mountains.

To sit in judgment on the authors whose lives outran that of Curtis—men whose hospitality was extended to so many younger writers, and whose personal inspiration has quickened unforgettable hours—is no easy task; and far more grateful it would be to saunter in informal essay fashion along the paths of past days, placing wreaths of affectionate reverence in homes where Norton, Higginson, Stedman dwell no more. But we are here concerned less with the charm of men in their social intercourse than with the printed pages which are to succeeding generations their sole direct heritage—direct heritage because who shall gauge those influences which, emanating from personalities like Norton's and Stedman's, come to flower long after the hand that cast the initial seed has withered in the grave? The bibliographer of Charles Eliot Norton (1827–1908) finds comparatively little to record that is of importance to the American essay. A study of Dante; notes of travel and study in Italy; some papers published in *The Atlantic Monthly;* and, later in life, historical studies concerning church building in the Middle Ages,—these indicate to some extent the trend of

Norton's interests, and form a distinguished contribution in those particular fields of literature and art.[1] It is, however, to his letters, published after his death, that we must have recourse for fuller appreciation of his place in the annals of our literary culture. The revelation is a fine one. We behold a being of simple and unswerving rectitude, with a capacity for noble friendships, and with a rare power for instilling enthusiasm. Not only to the large group of students who came, at an impressionable age, under the influence of the Professor of the Fine Arts at Harvard University, but also to men like Ruskin, Lowell, Howells, and other intellectual leaders on both sides of the Atlantic, the clear-visioned Norton spoke heartening words. In a letter, in 1874, to Carlyle, Norton wrote of his aim

> to give the students some definite notions of the Fine Arts as a mode in which men in past times have expressed their thoughts, faiths, sentiments, and desires; to show the political, moral, and social conditions which have determined the forms of the Arts, and to quicken so far as may be, in the youth of a land barren of visible memorials of former times, the sense of connection with the past and gratitude for the effort and labours of other nations and former generations.

This was Norton's gift to America: an accentuation of the continuity and permanence of the ideal aspects of the race life. Culture, with both its æsthetic and moral implications, was the inheritance of this New Englander, in whose idealism was inwoven that Brahminical strain which, while it strengthens, at times compresses; and so we find him, in his letters as in his life, a standard-bearer of cultivation who yet lacked the buoyant enthusiasm of American democracy. His early letters never overflow with the spirits of youth; the missives of middle life contain frequent sentences reflecting upon the unsatisfactoriness of American society; and this morally Hebraic descendant of ultra-religious Puritan forbears, sounds, in his later letters, a note of impatient agnosticism. But withal, how fine a quality flavours his correspondence, his comments on Whitman, Sumner, Lincoln, Wendell Phillips, and other subjects of his pen! Norton stands among American essayists and lecturers as the most unyielding critic of vulgarity in the

[1] See also Book III, Chap. xxv.

social life of his day and of futile sentimentalizing in the political life. We miss in his letters that sense of humour which is the touchstone of the philosopher, and which Norton's friend Curtis used as a literary force in his public career. We miss also the light touch of fancy and the quick thrust of wit; while, at times, fastidiousness of language and thought accentuates Norton's aloofness from the ways of other men. When George E. Woodberry sent Norton, in 1881, his verses on America, Norton commented on their surplusage of patriotism in this manner: "We love our country, but with keen-eyed and disciplined passion, not blindly exalting her. . . . To do justice to the America that may be, we must not exalt the America that is, beyond her worth." This kind of integrity of judgment, this almost bleak disregard of the popular aspect of things, this stoical insistence on the discipline of passion, made Norton a force to be reckoned with, even when, almost alone among our American men of letters, he took fearless issue with the national administration at the time of the war with Spain. Yet his power with the written word was not sufficiently forceful to assure any very vital hold on men of a later day. He was a phenomenon of æsthetic intuition and of intellectual purity to whom we willingly offer tribute of admiration; yet we are aware of that pessimistic drop of acid which made his blood run a little more coldly than that of his fellow authors, precipitating the residue of an ultimately weary expression of New England culture.

One of our earlier essayists, Henry T. Tuckerman,[1] in his *Defense of Enthusiasm* attacked the New England philosophy of life because of its too preponderant insistence on mental capacity and moral tendencies, and wrote: "It seems as if the great art of human culture consists chiefly in preserving the glow and freshness of the heart." Had Tuckerman lived in the later decades of the last century, he might, indeed, have felt out of sympathy with Norton, but not with many of our other essayists. The Civil War brought New England emotionally into the full flow of that larger national life for which Emerson and his school had prepared it, and while the later American essayists have abstained from chauvinism, and have written with the scholar's appreciation of what foreign culture

[1] See Book II, Chap. III.

has to offer, theirs is a consistent and hopeful interpretation of American ideals. Consider, for instance, Thomas Wentworth Higginson (1823–1911). At the age of twenty-seven he gave up his pastorate at Newburyport because he ran counter to the sentiments of his congregation, believing that his foremost duty was to preach a word for mankind in attacking the institution of slavery. With Theodore Parker and Wendell Phillips he became one of the leaders of the Abolition movement, daring, in aiding the fugitive slaves, to obey a law higher for him than that of Congress. In the dangers of the battlefield he shared, when, as colonel of the first regiment of free coloured soldiers, he served in the inevitable conflict. His writings, beginning in 1853 and continuing almost incessantly for well over threescore years, carried him into fields of history, literature, education, and politics, and reveal him as sympathetically familiar with the culture of the ancients as with the creative thought of modern democracy. In his translation of Epictetus, in his delightful essay on Sappho, he was the scholar of catholic tastes, whose shelves in his simple Cambridge home gave equally gracious welcome to the message of the Stoics and the appealing human lyricism of Heine; yet who wrote in the fly-leaf of a copy of his own volume of essays entitled *Old Cambridge*, wherein he discusses the literary epochs of his native town and writes at length on Holmes, Longfellow, and Lowell: "This book is one of my favourites among my too numerous productions because it reproduces so fully the men and traditions which surrounded my early youth." These traditions, whose finest essence his own life emphasizes, connoted for him those duties of citizenship that made him a militant intellectual leader to the end of his long life; perhaps not the least of his services being his espousal of the cause of woman suffrage, whereto his admiration for Margaret Fuller, whose life he wrote, contributed a quota of immediately personal enthusiasm. Yet so varied was Higginson's culture, so easy flowing his style, so wide the fund of quotations on which he loved to draw, and so pleasant his wit, that his essays, even when propagandist, are literature. And through them all runs a stream of optimism which, let it be admitted, is to a great degree a matter of temperament yet no less constructive an element on that account. But for this optimism, this

American faith in moulding the living material of his own day into the finer forms inherent in his country's institutions, Emerson, the most influential of our essayists, would have had a lesser hold on the minds of his fellow citizens; and the value of Higginson comes largely from a similar happy endowment.

The ministry, whose record in our annals is so frequently interwoven with that of American literature, had its greatest literary figures in New England. A distinguished exception was Moncure D. Conway (1832–1907), who, like Higginson, gave up his pulpit because of his anti-slavery pronouncements. A Virginian by birth, he did his most important work as an editor in Boston, where he conducted *The Dial* and *The Commonwealth;* and as a lecturer in England, especially in his illuminating discourses during the Civil War. In later life, again in America, he wrote many papers of sterling worth, essays notable because of their high ethical plane; yet, lacking the authentic fire of genius, the light of his writings has now merely become mingled in the wide effulgence emanating from that group of great citizen-writers in whose ranks he marched with so firm a tread.

Probably the most immediately successful exponent of practical optimism in the Cambridge group was Edward Everett Hale (1822–1909), Higginson's senior by but a year, and like Higginson a clergyman and one of the Overseers of Harvard University. There is a pleasant logic in the fact that this grand-nephew of the Revolutionary patriot whose only regret, as he mounted the scaffold, was that he had but one life to lose for his country, should have written a tale that, despite the startling improbability of its plot, is, in its stirring presentation of the value of patriotism, a masterpiece of our literature. But while the fame of Edward Everett Hale would be assured if he had done nothing further than to write, during the Civil War times, *The Man Without a Country*,[1] let it not be forgotten that his volume published in 1870, entitled *Ten Times One is Ten*, led to the establishment of philanthropic societies the world over, the nature of whose charitable activities is suggested in their motto: "Look up and not down; look forward and not back; look out and not in; lend a hand." Hale's magazine with the final phrase of the preceding motto

[1] See Book III, Chap. VI.

as its title was a journal of progress and a record of charity, wherein were continued those ideas of liberal Christianity that underlie an earlier publication, *Old and New*, which he had founded in 1869. To both he contributed many papers, while articles on historical and literary themes came frequently from his pen, in addition to many stories of discovery and adventure, of invention, of war, and of the sea. In his recently published letters there is further disclosure of his mental fertility and of his kind and practical Christianity; although his style is simple to the point of bareness, and the ordinary literary graces are absent.

Hale is not the only American author whose fame is intimately inwoven with a single piece of work. The same period in our history that brought forth his masterpiece is responsible for the immortal poem to which the marching feet and the dedicated hearts of myriad soldiers kept time as they swept on to bloody struggles with *The Battle Hymn of the Republic* on their lips. But Julia Ward Howe (1819–1910) was not alone the creator of the most potent of our battle poems.[1] Her place is secure in the record of many liberalizing movements, especially those which had to do with the social and political elevation of her own sex; and, beyond this, she was the author of delightful papers ranging in subject matter from a paper on Aristophanes, prepared as a lecture at the Concord School of Philosophy, to illuminating studies of social manners—such as *The Salon in America* and *Is Polite Society Polite?*—full of intelligent criticism and that discriminating humour which is yet too serious to indulge in any easy satire. Her achievement, as a whole, entitles her to rank as the most notable woman of letters born and bred in the metropolis of America; although another woman belonging, like Julia Ward Howe, to an old New York family displayed at least equal intellectual rarity. Nor was the regard wherein Emma Lazarus (1849–87) was held by such men as Emerson, Gilder, Stedman, Channing, Eggleston, Dana, and Godkin due alone to those poems and essays which did more than the writings of any other American author to instil among Christians a sympathy for that people of whom Emma Lazarus was so brave an exponent. Quite apart from her poems and articles on Jewish themes, there can be no

[1] See Book III, Chap. II.

question that, if one excepts Margaret Fuller, there was no woman among our authors more ardent than Emma Lazarus in her interminable search for æsthetic culture, no woman whose conversation, to quote the words of the great editor Charles A. Dana, was more "deeply interesting and intensely instructive." Stedman once said that she was the "natural companion of scholars and thinkers," a comment borne out by Emerson's abiding affection and admiration for her. In the field of prose, some of her most memorable achievements were her essays on *Russian Christianity versus American Judaism*, and her paper on Disraeli. The first of these, written some twoscore years ago at the time of Russian massacres, presents, without undue apology, or undue praise of her race, the basic attitude that should be taken in regard to the persecution of the Jews, and as the problem is still one that civilization has not solved with fearless honour, let us listen again to Emma Lazarus, as, reverting to the thought expressed by one of our most high-minded statesmen, she concludes that essay:

> Mr. Evarts has put the question upon the only ground which Americans need consider or act upon. It is not that it is the oppression of Jews by Russians—it is the oppression of men and women by men and women; and we are men and women!

To this trio of noble women—Margaret Fuller, Julia Ward Howe, Emma Lazarus—there should be added the name of Harriet Beecher Stowe (1812–96),[1] who, like Hale with his one great story, and Julia Ward Howe with her one great poem, is remembered on account of her one great novel. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* has thrown her essays into the shade, where their existence remains unknown to the large majority of present-day readers. Yet those who love to have recourse to old pages of *The Atlantic Monthly* find her an essayist of charm and range. Her *House and Home Papers*, published under the pseudonym of Christopher Crowfield, wherein the father of the family discusses all manner of domestic topics, have their key-note in the thought that whereas to keep a house is a practical affair "in the region of weights, measure, colour . . . to keep a home lies not merely in the sphere of all these, but it takes in

[1] See Book III, Chap. XI.

the intellectual, the social, the spiritual, the immortal." The relationship of parents to children, and the nature of childhood itself; the servant question; matters of house decoration; the inherited predilections of Aunt Mehitable, with her "scrupulous lustrations of every pane of glass"; discussions concerning education, hospitality, pastimes; helpful considerations regarding the temptations that assail human nature, are all mingled in a sane atmosphere of simplicity and true worth which embraces, but in no Puritan spirit, the quietly heroical approach to life, the desire not only to enjoy but the willingness also "to encounter labour and sacrifice."

It was Mrs. Stowe's famous brother, Henry Ward Beecher,[1] who introduced to the world of letters the most likable of all the later American essayists, Charles Dudley Warner (1829–1900), when, in 1870, Beecher wrote the preface to Warner's first book, *My Summer in a Garden*. In these papers, as in his *Saunterings* (1872), based on European travels, and his *Backlog Studies* (1873), there are a genial humour and a grace of style decidedly reminiscent of Washington Irving, whose life Warner was later to write in a most sympathetic way. In the long course of his lectures and essays we find many stimulating appeals for greater personal and national culture, and helpful discussions in the field of social topics, especially in connection with prison reform. His travel essays, recording adventures and observations in Europe and America, Africa and Asia, are enjoyable additions to this branch of our literature; while Warner's activities as an abolitionist bring him further into touch with his fellow writers of the second half of the nineteenth century. He, more than any other of the later essayists, affected his lesser contemporaries of the pen. His papers, with their fireside warmth, their sketchy touch, their humorous and intimate personal note, were studied by many writers for magazines and newspapers, a host of commonplace scribes who found it easier to imitate the Warner flavour than to create any original atmosphere in their own writings.

For a delicious example of Warner's style one might turn to that part of *My Summer in a Garden* where the adult agriculturist has an entirely ordinary experience in which his labours are set at naught by the universal characteristics of

[1] See Book II, Chap. XXII.

boyhood. Here Warner rounds out a paragraph which begins with an expression of semi-comic awe, with a reference to the Greek conception of fate as that element in human affairs against which are hopeless the prescience of the wisest minds, the provisions of the most arduous hands. The most baffling and sombre of themes is lightly and delightfully touched, while the author instils in our attitude towards a pear tree that sense of human companionship which, elsewhere in his pages, makes peas and beans and the upspringing asparagus warm and living things.

There are two other papers of Warner's from which a few lines may indicate how he influenced the thought of his times, and how he is directly related to other American essayists. One is *The Relation of Literature to Life*, an address introductory to a course of five lectures delivered at various universities. Warner differed from others of our critics in his belief that the development of American letters would be along lines diverging from, rather than continuing in, the channels of English literature, and his first precept, as a student and expositor of American literature, was "to study the people for whom it was produced." In the light of our national character would thus be revealed the light of our works of authorship; and Warner clearly understood that in the first century of the United States the national character expressed itself most widely in those activities of invention, material production and construction, path-finding, and path-clearing, which have led to concrete prosperity—all of which Warner summarizes in the phrase "the ideal of Crœsus." But side by side with the more material tendencies, he perceived those finer currents which bear the rarer cargo of American idealism. Thus while Warner with frankness pointed out that the majority of people look upon literature as a decoration rather than as an essential element in their lives, and while he saw that culture had its own unfortunate arrogances, yet he showed how poetry (and all that poetry connotes) supplies the highest wants of a people: that literature is power as well as pleasure. In his *Thoughts Suggested by Mr. Froude's Progress*, Warner wrote:

> When we speak of progress we may mean men or things. We may mean the lifting of the race as a whole by reason of more

power over the material world, by reason of what we call the conquest of nature; or we may mean a higher development of the individual man, so that he shall he better and happier.

In progress of both these kinds Warner had faith. He never forsook the American birthright of optimism, while the ethical note in his writings, continuing the New England tradition, was uttered with so much grace and fine whimsicality of style that it lost didactic harshness.

There can be no doubt that American literature has considerably suffered from the platitudinous didactic note. It is for this reason that, with sentiments of utmost civic respect, with full appreciation for the fluent diction of the most prolific of our later essay writers, we must regard Hamilton Wright Mabie (1845–1916) as a teacher of sweetness and sanity, as a fair-minded expositor of literature, as a friendly observer of nature, but not as an important man of letters. Lacking colour, sharpness of outline, light and shade,—all those qualities which the great stylists have as effectually at their command as have the greatest painters,—he represents perhaps more convincingly than any other of our essayists both the possibilities and limitations inherent in writers seeking to bring "sweetness and light" to a generation of readers whose early education comes from the public schools, and who, for later enlightenment, turn to innumerable magazines. As the editor of *The Independent*, as a lecturer, as an indefatigable author of volumes of essays, Mabie was a useful teacher in his own day, but there is little in his writings that those who are conversant with his European and American contemporaries cannot find expressed elsewhere with more force and originality.

Mabie was a voluminous writer on literary topics, but two keener students of literature, among the American writers in the second half of the nineteenth century, were Edwin Percy Whipple (1819–86) and Edmund Clarence Stedman (1833–1908). Whipple is a critic whose attainments have been neglected by later readers, yet whose works have force and clarity of expression, sharp insight, frequent wit. He was born in Gloucester, Massachusetts, the very year that Washington Irving's *Sketch Book* marked the commencement of American *belles-lettres;* but his first book, *Essays and Reviews*

(1848), allies him rather with the Macaulay school of essayists than with the more personal and leisurely Irving tradition. Indeed, it was Whipple's brilliant article on Macaulay, written in 1843, that made its author known to the literary world of Boston, where Whipple, a young man of twenty-four, was then employed in the brokerage business; and Macaulay's style is reflected in much of the earlier work of his American admirer. In the lectures and essays contained in the volumes entitled *Literature and Life* (1871) and *Character and Characteristic Men* (1877) Whipple continued to reveal that really keen penetration into the strata of values and that ready entrance into the temperament of his subject which had been shown in his earlier appraisals of men and books. There are few better essays on British critics than Whipple's paper wherein, in discussing Jeffrey, to whose charm of wit he is "by no means insensible," Whipple not only refers with succinct phraseology to the "cool and provoking dogmatism" and "the insulting tone of fairness" of the British critic; but goes deeper into the nature of æsthetics, as where he writes: "By making beauty dependent on the association of external things with the ordinary emotions and affections of our nature, by denying its existence both as an inward sense and as outward reality, he substantially annihilates it." Then again, of Hazlitt: "He was naturally shy and despairing of his own powers, but his dogmatism was of that turbulent kind which comes from passion and self-distrust." Sheridan, Fielding, Carlyle, and the earlier English dramatists, beginning with Marlowe and Ben Jonson, are all treated with the sympathy of the man of letters who is, at the same time, the student of national and epochal tendencies; and so, too, in his estimates of Rufus Choate, Emerson, Motley, Sumner, and others of our own writers.

In the centennial year of American independence, Whipple contributed to *Harper's Magazine* a paper entitled *The First Century of the Republic*, in which he reviewed the development of American literature and showed how its course had been "subsidiary to the general movement of the American mind." In agreeing with this point of view, Stedman, in his *Poets of America* (1885), expands the thesis: "Our imagination has found exercise in the subjugation of a continent, in war, politics, and government, in inventive and constructive energy, in

developing and controlling our material heritage." It was because Stedman was so enthusiastic a follower of all the efforts and advances of the human mind, an alert man of affairs, experienced in business and finance, as well as a poet,[1] that he possessed in such generous measure the ability to judge both scientifically and poetically. His volumes *Victorian Poets* (1876) and *Poets of America*—those standard works of fine sanity and even finer vision—reveal the great eclectic who with warm heart and open mind had a thousand approaches to life. His understanding of philosophy and his vibrating sense of melody are evident, but perhaps nowhere more significantly than in his appraisal of the poetry of Emerson, where he uses a metaphor suggested by science and the practical affairs of everyday life. Emerson, writes Stedman, "had seasons when feeling and expression were in circuit, and others when the wires were down." Only Stedman could thus have evalued the electric spark, the brilliant mysterious vitality of Emerson's poetry, negated at times by the insufficiency of his art.

Stedman's essays were almost exclusively in the field of literary criticism, but there have been published since his death two copious volumes of letters revealing in delightful fashion the range of his interest and the charm of his temperament. Beauty was his guide, and friendship was his passion. He had that spirituality which led him to write to John Hay —the most enjoyable of letter writers among our literary statesmen—that the earth "is smaller than either your soul or mine"; and though Stedman's manliness remained undaunted before cruel onsets of fate—frequent illness, the loss of fortune, the death of near and dear—he could be moved almost to woman's tears when the love of friends brought to him unexpected tribute. "For of Heavenly Love we may dream, but know nothing, while from the currents that flow between earthly hearts—young and old—we do gain our most real and exquisite compensation." In the hurried life of New York this poet who was a broker on the Stock Exchange made time to correspond not alone with his many confrères in fame but with a host of younger writers; and it was his chivalric boast that no letter from a woman ever remained unanswered. The

[1] See also Book III, Chap. x.

broadness of his sympathies in art, in drama, in music, as well as in letters, coupled with his generous interest in the effort of all those who even at the furthest radius came within his circle, made of Stedman one of the finest influences in the development of New York's cultural life. "New York," Stedman wrote in his essay on Bayard Taylor, "is still too practical to do much more than affect an æsthetic sentiment." This judgment was pronounced more than a score of years ago, and if it is now increasingly open to qualification, Stedman is one of those whom we have therefor most to thank.

Another, and to a marked degree, is William Winter (1836–1917).[1] For many years the dean of American dramatic critics, he ever rode full tilt and fearless against the commercialism rampant on our stage. He was the most winning of our essayists on Shakespeare, having in his own nature more than a touch of Hamlet. Erudite in the technique of the playwright, Winter was still more versed in the lyric knowledge of the poet and in that high wisdom which realizes both the potentialities and the obligations of dramatic art; and thus his critiques in the daily press were concerned with the eternal, as opposed to the diurnal, aspect of things. But while his standards were uncompromising, his style was gracious, courteous, tender even—as we should expect of a poet; and in such a series of papers as are included in his *Gray Days and Gold* (1894) we see how great a part sentiment played in the life and writings of that brave antagonist of all the blatant and all the insidious influences which drag down the art of a nation. The past lured him with every manner of associations, and his writings on Shakespeare's England have the charm of old days—one of the characteristics most appealing in the work of Washington Irving. Indeed, with a greater strain of melancholy, and a lesser strain of humour, William Winter was, in the closing years of the nineteenth century, the last and most winsome descendant of our first great essayist; and especially by the English public should he continue to be read as one who held that land in the tenderest regard.

The marked enjoyment in things of old—old books, old places, the myriad associations binding together the blossoms of the years—which casts glamour on many of the pages

[1] See also Book III, Chap. XVIII.

of Winter, underlies the literary work of Laurence Hutton (1843–1904),[1] his companion in the field of dramatic criticism and along the byways of foreign travel. Among collectors Hutton is remembered for the treasures he amassed, especially books relating to the theatre and play-bills. The corollary of this enthusiasm is found in his papers and addresses on the drama, wherefrom arises winningly the human note. He wrote, also, a series of volumes describing literary pilgrimages in England, Italy, and many another land,—volumes that place him graciously in the large company of American essayists whose theme has been that of travel; and with him our own journey fittingly ends.

The scope of present-day essayists is far wider than that of the men of the preceding century. The tendency is away from the traditionary essay of morals or of literary culture, partially because the classics are no longer part and parcel of our education, and largely because science and social economics are more and more requisitioning the pens of many of our most brilliant contemporary essayists. We have, however, many writers, of course, whose work continues the literary tradition; and to name Howells, Woodberry, Santayana, Woodrow Wilson, Henry Van Dyke, Brander Matthews, Paul Elmer More, Agnes Repplier, and John Burroughs—foremost among nature writers—were yet to omit others well deserving of inclusion lest too long a catalogue of ships should still overlook some bark of letters already worthily launched. Our grateful task has been to write of the men who have gone by, a group of noble gentlemen, whose attitude towards life was that of the idealist, and whose courtesy of spirit and courtesy of phrase are permeating traits of their work. Not even in the harshest days of the Civil War is there a brow-beating epithet or sneering causticity. If the American essayists and critics owe a debt to the English writers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—as indeed they do—they have removed from their inheritance all taint of bitterness and cruel satire, and our critical literature has (with the exception of Poe in his uninspired moments) no mean, no biassed, no tyrannical—and no fulsome—appraiser of literary values or of the motives of men's actions. If, however, we turn to our group of later essayists

[1] See also Book III, Chap. XVIII.

as a whole, we are soon aware that they leave something to be desired, and that we must have recourse to European essays for the supplying of this want. As our fiction has refused to portray life with full verity, to dissect with searching candour the hidden motives in individual life, so, too, have our essay writers abstained from the subtle workings of the mind in the field of personal emotions and desires. There is, however, a distinction to be made when we seek to explain these limitations in American fiction and American essays. In the first case is preponderantly involved the purpose of popular appeal along the lines of least resistance, with financial success as the writer's reward. In the second case, the purpose of educating the mind of a nation not yet ready to appreciate art in all its ramifications, has, whether directly or unconsciously, led our essayists to refrain from themes which Continental writers have made luminous to peoples inheriting the Renaissance rather than the Puritan traditions. The group of essayists that we are leaving may indeed have theoretically subscribed to the French dictum that style is the man, yet they wrote, rather, under the propulsion of the idea that mankind is more than style.

## CHAPTER XIV

# Travellers and Explorers, 1846–1900

THE central world-belt of human progress up to the present era lies along the fortieth parallel of north latitude with general limits ten degrees on each side. That the region now the United States falls almost entirely within this belt explains the instinctive drift of Europeans westward to, and across, this particular untrodden field. The Anglo-Saxon branch, attaining a dominance of power therein, halted briefly at the obstacle of the Appalachian mountain system, passed that barrier, and marched on its predestined course to the western ocean with a development of accompanying literature described up to 1846 in a former chapter[1]—and continued in this to the year 1900, with a slight extension at each end.

A new order of events developed speedily with the triumph of the Texans over Santa Anna and the creation of the Lone Star Republic in 1841 with its premeditated intention of annexation to the United States. This intention the Mexican Republic declared would be, if consummated, a cause of war, but the movement was not halted. The constant influx of pioneers from the "States" made annexation a foregone conclusion, while books that now appeared like Colonel Edward Stiff's *The Texan Emigrant* (1840) aided and abetted the prospective addition to the American republic. He offers for a frontispiece a map of Texas which has small consideration for the expansive Texan idea that the new republic's western limits were where the Texan pleased to place them, quite regardless of Mexican contention, for the Colonel draws the

[1] Book II, Chap. I.

western boundary at the Nueces River exactly where the Mexicans declared it must be.

The ambitious Texans, however, were not of his mind. They wanted territory and they understood that far beyond the world of intervening desert unknown to them flowed the Rio Grande del Norte, whose valley was productive and for some two centuries had been cultivated by a Spanish population with the attractive city of Santa Fé a trade centre worth owning. The story of *The Spanish Conquest of New Mexico* (1869) by W. W. H. Davis and *El Gringo, or New Mexico and her People* (1857) by the same author, who spent some years in the region, show that the Spaniards in entering and building up New Mexico had no thought of the Texans that were to be. Samuel Cozzens in *The Marvellous Country or Three Years in Arizona and New Mexico* (1873) gives more of the story, with modern additions, and *Historical Sketches of New Mexico* (1883) by ex-Governor L. Bradford Prince, who still lives in Santa Fé, is another important volume on this subject.

Although the Rio Grande settlements and the capital city of Santa Fé were so far from the outermost fringe of Texan life that the Texans actually knew little about them, these had fixed their minds on extending Texas to the Rio Grande, and to the Rio Grande it must go. Therefore they decided to march across the unknown and formally annex the old-time towns and villages, whose inhabitants were supposed to be eager to become Texans. A grand caravan accordingly was organized, partly military, partly mercantile, to proceed to the conquest. The expedition moved off into the wilderness with far rosier expectations than facts warranted. Disaster was not long in falling upon the party, and worse disaster awaited their straggling remnant at the hands of the tyrannical, cruel, and unruly governor of New Mexico, Armijo.

Probably the most interesting and valuable book on this phase of Texan enterprise, and withal one having considerable literary charm, is *The Narrative of the Texan Santa Fé Expedition* (1844) by George Wilkins Kendall. Kendall was one of the survivors. He was finally released from the wretched prison in Mexico into which he was cast with others who had not succumbed to the desert, or to the brutality of Armijo, at the request of the United States Minister, Waddy Thompson,

whose *Recollections of Mexico* (1846) mentions this release of Kendall and his companions in misery, as well as the release of the prisoners taken by the Mexicans at Mier in 1842. The capture, sufferings, and release of these latter unfortunates are told by William Preston Stapp in his book *The Prisoners of Perote* (1845). It is interesting to note that Waddy Thompson was no longer a United States official when he requested the freedom of the captives; General Santa Anna granted the request as a personal favour. Thompson gives an estimate of Santa Anna's character which is not so black as the usual descriptions.

Kendall printed a map, which he compiled, to give such information as was possible of the wilderness the caravan had struggled through, and in this he was aided by notes from Josiah Gregg, then living and doing business as a merchant at Santa Fé. In the year of the appearance of Kendall's book, Gregg alone published the now famous volumes *Commerce of the Prairies* (1844). This is the classic of the Plains, in which he describes the Santa Fé Trail and its history. The Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railway approximately follows the route of the Santa Fé Trail, and the latter almost paralleled the great Kaw Indian trail which ran about four or five miles farther south. Everywhere the possible highways had long ago been traced out by the Indians, and the main routes of the white men usually followed, with more or less exactness, according to method of transportation, these roads of the natives.

Colonel Henry Inman, who had early experience on the Plains, wrote *The Old Santa Fé Trail* (1897). Some of his historical data are not quite correct, but there is much of value derived from his own knowledge, and he gives accounts of the frontiersmen he had met. With W. F. Cody, the last of the "Buffalo Bills," he wrote *The Great Salt Lake Trail* (1898), the trail being the one from Omaha up the Platte and to Salt Lake by way of Echo Canyon. The Santa Fé Trail has also been perpetuated in poetry, by Sharlot M. Hall with a vivid poem of that title in *Out West* (1903), and the modern route for automobiles by Vachel Lindsay, with a more original poem, also of that title, in *The Congo and Other Poems* (1914).

Many of the early travellers and explorers kept no records,

and some who did refrained from publishing until long after their experiences, as in the case of Osborne Russell, who had a Rocky Mountain career between 1834 and 1843. *The Journal of a Trapper* from his pen did not appear till 1914, when it was privately printed at Boise, Idaho. These delays were sometimes due to the reluctance of publishers to print the writings of unknown and "unliterary" men.

While the Santa Fé Trail linked the Missouri with the Rio Grande as early as 1822, there was for a long time no overland highway to the Oregon country, the usual route being up the Missouri first by keelboat and then by steamboat. Audubon travelled that course in 1843 in the steamer *Omega* as far as Fort Union, and he kept a full journal. This was mislaid and fifty years elapsed before it was given to the world in *Audubon and his Journals* by his granddaughter, Maria R. Audubon. His son, John Woodhouse Audubon, in 1849–50 made a journey from New York to Texas and thence overland through Mexico and Arizona to the gold fields of California, which is recorded in *John W. Audubon's Western Journal* (1906), edited by Frank H. Hodder.

The literature connected with the route up the Missouri River is voluminous and it is vital to the historical annals of the West. A great deal of it falls before 1846. H. M. Chittenden gives a *History of Early Steamboat Navigation of the Missouri River. Life and Adventures of Joseph La Barge, Pioneer Navigator and Indian Trader* (1903); and with this title may be coupled an important paper on the subject read by Phil. E. Chappel before the Kansas State Historical Society (1904) and printed in the Society's Publications (vol. ix), with the title "A History of the Missouri River." He writes from personal knowledge and adds a list of the steamboats.

A change was coming in this direction. Notwithstanding the phenomenal scepticism as to the value of Oregon displayed in Congress, the "common people" were learning by word of mouth from trappers and explorers that good homes were to be had there for the taking. They saw a vision of being landowners—a vision that became a life-preserver amid the discomfort, danger, and disaster which befell a large proportion of them in the journey to the land of promise. Presently, from the same Independence that saw the wagon track vanish south-

westward with its caravans for Santa Fé, another track faded into the plains to the north-west and hammered its devious sagebrush course over mountains, over valleys, through difficult canyons, across dangerous rivers or deserts of death to the Columbia River, to Oregon, to California. This was the path that Francis Parkman,[1] just out of college, followed in 1846 as far as Fort Laramie; an experience which gave us *The California and Oregon Trail* (1849). Ezra Meeker travelled it in 1852 and back again in 1906, and in *The Ox-Team, or the Old Oregon Trail* (1906) he relates what befell him in this long, wild journey with an ox-team—a real "bull-whacker's" tale.

Mrs. Ann Boyd had experiences on this difficult highway in the late forties, and she presents the record in *The Oregon Trail* (1862). A rare volume on the same road is Joel Palmer's *Journal of Travels Over the Rocky Mountains to the Mouth of the Columbia River* (1847). For those desiring to identify in detail the route and distances of the Oregon Trail of early days there is a complete exposition in the masterly work by H. M. Chittenden, *History of the American Fur Trade in the Far West* (1902).

The chain binding Europe by the west to Cathay, of which the Santa Fé and the Oregon trails were preliminary links, was being forged to completion by this steady march of pioneers across the salubrious uplands of the Far West. At the same time the surrounding seas were breaking under the prows of American ships. T. J. Jacobs writes of the cruise of the clipper ship *Margaret Oakley* in *Scenes, Incidents, and Adventures in the Pacific Ocean* (1844); and the United States government took a hand in maritime exploration by sending Captain Charles Wilkes with six ships and a large company of scientific men on an important cruise to explore and survey the South Seas. From Australia, Wilkes steered for the South Pole and on 19 January, 1840, he was the first to see the Antarctic Continent, albeit only a very short time before the French navigator D'Urville also sighted it. For 1500 miles Wilkes skirted the icy coast, and the region he reported was accordingly named Wilkes Land. He also visited Hawaii, California, and Oregon, carrying on some survey work in the latter region. Five volumes were published: *The Narrative of the United States Exploring Expedition During the Years 1838, 1839, 1840, 1841,*

[1] See also Book III, Chap. xv.

*1842* (1845), but the scientific data have not been issued, although many of the projected volumes are printed.[1] There is extant the manuscript journal of Captain Hudson, who commanded one of the ships; and Lieutenant (later Admiral) Colvocoresses attached to this command published *Four Years in the Government Exploring Expedition commanded by Captain Charles Wilkes*, etc. (1852). They saw Antarctic land frequently, and he says that on one day they saw "distinctly from sixty to seventy miles of coast, and a mountain in the interior which we estimated to be 2500 feet high." There are in this volume certain ethnological notes on the South Sea Islanders that are important.

Wilkes also published separately a volume, *Western America Including California and Oregon* (1849). Data on the same region are contained in the fourth and fifth of the five narrative volumes.

A prominent American sailor on the seas in the early fifties and onward was Captain S. Samuels. He began his career as cabin-boy at the age of eleven in 1836, and in ten years was a captain. He commanded the famous *Dreadnaught*, the swiftest ship of her time. He tells a thrilling story, for which Bishop Potter wrote the introduction, in *From the Forecastle to the Cabin* (1887).

South America was not forgotten by our American travellers and explorers, and a naval expedition in 1851–53 carried on an *Exploration of the Valley of the Amazon* (1854) under William L. Herndon and Lardner Gibbon, while, earlier than this, John Lloyd Stephens was investigating the intermediate part of the Western Hemisphere, publishing his admirable results in *Incidents of Travel in Central America, Chiapas, and Yucatan* (1841) and *Incidents of Travel in Yucatan* (1843). E. G. Squier's operations came out in *Nicaragua* (1856) and *The States of Central America* (1858). Far away in Turkey the Rev. Doctor William Goodell was having the experiences which he recounts in *Forty Years in the Turkish Empire* (1876), edited by his son-in-law, E. D. G. Prime. Dr. Goodell belonged to a class of workers, the religious missionaries, who travelled far and wide seeking out all manner of places. They also became active in the Far West at an early date. Samuel Parker for

[1] For contents of these volumes see MS. catalogue in the Library of Congress.

the Presbyterian Church went to Oregon in 1836, taking with him a physician, Marcus Whitman. Parker wrote *A Journal of an Exploring Tour Beyond the Rocky Mountains* (1838), one of the valuable books of the period. Whitman became so deeply interested in the religious welfare of the Indians that he turned missionary and established a working centre at Waiilatpu. Later, in the winter of 1842–43, he made the now much discussed overland journey by the southern route to Washington. This adventure is recorded in *How Marcus Whitman Saved Oregon* (1895) by O. W. Nixon. Whitman is said to have exposed nefarious British designs to the American government, but this service has been disputed on good authority. W. I. Marshall is one of those who oppose the "saviour" idea, and he presents his views in the *Report of the American Historical Association* (1900) and also in *Acquisition of Oregon, and the Long Suppressed Evidence about Marcus Whitman* (1911). At any rate, Whitman was a splendid character and devoted his life to work among the Indians, who, imagining some superstitious grievance against the whites, murdered many of them, including their own benefactor and his wife, and held the others prisoners. M. Cannon in his account of pioneer days tells the story of this massacre in *Waiilatpu, Its Rise and Fall* (1915).

The captives were rescued by the skill and determined bearing of one of the greatest frontiersmen of the West, Peter Skene Ogden. Ogden, while not an American, was next thing to it, as his father was born in Newark, New Jersey, but the family, being royalists, travelled to more genial climes at the outbreak of the trouble with George III. T. C. Elliott, in a very entertaining and instructive pamphlet, *Peter Skene Ogden, Fur Trader* (1910), relates the remarkable career of Ogden, chiefly in the region south of the forty-ninth parallel. Ogden wrote *Traits of American Indian Life and Character by a Fur Trader* (1853), revised in manuscript by Jesse Applegate. Ogden is said to have taken it to Washington Irving, who was prevented by circumstances from editing it.

Most of the travellers who penetrated the Western wilderness in those early days were close and quite accurate observers, and many of their books, like Gregg's and Kendall's and Edwin Bryant's, have become of immeasurable historical value. Another whose works take a similar high place is Thomas

Jefferson Farnham. No library of Americana can be considered complete which lacks his *Travels in the Great Western Prairies, the Anahuac and Rocky Mountains and in the Oregon Territory* (1843), and his *Life, Adventures and Travels in California* (1849). Farnham followed some seldom travelled trails, and he tells not only what he saw but what he heard—giving in the latter field one of the early descriptions of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, not accurate but interesting. A missionary who roamed widely over Oregon was Father P. J. De Smet, and his writings are among the most vital, especially *Oregon Missions and Travels over the Rocky Mountains in 1845–46* (1847) and *Letters and Sketches* (1843).

The Santa Fé Trail coupled the Rio Grande and the mighty Missouri, as has been mentioned, by a well-beaten and more or less easy and comfortable way which halted at the city of Santa Fé. Thence on to Los Angeles there were two or three routes open to the traveller, taking any one of which was sure to make him wish he had chosen another. One led down the Rio Grande into Mexico, thence westward and up to the Gila through Tucson, following the Gila on west to the Colorado, the Mohave desert, and to Cajon Pass; the other turned north from Santa Fé and straggled over the mountains, to cross the Grand River and the Green at the first opportunity the canyons permitted (that on the Green being at what was afterwards known as Gunnison Crossing), thence through the Wasatch, down to the Virgin, and by that stream to the Mohave desert, and across that stretch of Hades by the grace of God. This trail was laid out in 1830 by William Wolfskill, an American, but as it was travelled mostly by Spaniards it was called the Spanish Trail. Between this and the extreme southern route was a possible way down the Gila, and another between that and the majestic Grand Canyon, followed in 1776 eastward as far as the Hopi (Moqui) villages by Garces the Spanish missionary; but to take either intermediate route at that time was almost like signing one's death warrant. They were not often taken before 1846. Much about the early trails and trappers and missionaries is told in *Breaking the Wilderness* (1905) by Frederick S. Dellenbaugh.

The Oregon Trail, bearing far to the north, through South Pass and down Snake River, was extended to the Columbia and

thence around south to California, but, before the "Days of '49," although Ogden, Jedediah Smith, and Frémont had dared the mid-passage across the Great Basin, there was no real route directly to the rich, inviting mission settlements of the Franciscan friars: settlements that were a world unto themselves delightfully described by Alfred Robinson in *Life in California During a Residence of Several Years in that Territory, Etc. By an American* (1846). And in *Two Years Before the Mast* (1840) R. H. Dana has some interesting chapters on this primitive California paradise. The historical side is presented by Fr. Zephyrin Englehardt in an extensive work, *The Missions and Missionaries of California* (1911).

In the early forties California was nothing more than a detached colony nominally belonging to Mexico but ruled over, so far as it was ruled at all, by the Mission friars and the military governor in an arbitrary and personal fashion. Its rich soil and attractive coast were coveted by France, by Great Britain, and by the United States. This great prize slipping from Mexico's fist had its northern limit at the forty-second parallel and its eastern along the upper Arkansas and down that river to the 100th meridian, down that to Red River, along that stream to a point north of the Sabine, and by the Sabine to the Gulf of Mexico. Texas took away the portion from the Sabine to the Nueces and claimed to the Rio Grande. Thus matters stood at the time of the annexation of Texas, with its claim of a western boundary at the Rio Grande which the United States had undertaken to maintain with the sword.

There was one statesman in Congress who had a clear perception of conditions and possibilities. This was Thomas Hart Benton, whose home was in St. Louis and was the rendezvous for leading trappers and explorers. His famous phrase as he pointed to the sunset and said "There lies the road to India" recognized the approach to each other of Europe and Cathay westward across the Rocky Mountains and has appropriately been carved on his monument. In his *Thirty Years' View . . . 1820 to 1850* (1861) there is continual evidence of his firm belief in the phenomenal value of the Far West region and in a development which has since taken place. Benton was one of the chief political figures of the time. Biographies of him

have been written by Theodore Roosevelt (1887) and by William M. Meigs (1904).

As the fourth decade of the nineteenth century opened, California was receiving many emigrants from the Eastern States, chiefly by the Oregon Trail. About this time appears on the scene a striking personality, John A. Sutter, independent, indefatigable, who immediately created a unique fortified settlement which, having been born in Switzerland, he called New Helvetia, but which was known generally as Sutter's Fort. It was begun in 1841 and completed in 1845, on the site of the present city of Sacramento. Although Sutter was Swiss he may be classed as an American in view of all the circumstances connected with his life. His fort mounted carronades and cannon and was garrisoned by about forty well armed, drilled, uniformed Indians. There were extra arms for more if needed. In his "Diary"[1] printed in *the Argonaut* (San Francisco, 26 Jan., 2, 9, 16 Feb., 1878) Sutter tells of his own doings, and in the *Life and Times of John A. Sutter* (1907) T. J. Schoonover relates the entire story of this remarkable pioneer, the good friend of everybody but "bankrupted by thieves."

By 1846 the dispute with Great Britain over Oregonwas settled and the Americans there knew where they belonged. They had been warmly defended and assisted by the then head of Hudson Bay Company affairs in that region, John McLoughlin, who himself finally became an American. The story of his life is given by Frederick V. Holman, *John McLoughlin, The Father of Oregon* (1900), and in *McLoughlin and Old Oregon* (1900) by Mrs. Emery Dye.

Benton's son-in-law, John C. Frémont, had conducted an expedition in 1842 along the Oregon Trail to the Wind River Mountains, and he was selected to carry on a new reconnaissance, ostensibly to connect the survey of the Oregon Trail with survey work done on the Pacific Coast by Wilkes. But this 1843–44 expedition did not halt in Oregon. It headed southward into Mexican territory along the eastern edge of the Sierras, hunting for a mythical Buenaventura River that would have made a fine military base had it existed. Not discovering that entrancing Elysian valley, Frémont crossed the high Sierras in dead winter to Sutter's Fort, returning by the

[1] See also *Reminiscences* in MS., Bancroft Collection.

Spanish Trail to Utah and breaking through the Wasatch east of Utah Lake. His *Report of the Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains in the Year 1842 and to Oregon and Northern California in the Years 1843–44* (1845) was a revelation to most of the world. Ten thousand copies were printed by the government, and it was reprinted by professional publishers, minus the scientific matter, in their regular lists.

The very day Frémont handed in this report, 1 March, 1845, the United States flung the gauntlet in the face of Mexico by admitting Texas and assuming the Texan boundary affair. War was inevitable and everybody knew it. Therefore when Frémont headed a new "topographical surveying" expedition to the Far West he had a force of sixty well-armed marksmen. When he reached California and found an incipient rebellion already organized by Americans, he placed himself with this powerful party and the American flag at its head, supplanting the Bear Flag of the revolutionists and giving immediate notice thereby to the other covetous nations that California was only for the United States.

The Bear Flag revolt from its beginning may be studied in *Scraps of California History Never Before Published. A Biographical Sketch of William B. Ide*, etc. (1880), privately printed by Simeon Ide. In H. H. Bancroft's *History of California*, vol. v, is another account; and the revolt and Frémont are sharply criticized by Josiah Royce in *California from the Conquest in 1846 to the Second Vigilance Committee in San Francisco* (1888). Royce also gave his analysis of Frémont's character in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1890.

Frémont tells his own story in *Memoirs of My Life* (1887; only vol. I of the projected two volumes was published). This contains a sketch of "The Life of Senator Benton in Connection with Western Explorations" from the pen of his daughter, Jessie Benton Frémont. Frémont's career up to the time he ran for President was written by John Bigelow as a campaign document in 1856: *Memoir of the Life of John C. Frémont.* Another *Life of Frémont* (1856) is by Charles W. Upham, but there was no single volume containing all the story of this active explorer and politician till *Frémont and '49*, by Frederick S. Dellenbaugh, appeared in 1914.

California now attracted world attention, and there are a

great number of interesting and valuable books relating to it. *Los Gringos* (1849), by Lieutenant Wise, U. S. N., describes the cruise of an American man-of-war which took active part in the conquest along the coast. One of the most trustworthy of all the volumes of this period is by Edwin Bryant, "late Alcalde of San Francisco," *What I saw in California in 1846–1847* (1848). This will always stand in the first rank of Western Americana, with Farnham, Gregg, etc. Bryant was in Frémont's California Battalion during the conquest. The book has been cheaply reprinted, with a "blood and thunder" title-page supplanting the original, as *Rocky Mountain Adventures* (1889).

While the conquest of California was proceeding to its logical end an agricultural conquest of the valley of the Great Salt Lake was begun by the Mormons, or Latter Day Saints as they called themselves. Their late neighbours in Illinois had inaugurated such great opposition to Mormon methods that it culminated in the murder, by a mob, in Carthage jail, of Joseph Smith, the prophet and originator of the sect, and a migration was imperative. The Mormons now possessed a martyr, the essential basis of religious success, and they needed an independent field for expansion. Their new leader, Brigham Young, discovered it in the Salt Lake Valley described glowingly in Frémont's report. Brigham thought of founding a separate state in this Mexican territory, but the events of the Mexican war moved so rapidly that, even while he planned, the valley fell under American rule. The Mormons went forward nevertheless and arrived on the shore of the American Dead Sea in August, 1847. Brigham complained that the valley was not as represented by Frémont—that it was really a desert. Frémont had seen on the Rio Grande what irrigation can do, and the Mormons resorted to it with an agricultural success now well known.

The transit to the new home across the wide and unsettled plains and mountains was a huge undertaking and entailed much hardship. T. L. Kane, a non-Mormon, accompanied the famous "hand cart expedition" and tells about it in *The Mormons* (1850). The literature connected with the Mormons is voluminous. One of the latest, most comprehensive, and most exact general books is W. J. Linn's *Story of the Mormons* (1902).

It has been charged that the Mormon leaders employed a gang of cut-throats to discourage Gentiles from settling among them, and Bill Hickman, when he became an apostate, claimed to have been the leader of it. He issued a book, *Brigham's Destroying Angel Being the Life Confession and Startling Disclosures of the Notorious Bill Hickman Written by Himself with Explanatory Notes by J. H. Beadle* (1872). Beadle also published *Western Wilds* (1877), *Life in Utah* (1870), *The Undeveloped West* (1873), and "The Story of Marcus Whitman Refuted" in *American Catholic Historical Researches* (1879). Mrs. Stenhouse, who apostatized, wrote *Tell it All* (1874), a faithful account of her sad life as a Mormon.

While Frémont was aiding Commodore Stockton to clinch the claim of the United States to California, the history of which is told in *Despatches Relating to Military and Naval Operations in California* (1849) and in *A Sketch of the Life of R. F. Stockton with his Correspondence with the Navy Department Respecting his Conquest of California and the Defense of J. C. Fremont* (1856), the war in Mexico was in full swing. General Stephen Kearny, with an army, was marching overland for the Pacific Coast by way of Santa Fé, where he halted long enough to raise the flag and destroy opposition.

Kearny was a noble officer whose early death in the Mexican campaign prevented his writing about the California campaign. Valentine Mott Porter wrote a sketch of him in *Publications of the Historical Society of Southern California*, vol. VIII (1911); and *A Diary of the March with Kearny, Fort Leavenworth to Santa Fé* (1846) by G. R. Gibson gives details concerning that part of the journey. Gibson also wrote two other diaries on a trip to Chihuahua and return in 1847. The journals of Captain Johnson and of Colonel P. St. George Cooke on the march from Santa Fé to California appeared in *House Executive Document 41, 1st Sess. 30th Congress*, and Colonel Cooke's "The Journal of a March from Santa Fé to San Diego 1846–47" was printed in *Sen. Ex. Doc. 2 Special Sess. 31st Cong.* Other literary productions of Colonel Cooke were *The Conquest of New Mexico and California* (1878) and *Scenes and Adventures in Army Life* (1857).

Kearny, before proceeding to California, planned for the holding of New Mexico, and one of the memorable expeditions

of the war resulted, that of Colonel A. W. Doniphan. It was accurately recorded by John T. Hughes in *Doniphan's Expedition; Containing an Account of the Conquest of New Mexico, General Kearny's Overland Expedition to California, Doniphan's Campaign Against the Navajos, his Unparalleled March upon Chihuahua and Durango and the Operations of General Price at Santa Fé, with a Sketch of the Life of Colonel Doniphan* (1847). Hughes wrote another book now very hard to obtain, *California, Its History, Population, Climate, Soil, Productions, and Harbours, and an Account of the Revolution in California and the Conquest of the Country by the United States, 1846–47* (1848).

William E. Connelley has reprinted the Hughes *Doniphan* with Hughes's diary and other related matter in *Doniphan's Expedition* (1907). With the advance guard of the Army of the West went Major William H. Emory, and his *Notes of a Military Reconnaissance from Fort Leavenworth to San Diego, California, 1846–47* (1848) is an important contribution to the documents on this famous march.

The Rev. Walter Colton was in California before the conquest and he wrote an exceedingly valuable book, *Three Years in California, 1846–49* (1850), as well as another, *Deck and Port, or Incidents of a Cruise in the United States Frigate Congress*, etc. (1850). Still another volume of this period is *Notes on a Voyage to California Together with Scenes in Eldorado in 1849* (1878) by S. C. Upham. The name Eldorado enters so commonly into the literature of the Far West that we may at this point note the volume *The Gilded Man* (1893), by A. F. Bandelier, which describes and explains the term and its origin. In a certain ceremonial in Peru a man was covered from head to foot with gold dust and this gave rise to the expression as meaning fabulous wealth.

With the prospect of closer contact with the Orient by way of the Occident, relations with some of the far off Eastern countries began to be more intimately considered. Caleb Cushing as Commissioner of the United States went to China in 1843 and in 1845 negotiated the first treaty between the United States and China. Missionaries, too, were at their task. Volumes of the *Chinese Repository* edited by Dr. Bridgman were publishing at Canton, and from these volumes, and his own personal observation and study of native authorities for twelve years,

S. Wells Williams, who went to China as a printer for the Board of Foreign Missions, who mastered the Chinese language, and who lectured in the United States to obtain money to pay for a font of Chinese type, produced *The Middle Kingdom. A Survey of the Geography, Government, Education, Social Life, Arts, Religion, etc., of the Chinese Empire and its Inhabitants* (1848), a book that remains today one of the supreme authorities on the subject.

Another traveller in that region was the afterwards eccentric George Francis Train. Only twenty-four years of age, he met with much success in commercial ventures in China, and a book was the outcome: *An American Merchant in Europe, Asia, and Australia* (1857). The last years of Train's life were mainly spent on a bench in Madison Square Park, New York, refusing conversation with all adults.

The year following the conclusion of the Mexican War, which completed the sway of the United States over the entire West between the Gila River and the forty-ninth parallel, one of the large events of the world happened. A certain Marshall was employed by Sutter in the construction of a saw-mill up in the mountains, and one morning in January, 1848, when he picked from the sluiceway a particle of metal half the size of a pea, shining in the sun, it made his heart thump, for he believed it to be gold. Gold it proved to be. The great news was quick in reaching the outermost ends of the earth, calling men of all kinds, of all nationalities, pell-mell to Eldorado to pick up a fortune. Men of Cathay, men of Europe, men of the Red Indian race, all mingled on common terms in the scramble. Centuries of creeping along the fortieth parallel had at last tied together the far ends of the earth. "Marshall's Own Account of the Gold Discovery" appeared in *The Century Magazine*, vol. XIX. Gold had been discovered some years before, but the psychological moment had not arrived for its exploitation. A vast literature developed on the subject, one of the earliest books being *The Emigrant's Guide to the Gold Mines, and Adventures with the Gold Diggers of California in August 1848* (1848), by Henry I. Simpson, of the New York Volunteers. This book has become rare. Another early but not scarce "gold" item is Theodore T. Johnson's *Sights and Scenes in the Gold Regions, and Scenes by the Way* (1849).

The gold seekers got as far as Salt Lake over the Oregon Trail by Bear River; or from Ft. Bridger by the new way Hastings had found a little farther south, and more direct, through Echo Canyon. From Salt Lake the chief trail west led down the Humboldt River to the Sierra and over that mighty barrier by what became known as Donner Pass to commemorate the Donner party and the shocking result of their miscalculation, the details of which are given in *The Expedition of the Donner Party and its Tragic Fate* (1911) by Mrs. Eliza P. Donner Houghton. "The Diary of one of the Donner Party" by Patrick Breen, edited by F. J. Taggart, is given in *Publications of Pacific Coast History*, vol. v. (1910); and C. F. McGlashan published a *History of the Donner Party* (1880). This ill-fated caravan originated in Illinois. John Carroll Power in a *History of the Early Settlers of Sangamon County, Ill.* (1876) gives the daily journal of the "Reed and Donner Emigrating Party."

The difficulties of travel by ox and mule team, the necessity of obtaining communication better from a military point of view, and other considerations led to talk of a railway to California. George Wilkes published in 1845 a volume now rare, *Project of a National Railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, for the Purpose of Obtaining a Short Route to Oregon.* In 1848, Asa Whitney made addresses, memorials, and petitions for a transcontinental railway, and he gave his plan in a Congressional document, *Miscellaneous* 28, *Senate, 30th Congress 1:* "Memorial of Asa Whitney for grants of land to enable him to build a railway from Lake Michigan to the Pacific." Whitney issued a volume in the same line, from personal exploration: *Project for a Railroad to the Pacific with Reports and Other Facts Relating Thereto* (1849).

No one was more enthusiastic or confident of the feasibility of a railway than Frémont, unless it was his father-in-law, Benton. They were both positive that neither rivers, nor hot deserts, nor the deep mountain snows of winter would interfere seriously with the operation of trains. Frémont projected his fourth expedition especially to prove that winter would be no obstacle, and he attempted crossing the highest mountains in the winter of 1848–49. He met with sad disaster in Colorado, for which he blamed the guide for misleading him. This dreadful experience he describes in his *Memoirs*, and it is

related in other books on Frémont's expeditions; and Micajah McGehee, who was of the party, gives all the terror of their struggle in "Rough Times in Rough Places" in *The Century Magazine*, vol. XIX. After this catastrophe Frémont proceeded to California by the far southern route of upper Mexico and the Gila, arriving just as the great gold excitement was in its first heat.

Thousands were now preparing to follow thousands to the fortune-field that lay against what Frémont previously had named the Golden Gate. It mattered not that the way was beset with impossibilities for the greenhorn (or in later nomenclature, the tenderfoot); to California he was bound through fair and foul. Not the least of the troubles arose from Indians, those people who already possessed the country and were satisfied with it. They disliked to see their game destroyed by these new hordes, their springs polluted by cattle, their families treated with brutality or contempt according to the physical strength of the pioneer party. The latter on their part regarded the Indians as merely a dangerous nuisance, to be got rid of by any possible means. Sometimes when the trapper's or pioneer's confidence ran high with power, the Indian, armed only with a bow and arrows, was pursued and shot as sport from horseback, just as the sportsman chases antelope or buffalo.

> The misconception of Indian life and character so common among the white people [remarks Francis LaFlesche, himself an Indian, in his preface to his charming little story of his boy life, *The Middle Five: Indian Boys at School* (1900)] has been largely due to ignorance of the Indian's language, of his mode of thought, his beliefs, his ideals, and his native institutions.

We have heretofore viewed the Indians chiefly through the eyes of those who were interested in exploiting them; or of exterminating them. Perhaps it is time to listen to their own words.

Another educated Indian, Dr. Charles A. Eastman (Ohiyesa), a full-blood Sioux, writing on this subject in *The Soul of the Indian* (1900), declares:

> The native American has been generally despised by his white conquerors for his poverty and simplicity. They forget, perhaps,

that his religion forbade the accumulation of wealth and the enjoyment of luxury. To him as to other single minded men in every age and race, from Diogenes to the brothers of Saint Francis, from the Montanists to the Shakers, the love of possessions has appeared a snare, and the burdens of a complex society a source of needless peril and temptation. It is my personal belief after thirty-five years experience of it, that there is no such thing as Christian Civilization. I believe that Christianity and modern civilization are opposed and irreconcilable and that the spirit of Christianity and of our ancient religion is essentially the same. . . . Since there is nothing left us but remembrance, at least let that remembrance be just.

With reference to the treachery of the whites, at times, in the treatment of Indians it is permissible to refer the reader to the *Massacre of Cheyenne Indians, 38th Congress, 2nd Sess., House Doc., Jan. 10th, 1865*, wherein the Committee on the Conduct of the War, Benjamin F. Wade, Chairman, reports on an unprovoked attack by Colorado militia on a Cheyenne village in which sixty-nine, two thirds women and children, were killed and the bodies left on the field.

The Indian side of much of the trouble of the years following 1861 may be read in "Forty Years with the Cheyennes," written by George Bent for *The Frontier*, a Colorado Springs monthly. Bent's mother was Owl Woman of the Southern Cheyennes, and his father, Col. William Bent, the widely known proprietor of Bent's Fort on the Arkansas, also called Fort William. Young Bent left school to join the Confederate army, was captured, paroled, and sent to his father. He then went to his mother's people and remained with them.

There was at least one American of early Western days who looked on the Indian with more sympathy. This was George Catlin, now famous for his paintings and books. Thanks to a kind Providence, not to our foresight, his invaluable painted records of a life that is past are now the property of the United States. Thomas Donaldson gives an exhaustive review of Catlin, his paintings in the National Museum, and his books in *Part V, Report of the U. S. National Museum* (1885).

We are not here concerned with Catlin's paintings and only note his literary output. His *Letters and Notes on the Manners and Customs of the North American Indians, Written During*

*Eight Years Travel Among the Wildest Tribes of Indians in North America in 1832, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, and 39, with Four Hundred Illustrations Carefully Engraved from his Original Paintings* was published first in London, at his own expense, in 1841. The same year it was brought out in New York. Another of his volumes was *Catlin's Notes of Eight Years Travels and Residence in Europe with his North American Indian Collection, with Anecdotes and Adventures of Three Different Parties of American Indians whom he Introduced to the Courts of England, France and Belgium* (1848). A book of his that raised strong doubts as to his veracity was *Okeepa, A Religious Ceremony, and other Customs of the Mandans*, which was published in Philadelphia in 1867, and gave one of the earliest accounts of the extraordinary Okeepa ceremonial: a self-sacrificial affair akin to the Sun Dance of the Dakotas. The book today is recognized as veracious and valuable. He wrote *Life among the Indians* (1861) for young folk, and in 1837 he brought out a *Catalogue of Catlin's Indian Gallery of Portraits, Landscapes, Manners, Customs, and Costumes, etc.* His well-known, and now rare, *North American Indian Portfolio, Twenty-five large Tinted Drawings on Stone, some Coloured by Hand in Imitation of the Author's Sketches*, appeared in London in 1844; his *Steam Raft* in 1850; *Shut your Mouth* in 1865; and *Last Rambles amongst the Indians of the Rocky Mountains and the Andes* in London in 1868.

His viewpoint was totally different from that of the trapper or pioneer, explorer or traveller. Catlin was interested in the Indian as a man. "The Indians have always loved me," he declares, "and why should I not love the Indians?" He wrote a "Creed," part of which was: "I love the people who have always made me welcome to the best they had. I love the people who have never raised a hand against me, or stolen my property, where there was no law to punish for either."

The Mormons soon adopted a conciliatory policy towards the Indians, feeling it was more profitable to deal justly with them, to pay them, than to fight them. It was obligatory to have a cool clear-headed man to carry out such a policy, and Brigham Young selected Jacob Hamblin for the service. No better choice could have been made. Slow of speech, quick of thought and action, this Leatherstocking of Utah was usually

called "Old Jacob." He tells an interesting story through James A. Little in *Jacob Hamblin, a Narrative of his Personal Experiences* (1881). A devoted Mormon, he was never unfriendly to other sects and often assisted persons of opposite faith, at least on two occasions saving lives.

The list of books on Indians is enormous, the Bureau of Ethnology alone having produced a great many, including the series of thirty-two invaluable *Annual Reports* inaugurated by J. W. Powell, as well as more than fifty-eight equally important *Bulletins*. George Bird Grinnell's *Indians of Today* (1900) and *The North Americans of Yesterday* (1901) by Frederick S. Dellenbaugh are two volumes which present a wide general survey.

A famous man associated with Indians throughout his life was Kit Carson, one of the most remarkable and upright characters of the Far West. Dewitt C. Peters persuaded Carson to dictate to him the story of his life. The last and complete edition is *Kit Carson's Life and Adventures* (1873). George D. Brewerton in *Harper's Magazine* (1853) wrote an account of "A Ride with Kit Carson through the Great American Desert and the Rocky Mountains." This ride was made in 1848 and was over the Spanish Trail eastward from Los Angeles. The springs are few and far between in Southern Nevada and South-Eastern California, and in studying this route and the literature pertaining to the region Walter C. Mendenhall's *Some Desert Watering Places* (U. S. Water Supply Paper 224, 1909) is most useful.

Some experiences were published long afterward, as in the case of William Lewis Manly's *Death Valley in '49*, which was never printed till 1894. It is deeply interesting. The author, arrived at Green River, decided with several others to shorten the journey by taking to the river, and was hurled through the torrential waters of Red Canyon and Lodore. Later he joined a California caravan to suffer terribly in Death Valley.

John Bidwell, an "earliest" pioneer, has contributed to *The Century Magazine*, vol. XIX, and to *Out West Magazine*, vol. XX, some invaluable reminiscences. He was with the first emigrant train to California. It crossed in 1841. In 1853 Captain Howard Stansbury made a report on his *Explo-*

*ration and Survey of the Valley of Great Salt Lake*, the valley where the Mormons already were proving by irrigation the accuracy of Frémont's statement as to its fertility.

Congress took up with energy the matter of a railway to the Pacific, and several exploration routes were planned. Frémont was to survey one, but the leadership was given instead to Captain Gunnison, who proceeded by the "Central Route" over the Sangre de Cristo Pass. Gunnison was killed by Indians at Sevier Lake. He had been stationed at Salt Lake when assisting Stansbury, and while there made a study of Mormonism, *The Mormons, or the Latter Day Saints in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake* (1852). Mrs. Gunnison believed that the Mormons had instigated the murder of her husband, and Judge Drummond, who tried the case, was of this opinion also, and so stated in a letter to Mrs. Gunnison printed in the edition of 1890. He believed that the murder was carried out by Bill Hickman and eight others. One Mormon was among those slain.

A series of large quarto volumes (thirteen in number, as the last or twelfth volume was issued in two parts) was published on railway surveys by the government: *Reports of Explorations and Surveys to Ascertain the most Practicable and Economical Route for a Railroad from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean* (1855 to 1859). The explorers wrote with grace and facility, as a rule, and these reports form an indispensable library of information on the Far West of the fifties.

While these surveys were going on, an epoch-making link in the chain that was forging between Europe and Cathay was placed by Americans cruising in Asiatic waters: Commodore Perry visited Japan and negotiated the first treaty between a Western people and the Japanese. The record of this achievement is given in a *Narrative of the Expedition of an American Squadron to the China Seas and Japan Performed in the Years 1852, 1853, and 1854. Compiled from the Original Notes and Journals of Commodore Perry and his Officers at his Request and under his Supervision by Francis L. Hawkes* (1856).

A transcontinental railway became more and more a necessity from numerous points of view, not the least of which was the interchange of products across the Pacific. Preliminary wagon roads were surveyed, and for this purpose Lieutenant

E. F. Beale in returning to California struck across a little ahead of Gunnison on the same route. With him was Gwin Harris Heap, who wrote the narrative of the journey: *Central Route to the Pacific from the Valley of the Mississippi to California* (1854), an attractive and interesting story.

Following almost the same route, as far as Gunnison's crossing of Green River, came later in the same year the indefatigable Frémont on his fifth expedition. At Gunnison Crossing he swung to the south through the "High Plateau" country, a southern extension of the Wasatch uplift, and after much suffering in the midwinter of 1853–54 the starving party dragged into the Mormon settlement of Parowan with the loss of one man. Every family in the town immediately took in some of the men and gave them the kindest care. When able, Frémont proceeded westward till he met the high Sierras' icy wall, where he deflected south to the first available pass. To the end of his life he never forgot the generous behavior of the Mormons.

At this time Mrs. Frémont reports in her *Far West Sketches* (1890) a most remarkable vision she had of her husband's plight, which came to her in the night at Washington. Mrs. Frémont wrote other interesting books, *The Story of the Guard* (1863), *A Year of American Travel* (1878), *Souvenirs of my Time* (1887), and the "Origin of the Frémont Explorations" in *The Century Magazine* (1890). The *Recollections* (1912) of her daughter, Elizabeth Benton Frémont, belong to the story of Frémont's career.

Frémont published no account, and no data, of the fifth and last expedition excepting a letter to *The National Intelligencer* (1854), reprinted in Bigelow's *Life*. The narrative was to appear in the second volume of his *Memoirs*, but this was not published. His exact route therefore cannot be located. The main reliance for the narrative is *Incidents of Travel and Adventure in the Far West with Frémont's Last Expedition* (1857), by S. N. Carvalho, artist to the expedition.

One of the phenomenally reckless, daredevil frontiersmen was James P. Beckwourth, a man of mixed blood, who dictated a marvellous story of his escapades to T. D. Bonner. This was published in 1856 as *The Life and Adventures of James P. Beckwourth*. Somewhat highly coloured, no doubt, by Beck-

wourth's fancy, it still remains a valuable record of the time. Another book in this class is *The Adventures of James Capen Adams of California*, edited by Theodore H. Hittell (1860 and 1911); and still another is William F. Drannan's *Thirty-One Years on the Plains and Mountains, or The Last Voice from the Plains* (1900), wherein he describes his intimacy with Kit Carson and other frontiersmen, all apparently from memory, as was the case with the life records of most of the rougher class of hunters. Drannan published another book, *Captain W. F. Drannan, Chief of Scouts, etc.* Joe Meek was a brilliant example of the early trapper and had a varied experience which Mrs. Frances Fuller Victor records in her fine work *The River of the West* (1870).

An extremely scarce volume is *Reid's Tramp: or a Journal of the Incidents of Ten Months' Travel Through Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, etc.* This volume by John C. Reid was published in 1858 at Selma, Alabama. The United States, after the Mexican War, had bought from Mexico a strip south of the Gila River known as the "Gadsden Purchase," and to this many pioneers flocked expecting a new Eden, Eldorado, Elysian Fields, or what not. Reid remarks: "We may review the history of the fall, death, and interment of these hopes in a far-off country of irremediable disappointment." We know of the existence of but four copies of Reid's book.

After the Gadsden Purchase the matter of the Mexican boundary was ready for determination. The work was under the direction of Major W. H. Emory, who made an excellent *Report on the United States and Mexican Boundary Survey* (1857) in two fine volumes, the first two chapters of volume I containing a very interesting personal account. One of the boundary commissioners, John Russell Bartlett, published his own account in two volumes of *Personal Narrative of Explorations and Incidents in Texas, New Mexico, California, Sonora, and Chihuahua During the Years 1850, '51, '52, and 1853* (1854), a valuable addition to the literature of the South-west.

On the north the boundary was also surveyed, and Archibald Campbell and W. J. Twining wrote *Reports upon the Survey of the Boundary between the Territory of the United States and the Possessions of Great Britain from the Lake of the Woods to the Summit of the Rocky Mountains* (1878). Previously the

boundary along the 49th parallel had been surveyed to the Gulf of Georgia in settling the Oregon question.

A volume published for the author, Philip Tome, in Buffalo in 1854, now very rare, is *Pioneer Life, or Thirty Years a Hunter. Being Scenes and Adventures in the Life of Philip Tome, Fifteen Years Interpreter for Cornplanter and George Blacksnake, Chiefs on the Alleghany River.* Cornplanter, a half-breed Seneca, was one of the most distinguished of the Iroquois leaders.

In the early fifties Joaquin Miller[1] was taken to California overland by his parents, and the impressions he received coloured his entire life. His poem, *The Ship in the Desert* (1875), is a string of "these scenes and descriptions of a mighty land of mystery, and wild and savage grandeur."

> What scenes they passed, what camps at morn,
> What weary columns kept the road;
> What herds of troubled cattle low'd,
> And trumpeted like lifted horn;
> And everywhere, or road or rest,
> All things were pointing to the West;
> A weary, long and lonesome track,
> And all led on, but one looked back.

Joaquin Miller also wrote the prose volume *Life Among the Modocs* (1874).

A period was now beginning when the literature of the Far West was not to be confined to the tales of trappers and explorers. About 1860 a young printer obtained employment in the composing-room of *The Golden Era* in San Francisco, and he was a contributor to that paper as well. He was invited to the home of the Frémonts (who were then living on their Black Point estate near the Golden Gate) because of the talent, the genius, they discovered in his manuscripts. From that moment the career of Bret Harte[2] flowed on successfully to the end. About the same time there appeared on this remote and primitive literary stage another genius who was dubbed the "Wild Humorist of the Pacific Slope." He tried mining with no success and then turned to his pen. *The Jumping Frog* (1867) carried the name of the former Mississippi pilot to the outer world, and "Mark Twain" became a star among the

[1] See Book III, Chap. x.

[2] *Ibid.*, Chap. vi.

literary lights of the United States.[1] Further mention here of either of these brilliant members of the American literary fraternity is unnecessary except perhaps to note Mark Twain's *Life on the Mississippi* (1883) and his *Letter to the California Pioneers* (1911), in the second of which he describes his life as a miner. An early literary explorer to the Pacific Coast was Theodore Winthrop,[2] who wrote *The Canoe and Saddle, Adventures Among the Northwestern Rivers and Forests; and Isthmiana* (1862).

One of our inveterate travellers of the purely literary type was Bayard Taylor.[3] Among the first he went to California and published *Eldorado, or Adventures in the Path of Empire* (1850). Taylor was a voluminous writer and his works describe many parts of the globe. China was one country that found him an early visitor, from which journey came *A Visit to India, China, and Japan in 1853* (1855).

The interesting experiences and reminiscences of one of the most prominent Americans in China during many decades, Dr. William A. P. Martin, first president of the Imperial University, are told in Dr. Martin's book, *A Cycle of Cathay* (1897), an indispensable work in this field. William Elliot Griffis visited the Orient too, and gave us *The Mikado's Empire* (1876) and *Corea, The Hermit Nation* (1882). The road to the East from the West, which Benton so dramatically pointed out, was being followed with enthusiasm. Lafcadio Hearn made Japan his own. His *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan* (1894), *Leaves from the Diary of an Impressionist* (1911), *Out of the East* (1895), *In Ghostly Japan* (1899), and others are too well known to require comment. A contribution of much interest to this literature is Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore's *Jinrikisha Days in Japan* (1891). She declares that "Japan six times revisited is as full of charm and novelty as when I first went ashore from the wreck of the *Tokio*."

A missionary who wrote *Adventures in Patagonia* (1880) wrote also *Life in Hawaii* (1882), both of them "foundation" books. He became identified with everything Hawaiian, and wrote many letters from there to *The American Journal of Science* and to *The Missionary Herald*. This indefatigable worker in the missionary realm was the Rev. Titus Coan, whose

[1] See Book III, Chap. VIII.
[2] *Ibid.*, Chap. XI.
[3] *Ibid.*, Chap. X.

son, Dr. Titus Munson Coan, has written a brochure on *The Climate of Hawaii* (1901) and on *The Natives of Hawaii: A Study in Polynesian Charm* (1901).

The South Seas enthrall the visitor with this "Polynesian charm"; a drifting away from material things on "tropic spray 'which knows not if it be sea or sun'"; a plunge into a conservatory of blossoms producing a sort of narcosis—at least such was the effect in former days, and Charles Warren Stoddard caught and presented this earlier *delicioso* in his classic *South Sea Idyls* (1873), "the lightest, sweetest, wildest things that ever were written about the life of the summer ocean," declares W. D. Howells in the introduction which he wrote. "No one need ever write of the South Seas again." Full of whales were these South Seas, too, as well as of the fragrance of tropic fruits, and the life of the whaler in pursuit of them there, as well as in the northern waters, has found numerous recorders. But who has painted it as delightfully, as masterfully, as Herman Melville[1] in *Moby Dick?* And who can forget, once lost in its wonderful glow, that other story of Melville's, the story of life among cannibals, told in *Typee?* And there is *Omoo*, hardly less absorbing, telling of life in Tahiti. These books of his belong to our American classics. He wrote also *White Jacket*, of life on a man-of-war, *Redburn*, and *Mardi and a Voyage Thither*.

"Wherever ship has sailed, there have I been," said Columbus, and the men—and women—of America were scarcely behind him in travel and exploration. They tested out the far far seas, the solitudes of continents, the innermost secrets of the rivers. But there was one river, wild, rock-bound, and recalcitrant, the Colorado, which, like a raging dragon, refused to come to terms and was so fierce withal that trapper and pioneer shunned its canyon tentacles and passed by. Finally the government sent Lieutenant J. C. Ives to attack it at its mouth, which is defended by a monstrous tidal wave, and to ascend in his little iron steamer, *The Explorer*. Ives reached the foot of Black Canyon, while Captain Johnson with another steamer succeeded in reaching a somewhat higher point. Johnson's journal has not been published, but Ives wrote an interesting *Report upon the Colorado River of the West Explored*

[1] See Book II, Chap. VII.

*in 1857 and 1858*, published in 1861, the year the memorable shot was fired at Fort Sumter. The Colorado was forgotten.

So far the explorer had merely examined the dragon's teeth, but in 1867 Major J. W. Powell, a veteran of the Federal army, investigating the geology of the Territory of Colorado, conceived the idea of exploring the mysterious and fateful canyons by descending through their entire length of a thousand miles in small boats.

The same year an uneducated man, James White, was rescued near Callville from a raft on which he had come down the river some distance. His condition was pitiful. He was interviewed by Dr. Parry, who happened to be there with a railway survey party, and Parry told White that he must have come through the "Big" canyon. White therefore said he had, when assured that he had, although he did not know the topography of the canyons—neither did Dr. Parry, nor any one else. The White story was first told in General Palmer's *Report of Surveys Across the Continent in 1867–68 on the 35th and 32nd Parallels, etc.* (1869). It was repeated in William A. Bell's *New Tracks in North America* (1869) and quite recently has been republished with notes and comments by Thomas F. Dawson in *The Grand Canyon, Doc. 42, Senate, 65th Cong., 1st Sess.* (1917).

Mr. Dawson, like others who have not run the huge and numerous rapids of the Grand Canyon, believes that White went through on his frail little raft, but all who know the Canyon well are certain that White did not make the passage and that the story that he did rests entirely on what Dr. Parry thought. It is only necessary to add that White found but one big rapid in his course, whereas there are dozens in the distance it is claimed that he travelled. The river falls 1850 feet in the Grand Canyon, 480 in Marble Canyon, and 690 between this and the junction of the Green and Grand, or a total of 3020 feet in the distance White is said to have gone.

In the spring of 1869 Major Powell started from the Union Pacific Railway in Wyoming and descended, in partly decked rowboats, through the thousand miles of canyons so closely connected that they are well-nigh one, with a total descent of 5375 feet to the mouth of the Virgin. In 1871–72 he made a second descent to complete the exploration and to obtain the

required topographical and geological data, prevented by disaster and lack of trained men on the first voyage. The account of the first voyage is given in Powell's *Exploration of the Colorado River of the West* (1875), a report to the government. He did not include a narrative of the second descent, which is related in *A Canyon Voyage* (1908) by Frederick S. Dellenbaugh, a member of the party. The same author's *The Romance of the Colorado River* (1902) tells the history of this unique river from the Spanish discovery in 1540, and gives a table of altitudes along the river. A recent experience (1911) in navigating the river which has been chronicled by Ellsworth Kolb in *Through the Grand Canyon from Wyoming to Mexico* (1914) furnishes valuable data.

In 1889 Frank M. Brown attempted a railway survey through the canyons from Gunnison Crossing down. He was drowned in Marble Canyon, as were two of his men. His engineer, Robert B. Stanton, returned to the task the same year with better boats and successfully completed the descent. He relates what befell him and his men in an article in *Scribner's Magazine* for November, 1890, "Through the Grand Canyon of the Colorado," and there are other magazine articles on the subject.

It is interesting to note that the first proper maps of the United States were made of Far Western territory, and this was due to the initiative of several energetic explorers. Clarence King inaugurated a geological survey with map work in conjunction with it, the results appearing in seven volumes, *Report of the Geological Exploration of the Fortieth Parallel 1870–80.* King wrote a charming volume, too, *Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada* (1871), and later that literary gem in *The Century Magazine* (1886), "The Helmet of Mambrino," the "helmet" and the original manuscript being preserved in the library of the Century Association.

Powell's *Colorado River Exploring Expedition* developed into the *Rocky Mountain Survey*, and Dr. F. V. Hayden conducted a series of surveys in Colorado, etc., called the *Geographical and Geological Survey of the Territories.* At the same time the army put into the Western field Lieut. George M. Wheeler, who conducted *Geographical Surveys West of the 100th Meridian.* Wheeler, in 1871, ascended the Colorado

River as far as Diamond Creek. Seven volumes were produced by the Wheeler Survey, eleven by the Hayden, and a considerable number by the Powell Survey. At the same time they turned out topographic maps of excellent character, all things considered—in most cases better than any then existing of the Eastern part of the country.

In connection with the Powell Survey Captain C. E. Dutton studied the geology of certain districts and wrote several books that are almost unique in their combination of literary charm with scientific accuracy: *Physical Geology of the Grand Canyon District* (1880–81), *Tertiary History of the Grand Canyon* (1882), and *The High Plateaus of Utah* (1880).

Powell established the Bureau of Ethnology and from this issued the large number of volumes before referred to, a mine of information on the North American Indian. Many workers were in the field. One of the most picturesque of these labours was Frank H. Cushing's initiation into the Zuñi tribe described in his *Adventures in Zuñi* (1883). He wrote, too, *Zuñi Folk Tales* (1901); and, in the Bureau reports, other articles on the Zuñi.[1] A remarkable ceremonial of another Puebloan group was written down by Captain John G. Bourke in *The Snake Dance of the Moquis* [*Hopi*] *of Arizona* (1884). The Puebloans for many centuries have built villages of adobe and stone in the Southwest in canyons, in valleys, and on mesas. One of these cliff-bound plateaus, the Mesa Encantada, was the source of some controversy as to whether or not its summit was once occupied. Its walls were scaled and some evidences of the former presence of natives were found. Professor William Libbey and F. W. Hodge both have written on the subject.

While the pioneers were pouring into the West, exterminating the buffalo for hide-and-tallow profits, described by W. T. Hornaday in *The Extermination of the American Bison* (1889), and dispossessing the Plains Indians generally, the latter became restless and unruly. Under the spell of their crafty "medicine" priest, Sitting Bull, the Sioux were greatly disturbed. The army was ordered to compel their obedience and in 1876 made a determined move expected to crush the Indians. General Crook was defeated in one of the first encounters; and a few days later General Custer was annihilated with his immediate

[1] See also Book III, Chap. XXXIII.

command. The Sioux were superior in numbers and in arms. The courage of Custer was of no avail.

Custer wrote *My Life on the Plains* (1874) and a number of articles for *The Galaxy*. General W. B. Hazen, who had a quarrel with Custer, privately published *Some Corrections of "My Life on the Plains"* (1875). Frederick Whittaker wrote a *Complete Life of General George A. Custer* (1876), full of details, and the whole written in a painstaking way. A large amount of information given in an exceedingly pleasant manner is found in the books of the General's widow, Elizabeth Bacon Custer: *Boots and Saddles, or Life in Dakota with General Custer* (1885); *Tenting on the Plains, or General Custer in Kansas and Texas* (1887); *Following the Guidon* (1890). Mrs. Custer also wrote the introduction for *George Armstrong Custer* (1916) by Frederick S. Dellenbaugh. There was comparatively little trouble with the Sioux Indians after the massacre of Custer, for even they seemed to be impressed by its horror; just as the Modocs were when they destroyed the attacking troops—afterwards Scar-faced Charley said his "heart was sick of seeing so many men killed."

One of the primary causes of Indian difficulties was the rapid growth of the cattle and sheep industry on the Plains. The remarkably nutritive grasses which had fattened buffalo by the tens of thousands now fattened cattle and sheep in like numbers. As cattle and sheep will not feed on the same range, or rather cattle will not on a sheep range, there were clashes that were well-nigh battles between the sheep and the cattle men. Large tracts were bought or claimed, and fenced in—another cause of trouble. And still another was the character of the cattle herders. There were suddenly many of them in the later seventies. They lived in camps and for some reason they dropped to a lower state of degradation than any class of men, red or white, that the Far West had seen. Beside a full-fledged "cowboy" of the earlier period of their brief reign the Indian pales to a mere recalcitrant Quaker. With the further development of the country the cowboy became more civilized and later on he redeemed himself by writing poetry and books. The reason for this desirable transformation from debauchery to inspiration may be read in the lines:

When the last free trail is a prim fenced land,
And our graves grow weeds through forgetful Mays.

The country was becoming agricultural; the trails were being fenced in; the herds growing smaller for lack of vast, unpaid-for, free range; they were of necessity differently handled; and the cowboy's pistol was confronted by the sheriff's. In short, the wild cowboy was a wild cowboy no more. The quotation is from the admirable volume of poems of the West by Charles Badger Clark, Jr., *Sun and Saddle Leather* (1915), which contains "The Glory Trail" (known among the camps as "High Chin Bob") and another equally rhythmical, "The Christmas Trail," one stanza of which is:

The coyote's Winter howl cuts the dusk behind the hill,
But the ranch's shinin' window I kin see:
And though I don't deserve it, and I reckon never will,
There'll be room beside the fire kep' for me.
Skimp my plate 'cause I'm late. Let me hit the old kid gait,
For to-night I'm stumblin' tired of the new,
And I'm ridin' up the Christmas trail to you,
Old Folks,
I'm a-ridin' up the Christmas trail to you.

The man who wrote this, we may be sure, never "shot up" a Western saloon. Another volume of this delightful verse reflecting the freedom of the Western skies is *Out Where the West Begins*, by Arthur Chapman, and two more are, *Riders of the Stars* and *Songs of the Outlands*, both in ink of mountain hue, from the pen of Herbert Knibbs. These are the things we expect from men who have ridden the sagebrush plain, scampered up the painted cliffs with a horizon waving in the blue, or slept in the winter white under the whispering pines.

Besides this native poetry we have some excellent prose work in this field; *Ten Years a Cowboy* (1908) by C. C. Post; *The Log of a Cowboy* (1903) by Andy Adams, as well as *The Outlet* by the same author, the latter relating to the great cattle drives formerly undertaken from Texas to the North-west. Charles M. Russell, the "Cowboy Artist," who has preserved with his brush some of the thrilling pictures of this ephemeral and showy savagery, has expressed himself in a literary manner

in *Studies of Western Life* (1890). And it is necessary to mention in this connection the drawings of Frederick Remington, as well as Owen Wister's later classic of cowboy life, *The Virginian* (1905).

In the golden days of '49 there was a road to the Californian Eldorado by way of the Isthmus of Panama. There were no Indians that way but there was the Chagres River, until a railway was built. There is a particular literature of the Isthmus. *A Story of Life on the Isthmus* (1853) was written by Joseph Warren Fabens; and an even earlier one *The Isthmus of Panama and What I Saw There* (1839) is by Chauncey D. Griswold. Then there is *Five Years at Panama* (1889) by Wolfred Nelson, and numerous others between these dates, including an exceedingly scarce volume, *The Panama Massacre* (1857), which presents the evidence in the case of the massacre of Americans in 1856. A few years after this event Tracy Robinson appeared on the Isthmus and for forty-six years he made it his home. This veteran published his *Panama, a Personal Record of Forty-six Years, 1861–1907* only a short time before his death.

Frederick Law Olmsted was specially interested in the South and in 1856 he wrote *A Journey in the Seaboard Slave States with Remarks on Their Economy;* in 1857, *A Journey through Texas;* in 1861, *The Cotton Kingdom* (made up from the two preceding books); and in 1863, *A Journey in the Back Country.* A very scarce item is a Southerner's impressions of the North in *Sketches on a Tour Through the Northern and Eastern States, the Canadas, and Nova Scotia* (1840) by J. C. Meyers, one traveller who was not impelled towards the Golden Gate. Burroughs in the Catskills and Thoreau[1] in his favourite haunts and on his *Yankee Trip in Canada* (1866) hardly need mention, but there were some other outdoor men along the eastern part of the continent. Lucius L. Hubbard in 1884 wrote *Woods and Lakes of Maine, a Trip from Moosehead Lake to New Brunswick in a Birch Canoe;* Charles A. J. Farrar in 1886, *Down in the West Branch, or Camps and Tramps around Katahdin;* and another, *From Lake to Lake, or A Trip across the Country, A Narrative of the Wilds of Maine.*

Although J. T. Headley wrote *Letters from the Backwoods*

[1] See Book II, Chap. x.

*and the Adirondacks* in 1850, and others gave accounts of the splendid "wilderness" of Northern New York, it remained for W. H. H. Murray, a clergyman, to stir up sportsmen and travellers on this topic with his enthusiastic book on the region, *Adventures in the Wilderness, or Camp Life in the Adirondacks* (1869), which earned for him the title of "Adirondack" Murray.

American travellers and explorers extended their researches to the veritable ends of the earth, and their literary product was enormous. Africa came in for examination, too. Paul B. DuChaillu explored in West Africa in 1855–59 and reported the surprising gorilla; and in 1863–65 he reported pygmies, both bringing the reproach of prevarication against him. He was not long in being vindicated. He published *Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa* (1861), *A Journey to Ashango Land* (1867), *The Country of the Dwarfs* (1872), and *Stories of the Gorilla Country* (1868). Then he turned his attention to the north and gave us *The Land of the Midnight Sun* (1881), *The Viking Age* (1889), *The Land of the Long Night* (1899).

An American newspaper correspondent was sent to seek the lost Livingstone, and Henry M. Stanley tells his remarkable story in *How I Found Livingstone* (1872). He became the foremost African explorer, and wrote *Coomassie and Magdala* (1874), *Through the Dark Continent* (1878), *In Darkest Africa* (1890), *The Congo and the Founding of its Free State* (1885). This "free" state turned out to be anything but free and became the centre of a storm of controversy. *The Story of the Congo Free State* (1905) by H. W. Wack controverts the charges, but those who know refuse to accept it.

Another part of Africa long had received attention: Egypt. The list of American travellers and explorers in that ancient land is almost beyond recording. Here again Bayard Taylor is found with his *A Journey to Central Africa* (1854), and George W. Curtis[1] wrote *Nile Notes of a Howadji* (1851); W. C. Prime gives us *Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia* (1868); Bishop Potter, *The Gates of the East, or a Winter in Egypt* (1876).

But the most prominent American in the Egyptian region was Charles Chaillé-Long, who carried on some extensive explorations along the upper Nile. His chief literary works are: *Central Africa . . . an Account of Expeditions to Lake Victoria*

[1] See Book III, Chap. XIII.

*Nyanza, etc.* (1877), *The Three Prophets: Chinese Gordon, Mohammed Ahmed (el Maahdi), Arabi-Pasha* (1884), and *My Life in Four Continents* (1912).

Italy is not behind Egypt as regards American travel-literature. There is W. D. Howells[1] with *Italian Journeys* in 1867 and *Venetian Life* of the year before; James Jarvis Jackson with *Italian Sights and Papal Principalities Seen through American Spectacles* (1856), and Helen Hunt Jackson's *Bits of Travel* (1873).

Then there are another score or two on Spain; John Hay's *Castilian Days* (1871); Washington Irving's many contributions; Edward Everett Hale's *Seven Spanish Cities* (1899); William H. Bishop's *A House Hunter in Europe* [France, Italy, Spain] (1893); and Bayard Taylor's *The Land of the Saracens* (1855). Raphael Pumpelly went *Across America and Asia* and tells about it in the book of that title published in 1870; W. W. Rockhill made many journeys in Oriental lands. He published *Diary of a Journey through Mongolia and Tibet in 1891-1892* (1894). "Sunset" [S. S.] Cox tells of the *Diversions of a Diplomat in Turkey* (1887); Charles Dudley Warner[2] of *In the Levant* (1895); W. T. Hornaday of *Two Years in the Jungle* [India, Ceylon, etc.] (1886); and Samuel M. Zwemer of *Arabia the Cradle of Islam* (1900). The last named has also written on Arabia, which he has studied long at first hand, other important volumes, beyond the horizon of this chapter.

Many Americans travelled in Russia, too, and wrote volumes about that enigmatical country: Nathan Appleton, *Russian Life and Society as Seen in 1866–67* and *A Journey to Russia with General Banks 1869* (1904); Edna Dean Proctor, *A Russian Journey* (1873); Miss Isabel Hapgood, *Russian Rambles* (1895); C. A. Dana, *Eastern Journeys* (1898); Eugene Schuyler, *Notes of a Journey in Russian Turkestan, Etc.* (1876); and Poultney Bigelow, *Paddles and Politics down the Danube; A Canoe Voyage from the Black Forest to the Black Sea* (1892).

Charles Augustus Stoddard was another ubiquitous traveller whose works are difficult to classify in one group. His *Across Russia from the Baltic to the Danube* (1891) takes us into rather out-of-the-way paths, and then he strikes for *Spanish Cities with Glimpses of Gibraltar and Tangier* (1892), only to

[1] See Book III, Chap. XI. [2] See Book III, Chap. XIII.

jump to *Beyond the Rockies* (1894), with *A Spring Journey in California* (1895) and some *Cruising in the Caribbees* the same year.

Albert Payson Terhune shows us *Syria from the Saddle* (1896) with his customary virility; John Bell Bouton takes us *Round-about to Moscow* (1887), where we instinctively think of George Kennan and his *The Siberian Exile System* (1891) and follow him into *Tent Life in Siberia* through two editions, 1871 and 1910. From there we run back *On Canada's Frontier* (1892) with Julian Ralph, and then *Down Historic Waterways* (1888) with Reuben Gold Thwaites, who also leads us *On the Storied Ohio* (1897), after which he holds up the mirror to previous travellers in thirty-two volumes of *Early Western Travels* (1904–06). If we are interested in botany, there is Bradford Torrey, who contributed to *Reports* on Western exploration, and wrote independently *A Florida Sketch Book* (1894), *Spring Notes from Tennessee* (1895), and *Footing it in Franconia* (1901).

The war with Spain landed the United States in the Philippines, clear across the wide western ocean, thus at last forging the final link in the chain stretching westward from Europe to Cathay, and proving ultimately Senator Benton's prophecy as he pointed towards the sunset and said: "There lies the road to India."

The various islands of the Philippine group were occupied by different tribes in varying stages of progress, and it became the problem of the new governing power to give each protection from the other and an opportunity to develop. In carrying out this broad policy not only were schools established and towns remodelled, but battles were fought with such tribes as were recalcitrant and unruly like the wild Moros.

The literature which has grown out of all this effort is large and of vast importance civically, ethnologically, and politically, for it is the history of harmonizing antagonistic primitive groups, guiding them into proper channels of progress, and fitting them for eventual self government, a task never before set for itself by any conqueror; and a task which has led to impatience and misunderstanding not only among the warring tribes but among people at home who were ignorant of the situation. Arthur Judson Brown describes *The New Era in the Philippines* (1903); James H. Blount asks (in *The North American Review*, 1907)

"Philippine Independence, When?"; William H. Taft in *The Outlook* (1902) gives a statement on "Civil Government in the Philippines"; William B. Freer writes *The Philippine Experiences of an American Teacher, A Narrative of Work and Travel in the Philippine Islands* (1906); and Dean C. Worcester, to whom more than to any other individual belongs the credit for a remarkable achievement by the United States in this far-off region, wrote *The Philippine Islands and their People, A Record of Personal Observation and Experience* (1898). A most interesting and instructive "inside" account is Albert Sonnichsen's *Ten Months a Captive among Filipinos* (1901). Sonnichsen was not treated badly by Filipinos, and he was fortunate in not falling into the clutches of some of the less developed tribes.

An ethnological survey was begun and has been carried forward by the bureau having this science in charge. An example of results is the admirable study by Albert Ernest Jenks of *The Bontoc Igorot* (1905), a volume of 266 pages printed at Manila. These Bontoc Igorots occupy a district near the centre of the northern part of the island of Luzon, and are typical primitive Malayan stock, intelligent and amenable. "I recall," says Mr. Jenks, "with great pleasure the months spent in Bontoc pueblo, and I have a most sincere interest in and respect for the Bontoc Igorot."

Besides the outlying possession of the Philippines, the United States became owner by purchase in 1867 of Russian America, afterwards named Alaska. Seward was ridiculed for making such a purchase in the "frozen" north, and it was long derided as Seward's "Ice-box." The vast number of publications favourably describing this region belie this term, and it is now well understood that Seward secured a treasure house for a pittance.

Seward's "Address on Alaska at Sitka, August 12, 1869," in *Old South Leaflets*, Vol. 6, No. 133 (1904) is interesting in this connection. There are a great number of reports, and narratives like those of the veteran William H. Dall; Captain W. R. Abercrombie's *Alaska, 1899, Copper River Exploring Expedition* (1900); Henry T. Allen's *Report of an Expedition to the Copper, Tanana, and Koyukuk Rivers in the Territory of Alaska in the Year 1885* (1887); M. M. Ballou's *The New Eldorado, a Summer*

*Tour in Alaska* (1889); Reports by A. H. Brooks; Miss Scidmore's *Alaska* (1885), etc.

In 1899 a private expedition was organized which cruised in a chartered ship along the Alaskan coast and across Bering Sea to Siberia. A large party of scientific men were guests of the projector, Edward Henry Harriman, and there were also several artists. The results were published in a series of volumes now issued by the Smithsonian Institution. The first two are narrative, with chapters by John Burroughs, John Muir, G. K. Gilbert, and others, and reproductions of paintings by R. Swain Gifford, Louis A. Fuertes, and Frederick S. Dellenbaugh. Burroughs in addition wrote a volume entitled *Far and Near* (1904), and there were magazine articles and other books. The same year as the Harriman Expedition, Angelo Heilprin published *Alaska and the Klondike, A Journey to the New Eldorado*. Gold had been found not only in the Klondike but at Nome, in the sands of the beach, where a few square feet yielded a fortune, and in other parts.

On the bleaker eastern arctic shores of North America no gold had been found to lead armies of fortune-seekers through incredible hardships, but men will suffer as much, or more, for an idea, and there was the idea of Polar exploration with the *ignis fatuus* of the Pole ever beckoning. A library of many shelves would not hold all the books relating to this fateful quest. Americans joined the English early in this field, inspired by a desire to discover the actual fate of Franklin. In 1850 Elisha Kent Kane accompanied a party equipped by Grinnell with two ships under Lieutenant De Haven. They reached Smith Sound as described in *The United States Grinnell Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin* (1854). Kane went north again in 1853 and reached 78° 41′. This expedition is recorded in his *Arctic Explorations: The Second Grinnell Expedition* (1856).

Dr. I. I. Hayes followed this up by taking advantage of experience acquired with Kane and in going to the ice regions in 1860. He wrote *The Open Polar Sea* (1867), *An Arctic Boat Journey* (1860), *The Land of Desolation* (1881); and the Smithsonian printed his "Physical Observations in the Arctic Seas" (Volume 15).

One of the most devoted and interesting of all Arctic explor-

ers was Charles Francis Hall. His heart was so thoroughly in the work, at first a search for Franklin, that he made three fruitful expeditions and would have continued had he not mysteriously died in full health on the last journey. The first expedition was on an ordinary whaling ship to the Eskimos, with whom he lived for two years in 1860–62. On the second trip he again lived with Eskimos in 1864–69, and on the third voyage in 1871 in the *Polaris* he got to 82° 11′, at the Polar ocean via Smith Sound. His *Narrative of the* [*Third or Polaris*] *North Polar Expedition* (1876) was edited by C. H. Davis: the *Narrative of the Second Arctic Expedition to Repulse Bay* (1879) was edited by Prof. J. E. Nourse. That of Hall's first journey was published in 1864, the year in which he started on his second, with the title *Arctic Researches and Life among the Eskimaux*. He was the first, or one of the first, to note that the Eskimos knew the geography of their environment and could make maps of it. Some reproductions of such maps occur in Hall's volumes. E. V. Blake's *Arctic Experiences* (1874) contains an account of Captain George E. Tyson's drift on the ice-floe, a history of the *Polaris* expedition, and the rescue of the *Polaris* survivors.

The next American to push north with the great idea was Lieutenant De Long under the auspices of the New York *Herald*. A vessel named the *Jeanette*, supplied with provisions for three years, sailed in July, 1879, from San Francisco, entering the Polar Sea through Bering Strait. The *Jeanette* was sunk by ice in June, 1881. The crew got to Herald Island and thence steered for the mouth of the Lena River in three boats, of which one was lost; and the crew of another, including De Long, starved and froze to death on land, while George W. Melville and nine more reached a small native village. After a fruitless search for the others he came home, to return again to the search. He wrote *In the Lena Delta, A Narrative of the Search for Lieutenant Commander De Long, and his Companions* (1885). Another volume is, *The Narrative of the Jeanette Arctic Expedition as Related by the Survivors, etc. Revised by Raymond Lee Newcomb* (1882). The naval officer in command of the search party (1882–84), Giles Bates Harber, found De Long's body and nine other remains, and brought them home for burial. He wrote a *Report of Lieut. G. B. Harber of his Search for Missing People of the Jeanette Expedition* (1884). William

H. Gilder wrote *Ice Pack and Tundra* (1883) on the same subject.

A Polar expedition which accomplished its important work and yet met with disaster was that of Greely, which co-operated with eight other international stations meteorologically. His disaster was due to inefficiency in the efforts of those at home to get the annual supplies through. One of Greely's assistants, Lieutenant Lockwood, reached the highest latitude up to that time: 83° 24′. Lockwood's journal of his trip farthest north is given in vol. I of the *Report* mentioned below and also is described in *The White World* (1902) by David L. Brainard, now General Brainard, who accompanied Lockwood, under the title "Farthest North with Greely," an excellent account of this memorable effort. Charles Lanman in *Farthest North* (1885) tells the life story of Lieutenant Lockwood, who died later at winter quarters of starvation. This was the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition, but it is seldom referred to except as the Greely Expedition. A full account is given in *Report on the Proceedings of the United States Expedition to Lady Franklin Bay, Grinnell Land*, by A. W. Greely (1888); and Greely also wrote *Three Years of Arctic Service* (1886). Winfield S. Schley, afterwards Admiral Schley, commanded the second relief expedition, and it was his energy and determination which put his ships at Cape Sabine just in time to save the survivors, who had to be carried on board. Schley made a report published in House Documents of the 49th Congress and wrote, with J. R. Soley, *The Rescue of Greely* (1885).

Evelyn B. Baldwin led the first Ziegler expedition and tells the story in *The Search for the North Pole* (1896), and Anthony Fiala headed the second Ziegler expedition, recorded in his *Fighting the Polar Ice* (1906).

Not only was the outer approach towards the Pole hazardous and difficult, but the mathematical point lay in the midst of a wide frozen ocean with hundreds of miles of barrier ice constantly on the move and frequently splitting into broad "leads" of open water, interposing forbidding obstacles to progress or to return. One American had set his heart on reaching this "inaccessible spot," and after twenty-three years of amazing perseverance, Robert Edwin Peary succeeded, 6 April, 1909, in placing the flag of the United States at the

point where all meridians meet under the North Star. Peary deserved every honour his countrymen could give him, but, alas, at the moment of triumph the voice of an impostor dimmed the glory.

The North Pole was won by the adoption of Eskimo clothing, snow houses, and a relay dog-sledge system. Peary's account of his long continued efforts to attain this object of centuries is found in numerous reports, lectures, and articles, but his chief literary production is the several volumes: *Northward over the Great Ice* (1898), *Snowland Folk* (1904), *Nearest the Pole* (1907), and *The North Pole* (1910), the last the story of the final success. Besides the conquest of the Pole, Peary determined the insularity of Greenland and added much other information to the Polar records. *My Arctic Journal* (1893) by Mrs. Josephine Debitsch Peary is interesting and valuable in North Pole literature.

In travel and exploration in the period which we have thus briefly reviewed, there are many notable and thrilling events, but there is nothing that exhibits the striving after an ideal regardless of pecuniary profit or physical comfort better than the determination of Peary to reach the frozen centre of the Northern Hemisphere. He has a competent successor in Vilhjálmur Stefánsson, another American whose whole heart is in Arctic exploration, and whose bold and original method of relying on his rifle for food, even on the wide ice of the Polar ocean, has been rewarded by an astonishing success, a success which has revealed, or at least emphasized, the facts that everywhere in the farthest North there exists a large amount of game.

Stefánsson and his literary output do not properly belong to this chapter, but in closing it may be permissible to refer to him and his volume, *My Life with the Eskimo* (1913), since he has accomplished much that must be considered in connection with all earlier Arctic exploration.

CHAPTER XV

# Later Historians

"IT it evident," said an intelligent librarian in 1876, "that diligent workers in preserving the history of the nation have been numerous and that whatever neglect there has been in the pursuit of science or literature, we cannot be said to have equally neglected our own history."[1] This opinion, when uttered, was supported by facts. It could not be held today, partly because science and literature have made great progress in recent years, and partly because the writing of history has recently undergone a singular development. Although the United States contains at present several times as many educated people as in 1876, there exists among them no historian who has the recognition enjoyed fifty years ago by Bancroft, Parkman, and some others. To explain this change is not the purpose here. It is sufficient to observe the progress of the change, leaving the reader to make his own deductions in regard to its causes.

When the period began, history writing was proceeding on the old lines. Books were written about men and events with an idea of pleasing the reader, stimulating his admiration for his country or for exceptional men, or satisfying a commendable desire for information. Such histories had to be well written and had an advantage if they contained what our grandfathers called "elevated sentiment." They always had a point of view, and generally made the reader like or dislike one side or the other of some controversy. These books were naturally in constant demand among a people who were still in the habit of viewing everything in a matter-of-fact way, and to whom but

[1] Henry A. Homes, *Public Libraries in the United States*, U. S. Bureau of Education, 1876, pp. 312–325.

one political party was right and but one kind of man was great.

The change that came into these ideas amounts to a revolution. The scientific trend of the mid-century period reached history and transformed it. Detachment of the author from his feelings, accuracy of statement, dependence on original sources, study of institutions, and increasing attention to social and economic phenomena became the chief characteristics of a new school of historians. Under such conditions history became didactic, informational, and philosophical; and at the same time it became less unified and vivid. This change came at a time when the general tendency in literature was toward the clever and amusing. In the view of the serious-minded man, history today is better written than ever before, but it does not maintain the place it held in 1876 in the esteem of the average reader of intelligence. This chapter deals with the transition from the old to the new school.

*Three Underlying Movements.* Accompanying the development of the new school are three movements which are not to be ignored by one who wishes to understand the subject as a whole: the wide growth of historical societies, the creation and publication of historical "collections" and other documents, and the transformation of historical instruction in the colleges and universities.

The beginning of the first goes back to 1791, when the Massachusetts Historical Society was founded through the efforts of Jeremy Belknap.[1] Other societies followed, among them the New York Historical Society in 1804, the American Antiquarian Society in 1812, the Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, and Maine Historical Societies in 1822, the New Hampshire Historical Society in 1823, the Georgia Historical Society in 1839, the Maryland Historical Society in 1844, the New Jersey Historical Society in 1845, the Virginia Historical Society in 1851, and the Delaware Historical Society in 1864. Through Belknap's efforts the Massachusetts society had a vigorous life from the beginning, collecting and publishing valuable material steadily. None of the other societies mentioned did so well. Most of them were the offsprings of local pride and lived thin and shallow lives until we come to the period treated in this

[1] See Book II, Chap. XVII.

chapter. For example, the New York society, in the richest city in the Union, kept up a battle for existence for forty years and was saved from bankruptcy only by aid from the State treasury. In sixty-four years it published eight small volumes of Collections, besides a number of "discourses" in pamphlet form. In the late forties it took on new life, obtained money for a building of its own, and in 1857 began to raise the publication fund which resulted in a series of annual Collections from 1868 to the present.

It is difficult to determine the origin of this renewed activity which appeared in other societies than the New York Historical Society. It was largely affected by Sparks's, Bancroft's, and Force's activities in the fourth decade of the century,[1] efforts so widely discussed that they must have stimulated new efforts everywhere. The return of John Romeyn Brodhead from Europe in 1844 with his excellent collection of transcripts on New York history and their publication by the State were another strong impulse to progress, and others can probably be discovered in the general development of the intellectual conditions of the day. It is clear that with the end of the Civil War the historical societies of the Atlantic States had passed out of their dubious phase of existence and had begun to exercise the important influence they have lately had in support of history.

Beyond the Alleghanies we find trace of the same awakening. State historical societies were established in Ohio in 1831, in Wisconsin and Minnesota in 1849, in Iowa in 1857, in Kansas in 1875, in Nebraska in 1878, and in Illinois and Missouri in 1899. Besides these state societies were several important privately projected societies: as the Chicago Historical Society, founded in 1855, and the Missouri Historical Society established in 1886. Within the latter part of the period under discussion the creation of societies has proceeded rapidly throughout the country.

Among the men who made this growth possible no one stands higher than Lyman Copeland Draper (1815–91), whose persistent efforts made the Wisconsin society pre-eminent among State historical societies. Fired by the example of Force and Sparks in Revolutionary history, he made his field

[1] See Book II, Chap. XVII.

the Revolutionary struggle on the Western border, extending it later to the entire Western region. He travelled widely in the West, visiting the explorers who still lived, ransacking old garrets, winning the confidence of important men, and collecting finally a vast treasure of material out of which he hoped to write a detailed history of the frontier. In 1853 he became corresponding secretary and chief executive officer of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. His efforts were constantly and wisely directed towards increasing its collections, enlarging the scope of its publications, and inducing the State to appropriate the funds necessary for development. He is rightly called the father of the Society. To it he bequeathed his large collection of historical material, itself a worthy nucleus of any society's possessions. His work was continued after his death by Reuben Gold Thwaites (1853–1913), who was an active writer of history as well as an eminent librarian. His service to Western history has not been surpassed.

To crown the series of events attending the creation of historical societies came the organization of the American Historical Association in 1884. Herbert Baxter Adams, of the Johns Hopkins University, was the most active person in bringing together the distinguished group of scholars who launched the enterprise and got it incorporated by the national government in 1889. In 1895 *The American Historical Review* was established in connection with the work of the Association. Taken together these two expressions of historical effort have bound up the interests of scattered American scholars, intensified their purpose, clarified their understanding, and enabled them to lay better foundations for a national school of history than we could have expected to evolve under the old individualistic method of procedure. They have had, also, an important influence on the writing of history, although it is probable that their best work is in the nature of a foundation for a greater structure to be erected in the future.

The origin of the great collections of historical documents in the United States goes back to similar enterprises in Europe. In France the series known as the *Acta Sanctorum* had been projected in the seventeenth century, but the movement had its fruition after the end of the Napoleonic wars, when several national series were authorized at public expense.

Among them the most conspicuous were the *Rolls Series* in Great Britain, projected in 1823, the *Monumenta Germanica* in Germany, launched in 1823, and the *Documents Inèdits* in France, begun in 1835. The desire to do something similar for the United States led Peter Force to attempt his *American Archives*, which was authorized by an act of Congress passed 2 March, 1833. It was published at a large profit to the compilers and smacked so much of jobbery that great dissatisfaction was created in Congress and among the executive officers. The result was that it was discontinued by Secretary of State Marcy in 1855 when only nine volumes had been published. Force's materials were badly arranged and his editorial notes were nearly nil, but his ideal was good. Had it been carried out with a fairer regard for economy it might have escaped the rock on which it foundered. As it was, it served to call attention to a field in which much needed to be done, and it is probable that the collections of documents undertaken about that time in the states owed their inception in a considerable measure to his widely heralded scheme.

Of these efforts the most noticeable was Brodhead's transcripts, already mentioned in this chapter. In 1849 the legislature of New York ordered that they should be published at the expense of the state. They appeared in due time in ten quarto volumes, with an index in an eleventh volume, and with the title *New York Colonial Documents*. With some supplementary volumes they form a clear and sufficient and permanent foundation for New York colonial history.

In Pennsylvania a similar movement occurred at nearly the same time. It began in 1837 when the legislature, acting on the suggestion of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, authorized the publication of the series eventually known as *The Colonial Records of Pennsylvania*. Failure of funds in the panic days that followed caused the suspension of the series when only three volumes had been published, but it was resumed in 1851 on an enlarged basis. The *Colonial Records* were continued through sixteen volumes, and another series, *The Pennsylvania Archives*, was authorized. The former contains the minutes of the provincial council, and the latter is devoted to other documents of historical importance on the colonial period. These

works were edited with much care by Samuel Hazard, son of that Ebenezer Hazard[1] who as a friend and mentor of Jeremy Belknap had made himself one of the first collectors and publishers of historical documents in this country. Many other states have followed the examples of New York and Pennsylvania. North Carolina, however, deserves special mention. Through the efforts of her Secretary of State, William L. Saunders, ten large volumes of her *Colonial Records*, followed by sixteen volumes of *State Records*, were published by the State between the years 1886 and 1905. They deal with great completeness with the history of North Carolina from the earliest days to the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, and they place the state in the lead among Southern states in this essential phase of historical development.

The part taken by colleges and universities in promoting historical literature is equally important with the services of the historical societies and the projectors of great collections of documents. The process by which instruction shifted from the old haphazard method into the modern mode of instruction which regards history as an exhibition of the life process of organized society, falls almost entirely within our present period of discussion. The transition was made gradually. It means that the older subjects, with the strictly text-book methods, have for the most part been relegated to the preparatory schools and the lower college classes, while lectures by specialists have become the means of instructing and inspiring the upper classmen among the undergraduates, and special research in seminaries has been employed to make historical scholars out of graduate students.

The origin of the movement was in Germany, from whose universities many enthusiastic American students returned to infuse new life into institutions in their native land or to give direction to the instruction in newly established seats of learning. In the former the change came gradually, as in Harvard, which established the first distinct chair of history when Jared Sparks was made McLean Professor in 1839. It is not believed that the "occasional examinations and lectures" he was required to give greatly advanced historical instruction in the college. Distinct progress, however, was made under his suc-

[1] See Book II, Chap. XVII.

cessors, and the new life that came to the institution in the time of President Eliot completed the transformation in history as in other branches of instruction. Similar courses of development occurred in other universities.

Before this process was completed at Harvard or at any other Eastern university it was well established under the influence of Andrew D. White (1832-1918) at the University of Michigan and Cornell University. Returning from Europe he became professor of history in the former institution in 1857 and captivated the students by his brilliant lectures. In his classes was Charles Kendall Adams (1835-1902), who so impressed the master that he was made professor of history in Michigan when White became president of Cornell in 1867. Adams became president of the University of Wisconsin in 1891. Thus it happened that the influence of Andrew D. White in promoting modern historical instruction was brought to bear on three of the leading universities of the country, and that three strong departments of history sprang into existence.

At Columbia University the zeal and wisdom of Professor John W. Burgess brought into existence a department of political science in which history had an important place, with results that have been far reaching. He gathered around him an able group of assistants and set standards which have had much influence in a university which, as the event showed, was about to take a large place in our educational life. At Johns Hopkins the same kind of work was done by Herbert B. Adams (1850-1901), whose name will ever have place in the story of historical development in this country. He was born at Shutesbury, Massachusetts, graduated at Amherst in 1872, was awarded the doctorate at Heidelberg in 1876, and was appointed a fellow at the Johns Hopkins University in the same year. The illustrious position of that university offered a stage for the development of his talents. Among the mature and capable students who gathered around him he became an enthusiastic leader. No man knew better how to stimulate a young man to attempt authorship. In establishing *The Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science* he opened a new door of publication to American students. He took personal interest in his students after they left the university and sought to save them from the dry rot that menaces the young doctor when he

first realizes academic success. It was in this work for historical study and in the organization of the American Historical Association that Adams's best service was done. He wrote many monographs on subjects of occasional importance. His one large book, *The Life and Writings of Jared Sparks* (2 vols., 1893), was received with disfavour by a public whom Adams and men like him had already taught to condemn Sparks's uncritical methods. Other directors of historical research have been keener critics of their students and have given them a larger portion of the divine doubts that makes the historian proof against credulity; but no other has sent them forth with a stronger desire to become historians.

One of the effects of the development of graduate instruction is that teachers of history write most of the history now being written in the United States. The historian who is merely a historian is rarely encountered. Whether the result be good or bad is not a part of this discussion; but the process promotes the separation of the writer from his readers, which may or may not be fortunate. The professor-historian, having his subsistence in his college salary, may defy the bad taste of his public and write history in accordance with the best canons of the schools: he may come to despise the just demand that history be so written that it may maintain its place in the literature that appeals to serious and intelligent people who are not specialists.

*Minor Historians of the Old School.* When the writing of history began to undergo the change that has been described, a number of men were doing creditable work in the old way. Although they worked in limited fields, they produced books which are still respected by persons interested in those fields, and their names are essentially connected with the history of our historians. A "minor" historian is not necessarily an unimportant historian.

One of the striking things in this connection is the rise of New York as a centre for such historians. While Boston gloried in the possession of Sparks, Palfrey, Hildreth, Prescott, Motley, and Parkman, New York produced a group of smaller men who made the vocation of historian both pleasant and respectable in the metropolis of wealth. Among them was Dr. John Wake-

field Francis (1789–1861), genial friend of letters and literary men and last of a series of literary doctors which included Cadwallader Colden,[1] David Hosack, Hugh Williamson, and Samuel L. Mitchill,[2] not to mention Benjamin Rush and David Ramsay[3], who lived elsewhere. Francis's *Old New York* (1858) is a charming description of the city under a generation then vanishing. Others of the group were: Henry Onderdonck, Jr. (1804–86), who wrote *Annals of Hempstead* (1878), *Queens County in Olden Times* (1865), and other books on Long Island history; Gabriel Furman (1800–53), who left a most accurate book in his *Notes . . . Relating to the Town of Brooklyn* (1824); Rev. Francis Lister Hawks (1789–1866), best remembered for his *History of North Carolina* (1857–58) and his documents relating to the Anglican Church in the colonies; and Henry Barton Dawson (1821–1889), a turbulent spirit who served history best as editor of *The Historical Magazine.* John Romeyn Brodhead (1814-73), whose transcripts have been mentioned, wrote an excellent *History of New York, 1609–1691* (1853–71). He was one of the best esteemed members of the New York group.

Two Catholic historians added much to its efficiency: Edward Bailey O'Callaghan (1797–1873) and John Dawson Gilmary Shea (1824–92). The first was an educated Irishman, an agitator in the Canadian rebellion of 1837 who fled for safety to Albany when the uprising collapsed, and a historian of good ability. His *History of New Netherland* (1846–48) and the *Documentary History of New York* (1849–51) introduced him to the reading public. He became connected with the office of Secretary of State in Albany, edited the ten volumes of Brodhead's transcripts, and brought out many other documents and reprints, always working hard and conscientiously. Shea, who was educated to be a Jesuit priest but withdrew from his novitiate before taking final vows, was most interested in church history. His largest work was a *History of the Catholic Church in the United States* (1886-92), in four volumes; but he is best known in secular history for his studies in the French history of North America. His Cramoisy edition of the *Jesuit Relations* (1857–66) and his editions of Charlevoix's *History of New France* (1866–72),

[1] See Book I, Chap. II.
[2] See Book II, Chap. II.
[3] See Book II, Chap. XVII.

Hennepin's *Description of Louisiana* (1880), and other similar original works were valuable additions to the assets of historians in this particular field. By calling attention to the French origins of our trans-Alleghany region O'Callaghan and Shea gave balance to a period of our history which had previously been too much accented on the English side, and opened the way for the fuller and more appreciated volumes of Francis Parkman.

Two college professors belong in this group of historians, one a teacher of chemistry the other a teacher of Greek but both best remembered as historians. Henry Martyn Baird (1832–1906) took for his theme the history of the Huguenots, which he presented in the following instalments: *History of the Rise of the Huguenots* (2 vols., 1879), *The Huguenots and Henry of Navarre* (2 vols., 1886), and *The Huguenots and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes* (2 vols., 1895). Besides these books he wrote a short life of *Theodore Beza* (1899). His work was done carefully and in great detail. It was well written, but it always took the side of the Huguenots, and it is to be classed with the history of the old school, of which it was a notable and successful specimen.

John William Draper (1811–82) had won an assured position as a scientist before he turned to history. Like Professor Baird he was a member of the faculty of New York University. At the middle of the century the idea that history is an exact science, an idea that grew out of the teachings of Auguste Comte, had been widely advocated by scientific men. Two men, Buckle in London and Draper in New York, working independently of each other, undertook to give the idea its application. Buckle published the first volume of his *History of Civilization in England* in 1857, and the second in 1861; further efforts ceased with his death in 1862. Draper published his book, *The History of the Intellectual Development of Europe*, in 1862. We are assured that it was practically complete before the first volume of Buckle appeared and that it remained in the author's hands in manuscript during the interval.

In our day the world has not a great interest in history as an exact science; but in 1862 the work of Comte, Buckle, Darwin, and Spencer had prepared it for another attitude. Draper reaped the harvest thus made ready, and his book quickly

passed through several editions, in the United States and Europe. Its thesis was that history results from the action on human activity of climate, soil, natural resources, and other physical surroundings. Having stated it in principle, he took up the history of nation after nation, showing to his own satisfaction that his theory operated successfully in each. He had little history to begin with and his statements, taken from uncritical secondary works, were full of errors. The same failing appears even more plainly in his *History of the American Civil War* (3 vols., 1867). His popularity was largely promoted by his clear and vivid style and by the frankness with which he repudiated what Comte called theological and metaphysical states of knowledge, demanding that all truth should be studied scientifically. Since most of his criticisms were aimed at the Roman church he did not arouse the ire of the Protestants. His *History of the Conflict between Religion and Science* (1874), his last work, found place in the same series in which appeared Bagehot's *Physics and Politics*, Spencer's *Sociology*, and Tyndall's *Forms of Water*. It was one of the most widely demanded of the group.

Draper's history of the Civil War brings him into relation with a group of patriotic writers who attempted to record the history of that struggle. The books that first appeared, as William Swinton's *Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac* (1866) and Horace Greeley's *American Conflict* (2 vols., 1864–66), were tinged with prejudice, however much the authors strove to keep it down. After ten years or more had passed a calmer attitude existed, and we encounter a number of books in which is discerned a serious striving to attain impartiality. In this stage the first notable effort was the series published by the Scribners known as *Campaigns of the Civil War* (13 vols., 1881–90), in which prominent military men co-operated. It was followed by a similar series called *The Navy in the Civil War* (3 vols., 1885). Another co-operative work, much read at the time and still valuable, was *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War* (4 vols., 1887–89), a collection of short papers written by participants in the war, and presenting the views on both sides of the struggle. Robert Underwood Johnson and Clarence Clough Buel were the editors whose good judgment and industry made the series a striking success. The same spirit of im-

partiality was observed in *The Story of the Civil War* by John Codman Ropes (1836–99), which came to an end after two volumes had been published (1894 and 1898). To many people Ropes's volumes seemed to promise the best military history of the war we were likely to have.

A large number of books of personal experience appeared from the hands of men who had taken a prominent part in the war, and some of them have merit as literature. The most notable in content and style was Ulysses Simpson Grant's *Personal Memoirs* (2 vols., 1885, 1886). It was written in simple and direct language and dealt with things in which the humblest citizens could feel interest. Other important books of similar nature were: William Tecumseh Sherman's *Memoirs* (2 vols., 1875); Philip Henry Sheridan's *Personal Memoirs* (2 vols., 1888); George Brinton McClellan's *My Own Story* (1887); and Charles Anderson Dana's *Recollections of the Civil War* (1898).

Apart from all other works on the Civil War is that which appeared with the title *Abraham Lincoln, a History* (10 vols., 1890), by John George Nicolay and John Hay, both of whom had been private secretaries of the war president. In completeness of treatment, clearness of statement, and fair discussion of the men and problems that Lincoln encountered, it is one of the best historical works of the generation in which it was written. Of the joint authors Nicolay (1832–1901) was an historian of unusual breadth of view and industry while Hay[1] (1838–1905) was noted for his clear and natural style.

The Southern histories of the war pass through the two stages just described in the Northern histories. Immediately after the conflict ended there were published such books as Edward Albert Pollard's *The Lost Cause* (1866) and Alexander Hamilton Stephens's *Constitutional View of the Late War between the States* (2 vols., 1868–70), both warmly Southern. So much belated that it might have been less apologetic was Jefferson Davis's *Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government* (2 vols., 1881). It was, however, what might have been expected under the circumstances, an official statement of the Southern side of the question. No fair and ample Southern history of the war has been published.

[1] See also Book III, Chaps. x and xi.

"*The Great Subject.*" Reverence for worthy deeds or men characterized the histories written by the men mentioned in the preceding section. To them succeeded a group who were carried away by what John Carter Brown called "the great subject," that is, the age of discovery and exploration. Columbus and the men and things of his age were their chief interest. Some of them were collectors of rare books in this field, others were historians merely, and still others were both collectors and writers. The efforts of all were closely interrelated. The significance of the group is that here was the first theme on which the American historians made an exhaustive search into the original sources of information and wrote out their conclusions with acute reasoning regardless of preconceived opinions. It was a transition phase from the old to the new school.

Book collectors who were historians existed in England and the United States long before the period now under discussion. Among them were Peter Force, George Bancroft, Jared Sparks, William H. Prescott, and most other writers of history. Public libraries were undeveloped, and it was difficult for a man to write history who was not able to buy a large portion of the books he used in collecting information. By 1840 the library of Harvard University was recognized as one of the important buyers when a rich collection came into the markets, but it was only with the advent of the Astor Library in 1854 and the donation of James Lenox's rich collection to the public in 1870 that New York had public libraries in which a student of history could find what he needed. The Boston Public Library, incorporated in 1848, the Athenæum, a private foundation, and the Harvard College library gave the same kind of support to the historians of Boston.

Meanwhile a group of wealthy men had taken up the occupation of collector, most of them dealing in early Americana. John Carter Brown, of Providence, led off in the movement, and found worthy seconds in James Lenox and Samuel L. M. Barlow of New York, George Brinsley of Hartford, and Colonel Thomas Aspinwall, who was long the American consul in London. The collections of the first two became permanent and were converted into libraries open to the public. The collections of the others were placed on the market and passed for the most part, after various vicissitudes, into the public libraries.

It was the persistent idea of most of these collectors to gather every item possible on Columbus and his associates. The process naturally stimulated interest in history writing.

The best outgrowth of this movement was Henry Harrisse (1823–1910). He was born in Paris, removed to the United States when still a boy, graduated from the University of South Carolina, taught in the University of North Carolina, and at length became a lawyer with a small practice in New York City. Here he came into contact with Samuel L. M. Barlow, who proved his fast friend and mentor. Thus inspired he decided to write a history of the rise, decline, and fall of the Spanish empire in America. His first step was to undertake to make a bibliography of the Columbian period, using Barlow's library as a basis and examining further the other collections in the city. The results he embodied in his *Notes on Columbus* (1866), in which not only titles were given but much additional information in regard to editions and contents. Favourable criticisms came from collectors and he decided to make a bibliography of Americana for the years 1492 to 1551. Thus was prepared his *Bibliotheca Americana Vetustissima*, which appeared in 1866. The few interested in the subject were loud in their praise, but the general public were so indifferent that the publisher threw a large part of the edition on the market at a sacrifice. Harrisse was so indignant that he set out for France, unwilling to reside in a country in which his researches were so slightly esteemed.

In Paris he received a warm welcome. Ernest Desjardins brought him to the notice of the Société de Géographie in flattering terms, declaring him the author of "the first work of solid erudition which American science has produced." He assumed a prominent place at once among French savants. Continuing his profession of lawyer he was retained to give advice to the American government in regard to legal matters connected with the construction of the Panama Canal. The remuneration was so satisfactory that he was able, by good management, to lay the foundation of a fortune amounting at his death to a million francs. Freed from financial anxieties he could give himself to a career of scholarly labour.

Thirty volumes and a large number of pamphlets remain to attest the persistence of his efforts. He entered the hitherto uncharted region of the discoverers, explored it with the great-

est attention to details, debated every disputed point with great ability, and revealed to the world not only its metes and bounds but its most salient interior features. Not all of his conclusions have been accepted by his successors, but no man has opposed him without acknowledging that Harrisse made possible the investigations of his critics. Of his *Discovery of North America* (1892), a comprehensive view of the whole field of his labour made when he had advanced far in his own development, Professor Edward Gaylord Bourne said that it was "the greatest contribution to the history of American geography since Humboldt's *Examen*."

Harrisse gave a large portion of his thought to three great figures in the period of discovery, Columbus, Cabot, and Vespuccius, planning an exhaustive book on each. On the first he produced his *Jean et Sebastien Cabot* (1882), besides several smaller pieces; and on the second he wrote his *Christophe Colombe* (2 vols., 1884–85). On the third he collected a great mass of material, discussing some of the points in monographs, but death intervened before a final and exhaustive work was actually written. Like a true explorer he was ever seeking new knowledge, correcting in one voyage errors made in another. He did not hesitate to alter his views when newly discovered facts demanded it. He was strong in defending his opinions and did not escape controversies with those who opposed them. But he was a true scholar and no love of ease or honour tempted him away from the joyful toil of his studies. Although he spent the best part of his life in Paris, he considered himself an American to the end. He bequeathed his annotated set of his own writings together with the most valuable of his manuscripts and maps to the Library of Congress.

Harrisse's achievements tend to dwarf the work of two New York historians who took a high stand in the circle out of which he got his first impulses to historical scholarship. James Carson Brevoort (1818–87) was a business man who gave his leisure to history. His *Verrazano, the Navigator* (1874) was an important book on that phase of our early history. Henry Cruse Murphy (1810–82), a lawyer and Democratic leader of high character, found himself stranded when the Civil War swept his party into a hopeless minority. Unwilling to twist himself into a Republican he retired from politics and devoted

himself to history and the care of the large library he had collected. One of his books, *The Voyage of Verrazano* (1875), taking the opposite side from Brevoort's, was received as the best on its side of the controversy.

These men represent the early manifestations of "the great subject." Two others, Justin Winsor (1831–97) and Edward Gaylord Bourne (1860–1908), stand at the point of its fruition. Alike in scholarship and deep interest in the earliest phase of our history, they were widely apart in their use of language to express their ideas. Winsor wrote a tedious page, filled with details; Bourne wrote in a simple and well digested style which did not lack in clearness and charm of expression.

Winsor was of a prosperous Boston mercantile family and began life with every opportunity that a Boston boy could desire. He withdrew from Harvard because he disliked the routine of the college classes but read widely in the best literature. Determined to become a literary man he gave himself to poetry and the drama until he realized that he was not likely to succeed in creative literature. During this period of his life he wrote much for the Boston periodicals and projected a definitive life of David Garrick which was never completed. In 1868 he became librarian of the Boston Public Library and served with such success that he was called to the same position at Harvard in 1877, where he remained the rest of his life.

It was about this time that he assumed editorial direction of a co-operative history of Boston, for which the leading men of the city had been selected to write special chapters. The work was published in four volumes as *The Memorial History of Boston* (1880–82). Winsor's part was so well done that he was asked by the publishers to undertake a similar work on American history. Thus was written and published his *Narrative and Critical History of America* (8 vols., 1886–89), probably the most stimulating book in American history that has been produced in this country. The editor's part was the best and consisted chiefly in an abundance of bibliographical and cartological notes. Before the appearance of the book the student had been left to stumble as he could toward his bibliography. Now he had in one work such a wealth of this information that he could always have a point of departure for his studies and need not hesitate in the early stages of any investigation. The

book, however, was richer in its suggestions on colonial and Revolutionary history than on the later period; and this was because the editor's interest was strongest in our early history.

Winsor came under the influence of "the great subject," and probably his most intense study was given to the achievement of the explorers. He was a high authority on early American cartography. His interest in the period of discovery led him to write his *Christopher Columbus and How he Received and Imparted the Spirit of Discovery* (1891). It was a minute and conscientious discussion of the career of the discoverer and of the progress of geographical knowledge in the Columbian period. He carried on the history of discoveries and explorations in three other books: *From Cartier to Frontenac* (1894), *The Mississippi Basin* (1895), and *The Westward Movement* (1897). These books proved disappointing to persons who sought readable narratives. They were filled with details and poorly constructed; but the maps and cartological information in them were very valuable.

In fact, in Winsor's philosophy the historian's function was to burrow into the past for the facts that had been overlooked by other writers, and when the facts were found he took little pains how he arranged them before the eyes of the reader.

> I may confess [he said], that I have made history a thing of shreds and patches. I have only to say that the life of the world is a thing of shreds and patches, and it is only when we consider the well rounded life of the individual that we find permeating the record a reasonable constancy of purpose. This is the province of biography, and we must not confound biography with history.

Of "shreds-and-patches" history Justin Winsor was a master. He was loved of the student and nearly unknown to the reader.

Professor Bourne was the son of a village minister in New England. Unlike Winsor, his life was always overcast with the problem of earning a living. Lameness from childhood handicapped his efforts and eventually resulted in his death when he had just demonstrated his capacity for historical work of the first class. Wide information, good judgment, and a keen eye for inaccuracies characterized his work. A sense of proportion is ever found in the structure of his books, and his language is clear and sometimes graceful. In the latter part of his life he

came under the sway of "the great subject," and when he died he was the leading Americanist in the United States. One small book, *Spain in America* (1905), remains as an expression of this phase of his activity; but it is so well done that it is not likely to be superseded as long as we hold our present views on the period of the explorers. In his *Essays in Historical Criticism* he gave the student and general reader a model of sound historical analysis and showed how to test historical statement in a practical way. Most of the *Essays* had previously been published in various places. The most notable was the paper called *The Legend of Marcus Whitman*, which was received with angry protest from those to whom the legend had become dear.

*Four Literary Historians.* The members of this group had something to do with Motley and Prescott on the one hand and something with the new school on the other; but they were first of all artists in expression, working in the field of history with such success as they were able to attain. They were John Foster Kirk (1824–1904), Francis Parkman (1823–93), Edward Eggleston (1837–1902), and John Fiske (1842–1901).

Kirk was the efficient literary secretary of William H. Prescott[1] during the latter part of the career of this nearly blind historian, travelling with him on both sides of the Atlantic and meeting many of the leading men of the day. During this period he began to write for *The North American Review* and other magazines. Prescott and his friends encouraged his efforts, and after the death of his employer in 1859 he embarked definitely on the sea of authorship. It was natural for him to select a subject in Prescott's field. He chose the career of Charles the Bold, founder of the Burgundian power and great-grandfather of Charles V. It was a subject worthy of a brilliant pen, and his book *The Life of Charles the Bold* (3 vols., 1863) met all expectations. While it rested on secondary authorities and has been rendered obsolete by later investigations, it was worthy to rank with the books by Robertson, Prescott, and Motley which had already made the Burgundian-Austrian cycle a famous period in historiography. Vividness and colour were its notable qualities. The great expectations it

[1] See Book II, Chap. XVIII.

raised were doomed to disappointment; for although the author lived forty-one years after its publication, his *Charles the Bold* remains his one important book. From 1870 to 1886 he edited *Lippincott's Magazine*, and for five years later was engaged in preparing a supplement to *Allibone's Dictionary*. The remainder of his life was given to a new dictionary which the Lippincott's proposed to publish. This submergence of literary talents by hack work brought regret to many who knew Kirk's talents. When Edward A. Freemen was introduced to him he exclaimed: "Why did you stop? I looked for more books on European history from you and have been much disappointed."

Francis Parkman had the best of Boston's inheritance except health, and against the effects of that handicap he interposed a resolute spirit which enabled him to devote to his books the few hours he could snatch from a constant state of pain. From early life he had the desire to write the history of the New England border wars. During his college vacations he visited the scenes of these conflicts, and he read always widely in the books on that subject. When he graduated at Harvard in 1844 he knew the New England Indians thoroughly. Much of the next two years was spent in visiting the historic spots on the Pennsylvania border and in the region beyond. In 1846 he made a journey to the land of the Sioux, where he spent some weeks in the camps of a native tribe, studying the Indian in the savage state. His experiences were described in a series of letters in *The Knickerbocker Magazine* and republished in his first book, *The California and Oregon Trail* (1849), still considered one of our best descriptions of Indian life.

Now prepared for his main task, Parkman took a striking incident of Indian history and wrote on it his *Conspiracy of Pontiac* (1851). In this book he placed much introductory matter on the Indians, together with a comprehensive review of the history of the French settlements before 1761, when the conspiracy of Pontiac began. From this large use of preliminary materials it would seem that he had not yet determined to undertake the series of volumes in which he later treated the same period. The *Pontiac* was well received and it was a good book from a young author. But it lacked conciseness and was overdrawn.

For several years after its publication Parkman suffered great physical pain, and he seemed about to lose the use of his eyes and limbs. But he never gave up his ambition or ceased to collect information about the Indians. In this interval he wrote *Vassall Morton* (1856), a novel which did not succeed. Turning back to history he revised his entire plan and outlined his *France and England in North America.* The series was limited to the period before the Pontiac war. It embraced the whole story of French colonization in North America from the Huguenot colonies of the sixteenth century to the fall of Quebec. The various parts appeared as follows: *The Pioneers of France in the New World* (1865); *The Jesuits in North America* (1867); *La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West* (1869); *The Old Régime in Canada* (1874); *Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV* (1877); *Montcalm and Wolfe* (2 vols., 1884); and *A Half Century of Conflict* (2 vols., 1892). He described the series as including "the whole course of the American conflict between France and England, or in other words, the history of the American forest; for this was the light in which I regarded it. My theme fascinated me, and I was haunted with wilderness images day and night." Parkman's purposes were wholly American. He loved the vast recesses of murmuring pines, with their tragedies, adventures, and earnest striving. Prescott and Motley might paint the gorgeous scenes of royal courts and Bancroft might interrupt his labours in writing the panegyric of democracy to play a complacent rôle as minister at Berlin, but Parkman never ceased to find his chief interest in the American forest and its denizens.

His avowed method of writing was "while scrupulously and rigorously adhering to the truth of facts, to animate them with the life of the past, and, so far as might be, clothe the skeleton with flesh. Faithfulness to the truth of history involves far more than research, however patient and scrupulous, into special facts. The narrator must seek to imbue himself with the life and spirit of the time." Few writers have achieved their ideal of expression as well as he. What Cooper[1] did in the realm of fiction Parkman did with even better fidelity to nature in the realm of history. He never studied in the seminar school, but he understood its lessons instinctively and made them his

[1] See Book II, Chap. VI.

own without loss of the best things in the old school—vigour, harmony, and colour.

Edward Eggleston entered history through the door of fiction.[1] He was born in Indiana of the Western branch of a leading Virginia family, had scant educational opportunities, spent several years as an itinerant Methodist minister, became an editor in Chicago and New York, and in 1871 published the widely read story of frontier life, *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*. Two years later he retired from the profession of editor, and became pastor of a Brooklyn Congregational church, with the expressed understanding that he was not to conform to specific dogmas. Increasing skepticism made him give up this position in 1879. The step was taken after internal struggles which left him in a state of nervous prostration. Rest brought restoration and he turned to history as a serious study. Fiction he still followed as a breadwinning art, but from 1880 to his death in 1902 he considered himself primarily a historian.

Social history was his field. What his Hoosier stories did for the Indiana backwoods, he wished his histories to do in simple narrative for the life of all the people. To his brother he described his plan in the following words:

> I am going to write a series of volumes which together shall constitute a History of Life in the United States—not a history of the United States, bear in mind, but a history of the life there, the life of the people, the sources of their ideas and habits, the course of their development from beginnings. These beginnings will be carefully studied in the first volume. Beyond that my plans for the ordering of the material are not fully formed. It will be a work designed to answer the questions "How?" and "Whence?" and "Why?" All this will require a great deal of research, but I stand ready to give ten years of my life to the task, if necessary.

Ten years allow brief space to write such a history for a man of less desultory habits of work than Eggleston had. At the end of twenty-two years he had finished only two of the proposed volumes, *The Beginners of a Nation* (1897) and *The Transit of Civilization* (1901). They carried the story of colonial life to the year 1640. Had the work proceeded on the same scale to the end of the nineteenth century it would have

[1] See also Book III, Chap. XI.

gone to forty volumes. Eggleston had undertaken it without realizing its greatness. The plan, however, was worthily made; and the two volumes completed deserve more esteem than they will get as fragments of a too ambitious dream by a man already old when he dreamed. They are characterized by accuracy, breadth of view, and great charm of narration. Eggleston combined research and good literary style as truly as Parkman, but he worked less persistently and gauged the situation less wisely.

There was a time when John Fiske seemed likely to pass into our literary history as the man who best combined the virtures of the new and old schools. Time has defeated the hope by discovering that he lacked accuracy. Nature gave him two excellent gifts, the art of writing and the art of lecturing as few others could write or lecture. Each was performed with great facility and in the use of each he surpassed most of his contemporaries. In early life he became an evolutionist and was much disliked by the orthodox until he finally appeared in the rôle of reconciler of evolution and religion. As the leading defender of the philosophy of Darwin and Spencer in the United States he gained a wide influence and wrote constantly.[1] By 1885 the battle of evolution had been won in high places and Fiske seems to have had no desire to pursue it in the lower circles. At the same time he was gradually drifting away from Spencer, through attempting to bring religion into the scope of his philosophy. After 1885 he wrote nothing philosophical.

In the same year he published *American Political Ideals*, a short sketch of our political history, and it opened a new field of activity. In 1879 he had given six lectures on "America's Place in History" in the Old South Church, Boston. With a fine sense of the picturesque, he selected such subjects as the old sea kings, the Spanish and French explorers, and the causes of the Revolution. It was his first handling of historical events and the result was a revelation to himself. His own words were: "This thing takes the people, you see: they understand and feel it all, as they can't when I lecture on abstract things." Other lectures followed and met with such great success that he fully committed himself to history.

One of these courses was on the period following the Revolution and was published as *The Critical Period of American His-*

[1] See Book III, Chap. XVII.

*tory* (1888); another saw the light as *The Beginnings of New England* (1889); while still another after being presented many times on the platform was published as *The American Revolution* (2 vols., 1891). Before these volumes appeared he had made plans for a series to cover the whole period of American history, and he proposed to make these re-baked lectures fit into the scheme. It was necessary to go back to the beginnings and he accordingly set to work on *The Discovery of America* (2 vols., 1892). This was followed by *Old Virginia and her Neighbors* (2 vols., 1897) and *The Dutch and Quaker Colonies* (2 vols., 1899). Another instalment, *New France and New England*, carrying the story down to the Revolution, was not published until 1902, the year after Fiske died. A group of lectures was published in 1900 in a fascinating volume called *The Mississippi Valley in the Civil War*. He wrote two text-books which had remarkable success: *Civil Government in the United States* (1890) and *A History of the United States for Schools* (1892). A biography of his friend Edward L. Youmans (1892), a volume called *A Century of Science and Other Essays* (1899), and two posthumous works, *Essays, Historical and Literary* (1902) and *How the United States Became a Nation* (1904), completed his historical works.

It has been said that Fiske applied the principles of evolution to history, and he asserted that such was his purpose. But a brief examination of his books is enough to show that he was the historian of episodes and human action. It is the dramatic rather than the philosophical that occupies his attention. In preparing to write he read many books and out of his capacious memory he wrote with feverish haste. Too ready dependence on memory, an unwillingness to look deeply into minute sources, and an extreme tendency to the picturesque undermined his sense of accuracy. None of the other men in the group under treatment equalled him in mere power of narration.

*Historians of the Latest Period.*[1] Of the men in this group not one rejected the dogma of the supremacy of accuracy, but in

[1] This chapter does not deal with living historians, even though it is necessary, in carrying out such a policy, to omit any discussion of so excellent an historian as James Ford Rhodes.

varying degrees they cherished the notion that history should have literary merits. In all of them the new school triumphed but the old yielded slowly. It was only with Mahan and Henry Adams that style became an unconscious expression of clearly formed ideas. That it was always good is too much to assert; but at its best it was a subordinate part of the historian's purpose. The men of this group, the most conspicuous of our recently deceased historians, all worked in constant fear of inaccuracies.

Henry Charles Lea (1825–1909) may be placed at the head of the group. He was a prosperous Philadelphia publisher, the grandson of Mathew Carey,[1] the publisher, nephew of Henry C. Carey,[2] the economist, and son of Isaac Lea, a naturalist notable in his day. To this family inheritance add a general Quaker background and we may understand the origin of his desire to describe some of the most striking phases of the history of religious zeal. In two book-reviews published in 1859 he managed to introduce a great deal about compurgation, the wager of battle, and ordeals. His interest in the subject was so much aroused that he subsequently revised the essays in a volume called *Superstition and Force* (1866). It was followed by *The History of Sacerdotal Celibacy* (1867) and *Studies in Church History* (1869). These books were written in such hours as he could snatch from business. Convinced that the two kinds of labour could not be carried on jointly with perfect success, he gave up authorship for a time. In 1880 he was able to retire from active business and devote himself to literature. The books written in this second period are richer in the evidences of research and broader in plan and judgment. They are *The History of the Inquisition in the Middle Ages* (3 vols., 1888), *Chapters from the Religious History of Spain Connected with the Inquisition* (1890), *History of Auricular Confession* (3 vols., 1896), *The Moriscoes in Spain* (1901), *History of the Inquisition in Spain* (4 vols., 1906–1908), and *History of the Inquisition in the Spanish Dependencies* (1908). When Lea died he was preparing a history of witchcraft.

These works are monuments of industry and learning, and they deal with a most difficult class of phenomena in a scientific spirit. They have encountered the opposition of most Catholic

[1] See Book III, Chap. xxix.

[2] *Ibid.*, Chap. xxiv.

writers, but some, notably Lord Acton, have given them their approval. Lea did not hesitate to lay evils at the doors to which he thought they belonged. "I have always sought," he said "even though infinitesimally, to contribute to the betterment of the world, by indicating the consequences of evil and of inconsiderate and misdirected zeal." He was accused of interpreting his documents improperly and of showing only the dark side of the mediæval church. As to the first point it is difficult to find a man who can pass upon its truth. Lea himself was, perhaps, the fairest critic in the field. That he was not narrowly prejudiced is shown by his treatment of the motives of Philip II in his inaugural address as president of the American Historical Association. As to the second charge, we should remember that Lea did not propose to write about the light sides of the church. He was dealing with a dark phase of history, and he did not try to make it lighter than he thought it should be made.

Another publisher who became a historian was Hubert Howe Bancroft (1832–1918), of San Francisco, who gave us our most conspicuous group of local histories. Having formed a large collection of materials on the history of the Pacific coast, he decided to embody the contents in a comprehensive work. He adopted the method of the business man who has a task too large for his own efforts. He employed assistants to prepare statements of the facts for large sections of the proposed history. Originally he seems to have intended to use these statements as the basis of a narrative from his own hand; but as the work progressed he came to use them with slight changes. We have his own word that the assistants were capable investigators and there is independent evidence to show that some of them deserved his confidence. But his failure to give credit leaves us in a state of doubt concerning the value of any particular part. Bancroft considered himself the author of the work. We must look upon him as the director of a useful enterprise, but it is not possible to consider him its author.

His *Works* contain thirty-nine large volumes with the following titles: *Native Races of the Pacific States* (vols. 1–5, 1874), *History of Central America* (vols. 6–8, 1883–87), *History of Mexico* (vols. 9–14, 1883–87), *History of the Northern Mexican States and Texas* (vols. 15–16, 1884–89), *History of Arizona*

*and New Mexico* (vol. 17, 1889), *History of California* (vols. 18–24, 1884–90), *History of Nevada, Colorado, and Wyoming* (vol. 25, 1890), *History of Utah* (vol. 26, 1889), *History of the North-West Coast* (vols. 27–28, 1884), *History of Oregon* (vols. 29–30, 1886–88), *History of Washington, Idaho, and Montana* (vol. 31, 1890), *History of British Columbia* (vol. 32, 1887), *History of Alaska* (vol. 33, 1886), *California Pastorals* (vol. 34, 1888), *California inter Pocula* (vol. 35, 1888), *Popular Tribunals* (vols. 36–37, 1887), *Essays and Miscellany* (vol. 38, 1890), and *Literary Industries* (vol. 39, 1890).

Neither Bancroft nor his assistants had the preliminary training to save them from the ordinary pitfalls along the path of the scholar. They carried to their tasks uncritical enthusiasms and made good books which, nevertheless, had some serious defects. In a period when the reviewer generally appraised a book for its style Bancroft's early volumes generally received approbation. Francis Parkman himself gave *The Native Races* high credit in *The North American Review*. But the work did not escape the eyes of Lewis H. Morgan, whose revolutionary theory of Indian culture was then new to the world. In an article called "Montezuma's Dinner" Morgan completely reversed Parkman's verdict and implanted a doubt in the minds of the intelligent public which extended to other volumes of the series. Bancroft's comments on Morgan's criticism suggest that he did not understand Morgan's theory, now generally accepted by scholars.

Alfred Thayer Mahan (1840–1914) graduated at the Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1859, served the usual course at sea, and was ordered to duty at the Naval War College shortly after it was established in 1885. A course of lectures prepared for that service was the basis of a book, *The Influence of Sea Power in History, 1660–1783* (1890), which established his reputation as an historian. Following the same idea he published *Influence of Sea Power on the French Revolution* (1892), *Life of Farragut* (1892), *The Life of Nelson, the Embodiment of the Sea Power of Great Britain* (2 vols., 1897), *Sea Power in its Relation to the War of 1812* (1905), and *From Sail to Steam* (1907), the last a book relating to his own career. In his later years he wrote, also, many articles for the magazines, and out of them were formed several volumes of essays.

Rear-Admiral Mahan is the best example we have had in the United States of a man who wrote history successfully for propaganda. He wished to show that a nation that would play a large rôle in the world must have a great navy. He won immediate fame in Great Britain, where his books served to strengthen the naval policy of the government. They were also greatly appreciated in Germany, and it is said that they opened the eyes of the German government to the need of a great navy. In his own country he was highly esteemed as an historian, but he never had the satisfaction of seeing the government adopt a great naval policy.

While Mahan was a scholarly historian, he cannot be pronounced a man of research. With a thesis to prove it was not necessary to go to the sources to prove it. His early books were written entirely from secondary materials; but he used sources in his later work, particularly in the book on the War of 1812, of which he said: "It is by far the most thorough work I have done." Something of his mental character may be seen in the following statement in reference to a book which most students find uninteresting: "Though not a lawyer, nor a student of constitutions, I found Stubbs's *Constitutional History of England* fascinating. I have not analyzed my pleasure, but I believe it to have been due to arrangement of data by a man exceptionally gifted for vivid presentation, who had so lived with his subject that it had realized itself to him as a living whole, which he successfully conveyed to his readers."

Three sons of Charles Francis Adams, grandsons of John Quincy Adams, became historians, and two of them, Charles Francis Adams, Jr. (1835–1915) and Henry Adams (1838–1918), fall within the limits assigned to this chapter. Both of them had the Puritan mind, so strong in their ancestry, as well as that independent Adams spirit which put the family, from John Adams to Henry, out of touch with the dominant thought of Boston. Turning to history, both of them became able critics of conventional views and won high respect from an age turning towards cosmopolitan ideals. The elder of the two, however, did not go all the way in revolt. New Englander he remained to the last. He loved Boston, although he rapped its knuckles at times, and he sought to reform its intellectual life. The younger clung to Boston for many years,

giving himself to a phase of our history in which the town had a deep interest; but finally, having reached a stage of disillusionment, as he considered it, he broke local ties, turned toward the unanchored spaces of the remote past, and became a master in the realm of detached thinking.

After serving in the army until 1865 Charles Francis Adams, Jr., gave himself to the study of the railroad situation, writing and publishing articles that led to his appointment on the Massachusetts railroad commission in 1869. In the same year he published a remarkable essay, *A Chapter in Erie*, exposing the methods by which some of the leading railroad directors manipulated the stocks of their roads for their own benefit. He became a government director of the Union Pacific Railroad in 1882 and served as its president from 1884 to 1890. Retiring from this position he gave the remainder of his life to history. The results of his labours appeared in many books and pamphlets, the most important of which were *Chapters of Erie and Other Essays*—in collaboration with Henry Adams—(1871), *Railroads, their Origin and Problems* (1878), *Notes on Railroad Accidents* (1879), *The New English Canaan of Thomas Morton* (new edition with introduction, 1883), *Richard Henry Dana, a Biography* (2 vols., 1890), *History of Quincy* (1891), *History of Braintree* (1891), *Three Episodes of Massachusetts History* (2 vols., 1892), *Massachusetts, its Historians and History* (1893), *Charles Francis Adams, the First* (1900), *Three Phi Beta Kappa Addresses* (1907), *Studies, Military and Diplomatic* (1911), *Trans-Atlantic Historical Solidarity* (1913), and *Charles Francis Adams, an Autobiography* (1916).

He was not content to be merely an historian but did many things to promote historical interests. He was in constant demand for historical addresses. Several of his discourses were made in the South, where his appreciation of Southern character was warmly received, and his words did much to promote good feeling between the two sections. As vice-president and president of the Massachusetts Historical Society he was the leader of an important group of historians. It was in these extra-literary activities that he served history best.

The historical career of Henry Adams falls into two periods. One of them began with his return from London in 1868, where he had been private secretary to his father, then minister to

Great Britain, and continued until 1892, when he turned his back on all he had been doing and began again what he termed his "education." The second extended from that change of purpose to his death. The editorship of *The North American Review* (1869–76) and an assistant-professorship in history at Harvard (1870–77) ushered in the first period. Teaching did not suit him and he resigned because he felt that his efforts were failures. His mind was too original to go through life in the routine of college instruction. He now turned to American history, producing by much industry in fourteen years the following books: *Documents Relating to New England Federalism* (1877) *Life of Albert Gallatin* (1879), *Writings of Albert Gallatin* (1879), *John Randolph* (1882), *History of the United States during the Administrations of Jefferson and Madison* (9 vols., 1889–91), and *Historical Essays* (1891). The best scholarship and excellent literary form characterize all these books. No better historical work has been done in this country. Yet the books were little read and the author became discouraged. He concluded that what he had been doing was without value to the world, since it was not noticed by the world.

Then began the second period of his literary life. Settling down to a quiet life of study, and following his taste, he delved long and patiently in the Middle Ages. The result appeared in *Mont Saint Michel and Chartres* (1904, 1913), probably the best expression of the spirit of the Middle Ages yet published in the English language. It was followed by *Essays in Anglo-Saxon Law* (1905), *The Education of Henry Adams* (1906, 1918), *A Letter to American Teachers of History* (1910), and *Life of George Cabot* (1911). Two of these books, the *Mont Saint Michel* and the *Education*, deserve to rank among the best American books that have yet been written. The first is a model of literary construction and a fine illustration of how a skilled writer may use the history of a small piece of activity as a means of interpreting a great phase of human life. Through the *Education* runs a note of futility, not entirely counterbalanced by the brilliant character-sketching and wise observations upon the times. But the *Mont Saint Michel* redeems this fault. It shows us Henry Adams at his best, and under its charm we are prepared to overlook the aloofness which limited his interests while it depressed his spirits.

In the *Education* Henry Adams defined history in these words: "To historians the single interest is the law of reaction between force and force—between mind and nature—the law of progress." He thus announced in his maturity his allegiance to the most modern concept of history. In his early historical writings he dealt with the relations of men with men, as Parkman, Lea, Mahan, and many others dealt. In his revised opinions he conceived that the story of man's progress as affected by natural forces was the true task of the historian. It is a concept to which the best modern thinkers have been slowly moving. Adams grasped it with the greatest boldness and in the *Mont Saint Michel* gave future historians an example of how to realize it in actual literature.

CHAPTER XVI

# Later Theology

AMERICAN theology since the Civil War represents an age of transition, of much fortunate silence, of expectant waiting, as on a threshold. But there are one or two sturdy souls, like William G. T. Shedd (1820–94) and Charles Hodge (1797–1878), who gathered up the olden time with a disdain of the new. Yet perhaps disdain is scarcely the word to associate with Charles Hodge. His three huge volumes on *Systematic Theology* (1873) are found now mostly in public libraries and in the attic chambers of aging parsons. Theology is out of vogue, and his volumes represent a system which is less and less widely held as the years go by. But Charles Hodge had a genuine religious experience. Disdain certainly fades from the lips of any tolerant modern man as he browses in these books. The table of contents is schematical, wooden. The first volume, after an introduction, deals with "Theology Proper," the second volume is devoted to "Anthropology," and the third is divided between "Soteriology" and "Eschatology." But though "Evolution" is in the air—and indeed in the first volume—there is no apologetic explanation of the division. Hodge is not ashamed of the tenets of past ages. He does not write for the public but to the public. But he writes with transparent sincerity. There is no evasion. There is neither condescension nor cringing. There is nothing left at loose ends. There is no sparing of thought. His weighty opponents are fairly treated and his words are devoid of sarcasm—the weapon of conscious and obtrusive superiority. He does not pretend to understand God nor those who seem to him to claim that they do. He only claims to apprehend the Word of God. In his introduction he reaches, on what he regards as rational

grounds, the conclusion that the Scriptures are the Word of God and therefore that their teachings are infallible. Thereon he stands unmoved. Approaching the profound subject of the decrees of God, for every Calvinist thrilling in its audacity, he says simply:

> It must be remembered that theology is not philosophy. It does not assume to discover truth, or to reconcile what it teaches as true with all other truths. Its province is simply to state what God has revealed in His Word and to vindicate those statements, as far as possible, from misconceptions and objections. This limited and humble office of theology it is especially necessary to bear in mind, when we come to speak of the acts and purposes of God. All that is proposed is simply to state what the Spirit has seen fit to reveal on that subject.

So he looks without flinching over the vast unsunned spaces to the place of eternal punishment. On the "Duration of Future Punishment" he writes:

> It is obvious that this is a question which can be decided only by divine revelation. No one can reasonably presume to decide how long the wicked are to suffer for their sins upon any general principles of right and wrong. The conditions of the problem are not within our grasp. What the infinitely wise and good God may see fit to do with His creatures, or what the exigencies of a government, embracing the whole universe and continuing throughout eternal ages, may demand, it is not for such worms of the dust, as we are, to determine. If we believe the Bible to be the Word of God, all we have to do is to ascertain what it teaches on this subject, and humbly submit. . . . It should constrain us to humility and to silence on this subject that the most solemn and explicit declarations of the everlasting misery of the wicked recorded in the Scriptures, fell from the lips of Him, who, though equal with God, was found in fashion as a man, and humbled Himself unto death, even the death of the cross, for us men and our salvation.

There is a strange sublimity and extraordinary perspicuity about the style of Charles Hodge. It is not style at all. He is writing a treatise for students. His sentences are constantly interrupted by 1) 2) 3), A) B) C), and the like. Yet, notwithstanding the nature of the doctrine and the ponderous

character of the subject, there are few books which open the mind on the fields of grandeur more frequently than this systematic theology. Its prose is not unworthy of being associated in one's mind with that of Milton. Out of the depths this man has cried unto God and found Him.

But, undeniably, theology has gone out of fashion. Huge treatises like those of Hodge or Shedd or Augustus Strong never found many readers, but they found their way to many bookshelves. They were treated with reverence. Now they are utterly ignored. The chief reason for this contempt of theology is that men impugn its ancient authority. Hodge rightly declared that theology was to be differentiated from philosophy by its source of authority. It dealt with revelation while philosophy dealt with speculation. Its function was the interpretation of absolute truth, committed to men by the Holy Ghost through the pages of the Scripture. In our period this supposedly infallible book was subjected to the most searching examination. The ordinary canons of historical and literary criticism were applied to it and as a result the awesome phrase "Thus saith the Lord" came to bear diverse connotations. It was in the eighties and nineties that the authority of the Scripture, already long questioned in Europe, became a vital question in American thought. Then a series of heresy trials—five within the Presbyterian Church—concentrated the attention of religious people upon the subject. The most prominent figure in the great controversy in America was Charles Augustus Briggs (1841–1913), professor in Union Theological Seminary in New York from 1874 to 1913. This controversy was preceded by a bitter controversy in the ancient Congregational Seminary at Andover, Massachusetts, on questions of the future state, into which Briggs also entered. But the main question was the nature of Biblical inspiration. After a defence conducted by himself with great skill and acumen, he was acquitted of the charges of heresy by his Presbytery in January, 1893, but upon appeal to the General Assembly was convicted and suspended from the ministry of the Presbyterian Church in March of the same year.

Apart from some minor peculiarities of personal temper, no one could well have been found better able than Briggs to com-

mend the newer views on the Scriptures to the conservative circles of America and particularly to the members of the Presbyterian Church who occupied so large a place in the educational life of the country. He was the leading authority on the history of the Westminster Assembly which framed the Presbyterian standards. In his treatise *Whither* (1889) he is at great pains to show that the doctrine of inerrancy of Scripture is a modern development of orthodox opinion, and that it was with careful forethought that the Assembly refrained from committing itself and the Church to any specific doctrine of inspiration or to the statement that the Bible is the Word of God. It had proclaimed indeed that the Bible was the only infallible rule of faith and practice but refused to extend its authority beyond the moral and religious sphere. "The Church ought to be in advance of the Confession. But the Confession is in advance of the Church so that the children of the Puritans must first advance to the high mark of their own standards before they can go beyond them into the higher reaches of Christian theology."[1] His own temper was conservative in a very high degree. He rejoiced that he was essentially at one with historic Christendom. At the end of his life he occupied the chair of Irenics at the Seminary which proved so loyal to him, and as a priest in the Protestant Episcopal Church gave much of his energy to the reunion of Christendom. Moreover, the field upon which he chiefly laboured in his six student years in Germany and in the Seminary was the Old Testament. And although he frankly admitted that "in every department of Biblical study we come upon errors," it was with questions of Old Testament literature that he was primarily concerned. The application of the canons of criticism to the New Testament was fortunately deferred. The figure of Jesus, indeed, was first brought into the realm of criticism in America by his utterances in regard to the Old Testament books which were under discussion. The Bible was discovered by the American public to be literature by way of the Old Testament. It was, however, no literary interest which impelled the discovery, but rather the deepest loyalty to religious truth. With the same fearless loyalty to fact with which Hodge faced hell, did Briggs and his fellows descry errors in a book which they held to be the repository of eternal truth.

[1] *Whither*, p. 296.

To claim beforehand that inspiration or any such divine process must be this or that, that it must have certain characteristics, is to venture beyond our limits. In all humility, instead of dictating what God should do, let us inquire reverently what God has done,—in what form concretely the revelation of His will has come to men. All *a priori* definition of inspiration is not only unscientific but irreverent, presumptuous, lacking in the humility with which we should approach a divine, supernatural fact.

So speaks another who later was the object of heresy proceedings in the Presbyterian Church, Professor Llewelyn J. Evans of Lane Theological Seminary in Cincinnati.[1]

Now although the discovery of errors in Scripture, of pseudepigraphs in the Old Testament, of unfulfillable prophecies,—the asseveration of which occupied so prominent a place in the trial of Briggs,—of authors separated by centuries within the confines of the Pentateuch alone, of false ascriptions of late laws to the holy but dimming figure of Moses, have undoubtedly helped us to regard the Bible as primarily a product of human literary and religious genius, they have also gradually changed both the conception of the place of the Bible in our religion and of our religion itself. We find these changes emerging even in the pages of Briggs.

If a man use it [the Bible] as a means of grace, it is of small importance what he may think of its inspiration. If it bring him to the presence of the living God and give him a personal acquaintance with Jesus Christ, that is its main purpose. . . . They [the Scriptural errors] intimate that the authority of God and His gracious discipline transcend the highest possibilities of human speech or human writing, and that the religion of Jesus Christ is not only the religion of the Bible, but the religion of personal communion with the living God.[2]

The beginning at least of the profound change in a man's religion which comes about through the change in his religious authority is delicately portrayed by Professor William N. Clarke (1841-1912) of Colgate College. Professor Clarke's theological books have been the most popular attempt of our period to pre-

[1] See his *Biblical Scholarship and Inspiration*, 1891, pp. 12, 13, 20.
[2] *The Bible, Church and Reason*, 1892, pp. 82, 117.

serve in systematic form the essentials of historic Christianity without inhospitality to modern science and criticism. In his *Sixty Years with the Bible* (1909) he writes:

> I have described the change by saying that I passed on from using the Bible in the light of its statements to using it in the light of its principles. At first I said, The Scriptures limit me to this; later I said, The Scriptures open my way to this. As for the Bible, I am not bound to work all its statements into my system; nay, I am bound not to work them all in; for some of them are not congenial to the spirit of Jesus and some express truths in forms which cannot be of permanent validity.

Popular interest in the authority of the Bible was prepared for by the appearance of the Revised Version of the Bible just a decade before the dramatic trial of Charles A. Briggs. Thirty-four of the leading Hebrew and Greek scholars of America united with sixty-seven Englishmen in this great undertaking, which Philip Schaff, the chairman of the American revisers, declared to be "the noblest monument of Christian union and co-operation in this nineteenth century." After a laborious toil of eight years, during which "no sectarian question was ever raised," the New Testament was given to the public. "The rapidity and extent of its sale surpassed all expectations and are without a parallel in the history of the book-trade." The New Testament appeared in 1881 and the Old Testament in 1885. Although one of the Old Testament revisers took pains to say in his *Companion to the Revised Old Testament* that "they have no fellowship with that disposition which of late years has appeared among some who profess and call themselves Christians to speak lightly of the Scriptures as a partial and imperfect record of revelation," and although the Old Testament Committee was presided over by Professor Wm. H. Green of Princeton Seminary and the New Testament Committee by ex-President Theodore D. Woolsey of Yale College, both eminently conservative scholars, the mere publication of a new translation of the Scriptures, founded upon a revised Hebrew and Greek text, prepared the public mind for some modification of the concept of infallibility which had possessed it hitherto. The printing of the Bible in paragraphs like other books—instead of in the oracular verses—and the appearance

of portions of the Old Testament in poetic form helped greatly in convincing the plain people of the country that the Bible was to be subsumed under the genus literature rather than kept as a sacred oracle in mysterious isolation.

Nor did the fact that the most brilliant attacks upon the infallibility of the Bible and many of its ablest defences originated in Germany militate against the progress of the newer thought in America as much as might have been expected. Our scholars felt themselves dependent upon European thought. Providentially, too, German theological scholarship had been introduced to American minds by the presence and fecundity of Philip Schaff (1819–93), a man of most conservative temper, who, in an amazing number of volumes, chiefly in the domain of Church History, had commended the thoroughness and sanity of German research to the American public from his chair in Wittenberg, Pennsylvania, and later in Union Theological Seminary, New York.

It cannot be said that during the period under consideration American scholarship contributed anything of material value to the higher criticism of the Bible. It has to its credit the great New Testament Lexicon (1893) of Professor J. Henry Thayer of Andover Seminary and the equally pre-eminent Hebrew Lexicon (1891) edited by President Francis Brown of Union Seminary, assisted by Professor Briggs of Union and Professor Driver of Oxford. But in the higher discipline its work was of a more mediating and imitative character. Few of our leading scholars took an unyielding attitude to the spirit of the times. Manfully and with unassuming temper, Green of Princeton defended the ancient opinions in a debate with President Harper of the University of Chicago and later in his books, *The Higher Criticism of the Pentateuch* (1895), *The Unity of the Book of Genesis* (1895), and *General Introduction to the Old Testament* (1898). With the exception of more searching work by still living scholars, still fewer of our writers took radical ground. Here we may mention only the lucid books of Orello Cone of St. Lawrence University, Levi L. Paine's suggestive *Evolution of Trinitarianism* (1900) with its appendix challenging the apostolic authorship of the fourth Gospel, and particularly Edward H. Hall's *Papias and his Contemporaries* (1899), which connects the Gospel of John with the Gnostic

movement of the second century. The majority of our scholars took a moderately progressive stand. As the pregnant debate approached the New Testament, American scholarship maintained largely a dignified silence but refused to move the previous question. The most substantial contribution of our scholars in the whole field of Biblical literature is probably Ezra Abbot's *Authorship of the Fourth Gospel* (1880), which, while it defends the widely disputed apostolic authorship of the book, admits the cogency of opposing opinion and the discrepancies between the fourth Gospel and the other three. George P. Fisher, Professor of Church History in the Yale Divinity School and author of a very usable *History of the Christian Church*, sensed the vital import of the criticism of the gospels and devoted the greater part of his careful and well-poised works on *The Supernatural Origin of Christianity* (1870) and *Grounds of Theistic and Christian Belief* (1883) to a vigorous and able defence of the historicity of the gospels. But while doing so with full conviction, he is clear-sighted enough to declare:

> The Bible is one thing and Christianity is another. The religion of Christ, in the right signification of these terms, is not to be confounded with the Scriptures, even of the New Testament. The point of view from which the Bible, in its relation to Christianity, is looked on as the Koran appears to devout Mohammedans, is a mistaken one. The entire conception, according to which the energies of the Divine Being, as exerted in the Christian revelation, are thought to have been concentrated on the production of a book is a misconception and one that is prolific of error.

Or as T. T. Munger, Professor Fisher's neighbour in New Haven, has it in his notable essay on the New Theology: "It [the Bible] is not a revelation but is a history of a revelation; it is a chosen and indispensable means of the redemption of the world, but it is not the absolute means,—that is in the Spirit." While Marvin R. Vincent is right in saying that "Germany furnishes the most and the best," our theologians have maintained an open mind in the study of the book upon which their whole discipline rests.

One reason, then, for the waning prestige of theology is the fact that its source of authority can no longer be regarded as lying in a class apart from all other works of the human

spirit. Its aloofness and uniqueness are even more threatened, however, by the doctrine of evolution, which subsumes not only the Christian religion but the entire nature of man under universal rubrics. At first this doctrine shocked not only the theological but also the scientific thinkers of America. Louis Agassiz and Asa Gray opposed it almost as vigorously as did Charles Hodge, who declared "that a more absolutely incredible theory was never propounded for acceptance among men." The burden of his logical and able *What is Darwinism?* (1874) is expressed in these sentences:

> The conclusion of the whole matter is that the denial of design in nature is virtually the denial of God. Mr. Darwin's theory does deny all design in nature, therefore, his theory is virtually atheistical; his theory, not he himself. He believes in a Creator. But—He is virtually consigned, so far as we are concerned, to non-existence.

That this attitude toward evolution was speedily changed among theologians was due partly to President James McCosh (1811–94) of Princeton. He had but recently come from Great Britain to America. Many of his long list of books, expounding the Scottish "Common Sense" philosophy, had been written. There was no question of his complete orthodoxy, of his intense religious zeal, or of his international standing as thinker and educator. He, however, gave liberal recognition to "powers modifying evolution." These agents are light, life, sensation, instinct and intelligence, morality. "As evolution by physical causes cannot [produce them], we infer that God does it by an immediate fiat, even as He created matter. . . . It makes God continue the work of creation, and if God's creation be a good work, why should He not continue it?"[1]

In wide circles this acceptance of evolution of species went hand in hand with the denial of the unlimited sway of evolution. Chasms which "no evolution can leap" were insisted upon, "between the inorganic and the organic, between the irrational and the rational, between the non-moral and the moral." It was widely felt that "Natural Selection" is inadequate to account for the entire process of evolution, and Darwin's variability of species was emphasized. Thus for example

[1] *Religious Aspect of Evolution*, p. 54.

Lewis Diman, who left the pastorate for a professorship of history in Brown University, asserts in his Lowell lectures on *The Theistic Argument* (1882):

> Some internal principle of transformation must be admitted. . . . If we allow that the modifications of an organ are the result of some more or less conscious tendency which serves as a directing principle, then we are brought to recognize finality as the very foundation of nature. . . . To affirm that life is the continuous adjustment of inner relations to outer relations is to affirm nothing to the point, since the adjustment is the very fact for which we are seeking to account.

Or as the scintillating Joseph Cook from his lecture-throne in Tremont Temple, Boston, put it: "The law of development explains much but not itself." Gradually, however the imagination of theologians, like that of other men, refused to accentuate the small gaps of the stupendous process and evolution, not very clearly defined or delimited, became accepted as God's method of creation.

Belief in the unique sonship of Christ is a difficulty in the complete acceptance of evolution. George Harris of Andover Seminary and later President of Amherst College writes: "There is no reason to suppose that any other man will be thus God-filled. . . . We may well believe that he was one who transcended the human."[1] Because Christ produced "a new moral type," Harris feels that we need not deny either his nature miracles or his resurrection. Among the most thoroughgoing Christian evolutionists of our period may be mentioned President Hyde (1858-1917) of Bowdoin College and President John Bascom (1827-1911) of the University of Wisconsin. The latter, in his *Evolution and Religion or Faith as a Part of a Complete Cosmic System* (1915), rejoices in the breadth of view and the boundless hope with which the doctrine of evolution invests its believers. In youth Bascom studied both law and theology; in mature years he taught sociology and philosophy; he occupied influential positions in the educational institutions of the East and the West. His lapidary style and his avoidance of the concrete have kept his numerous works confined to a small circle of readers, but they are thankful for them.

[1] *Moral Evolution*, chapter XVI.

Evolution [he writes] implies a movement perfectly coherent in every portion of it. It is one therefore which can be traced in all its parts by the mind—one in which we, as intelligent agents, are partakers, first, as diligently inquiring into it; second, as concurrently active under it, and third, as in no inconsiderable degree modifying its results. . . . The secret of evolution lies here—We always lie under the creative hand at the centre of creative forces. . . . We are constantly speaking of the eternal and immutable character of truth. . . . These adjectives are hardly applicable. The universe does not tarry in its nest. It is ever becoming another and superior product. . . . We must accept the truth as giving us directions of thought, axes of growth, and no final product whatever.

A third great factor in destroying the isolation of Christianity from human life, worthy to be mentioned with Biblical criticism and the theory of evolution, was the wide-spreading interest in the foreign missionary enterprise. The various monographs in the excellent *American Church History* series indicate that missions share with education and the federation of the sects the chief interest of the denominational life of this period. An increasingly large number of intelligent men and women went into the lands "occupied" by other religions for the sake of Christianizing them. They returned frequently with the reports of their activity, their successes, and their difficulties. The chief difficulty which confronted them in the civilized lands of the East was the firmly rooted conceptions and emotions at the base of Hinduism, Buddhism, Confucianism, and Mohammedanism. It became borne in upon the Christian consciousness that Christianity and religion were not synonymous. Before they realized it, the churches were face to face with the discipline of "Comparative Religion"—what Nash called "the most significant debate the world has ever known."[1] James Freeman Clarke, one of the tenderest and truest ministers of Jesus in New England, composed a series of Lowell lectures on *Ten Great Religions* (1871) which went through at least twenty-two editions, and brought a knowledge of the high aspirations of other religious leaders to Christian people. Toward the end of our period, the World's Parliament of Religions, held in conjunction with the Columbian Exposition in Chicago, composed of representatives of ten religions,

[1] *Ethics and Revelation*, p. 92.

visited by more than one hundred and fifty thousand people, gave dramatic underscoring to the "Brotherhood of Religions" —the phrase in which they were welcomed by one of the authorities—and adopted as its motto the words from Malachi: "Have we not all one Father? hath not one God created us?"

It was possible, of course, to take the ground—and it was at first widely taken—that these religions were so many evidences of the sinfulness of mankind. James S. Dennis, author of the three-volume work on *Christian Missions and Social Progress* (1898)—a mine of rare and accurate sociological material—holds: "They are the corruptions and perversion of a primitive, monotheistic faith, which was directly taught by God to the early progenitors of the race. . . . They are gross caricatures and fragmentary semblances of the true religion." W. C. Wilkinson of the University of Chicago, speaking at the Parliament of Religions, declared: "The attitude of Christianity towards religions other than itself is an attitude of universal, absolute, eternal, unappeasable hostility, while toward all men its attitude is an attitude of grace, mercy, peace for whosoever will." And the noble and eloquent Bishop J. M. Thoburn of India castigates the preposterous view that the great religions were all originated and developed by God Himself and that they all have been and still are serving their purpose in the education of the human race, and declares that he has "no more respect for Mohammedanism as a system than for Mormonism."

As time went on, however, a wise agnosticism regarding the origin of the religions of the Eastern world came to be combined with an ever more intelligently founded conviction of the moral supremacy of Christianity. Arthur H. Smith, brilliant speaker and keen observer, has given a record of his twenty-two years of life in China in the popular books *Chinese Characteristics* (1894) and *Village Life in China* (1899). He finds the Confucian classics to be "the best chart ever constructed by man" and feels that "perhaps it is not too much to say that its authors may have had in some sense a divine guidance." He still insists, however, that the Chinese lack "character and conscience" and that they must have "a knowledge of God and a new conception of man" to attain them. William N. Clarke, after a tour of the missions abroad, sums up thus:

In Confucianism, where the religious movement is ethical, the ethics become human and religion is lost. In Buddhism, where it is philosophical, the philosophy becomes pessimistic and religion dies out. In Hinduism, where it is emotional, the emotion becomes degrading and religion is defiled. In Mohammedanism, where it is doctrinal, the doctrine becomes cold and lifeless and religion is atrophied. . . . A personal God, possessing a moral character and offering himself in personal relations to man, is known in Christianity alone.

But a still more outspoken sympathy and reverence for the religions which Christianity is to "complete" are to be found among missionaries and their devoutest supporters. George William Knox, for fifteen years a missionary in Japan and afterward Professor of the Philosophy and History of Religion in Union Theological Seminary, who died in Corea while Union Seminary Lecturer in the East, thus expresses himself in *The Spirit of the Orient* (1906):

If God rules, we cannot join in the wholesale condemnation of the East as if it were a blot on His creation. . . . As one thinks of Confucianism, its vast antiquity, its immense influence over such multitudes, its practical common sense, its freedom from all that is superstitious or licentious or cruel or priestly, of the intelligent men it has led to high views of righteousness, one cannot but regard it as a revelation from the God of truth and righteousness.

As we should expect, this viewpoint was strongly urged at the Parliament of Religions in Chicago. Dr. Barrows, its organizer, asked the frank question: "Why should not Christians be glad to learn what God has wrought through Buddha and Zoroaster?" And Robert Hume, a missionary from India who had been prominently identified with the liberal wing in the Andover controversy, and author of *Missions from the Modern View* (1905), declared:

By the contact of Christian and Hindu thought, each will help the other. . . . The Hindu's recognition of the immanence of God in every part of his universe will quicken the present movement of western thought to recognize everywhere a present and a living God. The Hindu's longing for unity will help the western mind . . . to appreciate . . . that there has been and will be one

plan and one purpose from the least atom to the highest intelligence. From the testimony of Hindu thought, Christians will more appreciate the superiority of the spiritual and invisible over the material and the seen, of the eternal over the evanescent.

At the close of the Parliament, two lectureships were established to conserve the temper and purpose of that remarkable assemblage. One of these is named the Barrows lectureship, and upon its incumbent is laid the duty of delivering a series of lectures, interpretative of the Christian spirit, in the intellectual centres of the East. Charles Cuthbert Hall, the President of Union Theological Seminary, was twice the Barrows lecturer. As the result of this last strenuous and congenial service he laid down his devoted life. Between those two periods of Oriental travel he delivered the Cole lectures before Vanderbilt University, on the *The Universal Elements of the Christian Religion* (1905). Their chief impression concerns the folly of further sectarianism in the Protestant communion, but upon the matter immediately occupying us the lecturer declares in words thoroughly and inclusively typical of our period:

> When one stands in the heart of the venerable East; feels the atmosphere charged with religious impulse; reads on the faces of the people marks of the unsatisfied soul; considers the monumental expression of the religious idea in grand and enduring architectural forms, then the suggestion that all this means nothing—that it is to be stamped out and exterminated before Christianity can rise upon its ruins,—becomes an unthinkable suggestion. I look with reverence upon the hopes and yearnings of non-Christian faiths, believing them to contain flickering and broken lights of God, which shall be purged and purified and consummated through the absolute self-revelation of the Father in Christ Incarnate."

As a result then of these three great world-movements of thought—the science of Biblical criticism, the theory of evolution, and the emergence of comparative religion—Christian theology has renounced its lofty isolation and become a department of human knowledge. But though finding religion at the heart of common human life, instead of in a holy sphere apart from it, modern theologians have not found it empty of significance. They have discovered the world to be not, as Plato

feared, a creature marked by changing cycles but the theatre and stuff of a steady upward movement, culminating in man. They have found the Christian Bible to contain the most significant segment of man's history, to be the transcript of that strenuous and sublime process by which the foundations of reverence and justice and truth were laid for Love to build upon. They have discovered Jesus of Nazareth to be Love's supreme creation and channel. They believe the Christian function to be the transformation of human life by the energy of that Love. They find that mankind is to be led, as George W. Knox said, "not along the road of dialectics to our God but by the great highway of service to our fellowmen." Consequently, with a growing scorn for sectarian problems and debates, they are applying themselves to the outstanding tasks of human society. Here many scholars and pastors have wrought nobly. In the earlier stages of this modern thought the books of Josiah Strong and C. Loring Brace and Edward Everett Hale[1] were of much avail. William J. Tucker made the chair of Practical Theology at Andover seem one of Sociology and directed the founding of the first settlement house in Boston. Joseph Tuckerman founded a pastorship-at-large in the same city and helped to crystallize Unitarian social sympathy in paths of definite service to the poor. These men and many others have contributed to what E. Winchester Donald of Trinity Church, Boston, so happily called in his Lowell lectures "The Expansion of Religion." From this social viewpoint, two eminent educators, in particular, have wrought at a revolution in theology, William DeWitt Hyde, already mentioned, and Walter Rauschenbusch (1861-1918) of Rochester Theological Seminary—the latter perhaps the most creative spirit in the American theological world. The heart of their gospel may be presented, though inadequately, in a few sentences:

> This glorious work of helping to complete God's fair creation; this high task of making human life and human society the realization of the Father's loving will for all his children; this is the real substance of the spiritual life, of which the services and devotions of the church are but the outward forms. They ought not to be separated. Yet if we can have but one, social service is of infinitely more worth than pious profession. . . . The world has been re-

[1] See Book III, Chaps. VI and XIII.

deemed from the moment when Christ came into it; from the moment when Love was consciously accepted as the true law of human life. This Christian principle of loving service and willing self-sacrifice for the glory of God and the good of man . . . is the spiritual principle of the modern world. . . . It is not always explicitly conscious of the historic source of its inspiration; it is not always in intellectual sympathy with the formulas in which the Christian tradition is expressed. But . . . the presence of this Spirit of Love as the accepted and accredited ideal of conduct and character is itself the proof that the world has been redeemed. It is the promise and potency of its complete redemption.[1]

The religion that lived in the heart of Jesus and spoke in his words not only had a social faith; it was a social faith. . . . The Kingdom of God calls for no ceremonial, for no specific doings. . . . Like Jesus, it makes love to God and love to man the sole outlet for the energy of religion and thereby harnesses that energy to the ethical purification of the natural social relations of men. . . . We are a wasteful nation. But the most terrible waste of all has been the waste of the power of religion on dress performances. . . . The Kingdom of God deals not only with the immortal souls of men, but with their bodies, their nourishment, their homes, their cleanliness, and it makes those who serve these fundamental needs of life, veritable ministers of God. . . . If the Kingdom of God on earth once more became the central object of religion, Christianity would necessarily resume the attitude of attack with which it set out. It had the temper of the pioneer. But where it has taken the existing order for granted and has devoted itself to saving souls, it has become a conservative force, bent on maintaining the great institution of the church and preserving the treasure of doctrine and supernatural grace committed to it. When we accept the faith of the Kingdom of God, we take the same attitude toward our own social order which missionaries take toward the social life of heathenism. . . . The Church would have to "about face." The centre of gravity in the whole Christian structure of history would be shifted from the past to the future.[2]

Many Christian pastors have attempted to live in the spirit of this gospel, but it is scarcely invidious to single out Washington Gladden (1836-1918) as the best-known and most effective worker for the regeneration of the social organism in the pulpit of our period. He was pastor in North Adams and Springfield,

[1] Hyde, *Social Theology*, pp. 215–16, 229–30.

[2] Rauschenbusch, *Christianizing the Social Order*, pp. 96–102.

Massachusetts, and, for over thirty years, in Columbus, Ohio. He was the author of many books on the social and religious readjustment, of which perhaps *On Being a Christian* (1876), *Applied Christianity* (1886), *Who Wrote the Bible?* (1891), *Tools and the Man* (1893), *The Christian Pastor* (1898), and *The Labor Question* (1911) have had the largest sale. No one of these volumes, however, was written merely in order to be published; they grew out of the pressing problems of his ministry. His fine-spirited *Recollections* (1909) indicates the stormy theological and sociological times through which he lived. He refused to be silent and he was fortunately mediatory by nature. His fairness won him a hearing and his good-will gave him effectiveness. He challenged the official conservatism of the Congregational churches, he threw his influence into the struggle for untrammelled investigation of the Bible, he insisted upon a larger share of the profits of industry for the labourers, he initiated the movement for the change of the time of election in Ohio from October to November, he had himself elected to the city council in Columbus when important franchises were to be decided, and became firmly convinced of the necessity of municipal ownership of public works. He writes: "Dishonest men can be bought and ignorant men can be manipulated. This is the kind of government which private capital, invested in public-service industries, naturally feels that it must have. . . . I do not think that the people of any city can afford to have ten or twenty or two hundred millions of dollars directly and consciously interested in promoting bad government." During a fierce street-car strike in Cleveland in 1886 he journeyed thither and spoke to a great meeting of employers and employees on "Is it Peace or War?" openly favouring the right of the workingmen to combine for the defence of their interests. In a later street-car strike in his own city he intervened, insisting upon the arbitration which the labourers desired and the employers refused. He was an enemy of war. As late as 1909 he declared that he wished secession had been tried: "I cannot help wishing that the ethical passion of the North for liberty had been matched with a faith equally compelling in the cogency of good-will." An enemy of socialism, he became at length convinced that the functions of government should be extended. His opinions moved slowly but

somewhat in advance of the opinion of the churches. When he died in 1918 the New York *Evening Post* remarked: "Washington Gladden seemed to have an extra sense. . . . In matters affecting religion and church organization, in matters political, in matters social, in matters international, he had an almost uncanny way of anticipating what was to come." The truth of this comment may be tested by a paragraph from his essay on *The Strength and Weakness of Socialism*, written as far back as 1886.

> Out of unrestricted competition arise many wrongs that the State must redress and many abuses which it must check. It may become the duty of the State to reform its taxation, so that its burdens shall rest less heavily upon the lower classes; to repress monopolies of all sorts; to prevent and punish gambling; to regulate or control the railroads and telegraphs; to limit the ownership of land; to modify the laws of inheritance; and possibly to levy a progressive income-tax, so that the enormous fortunes should bear more rather than less than their share of the public burdens.

He was a strong believer in profit-sharing; he was president of an association for Christian education of the negroes and Indians and backward peoples; he was the moderator of the Congregational National Council; he was the champion of international peace. He was withal a Christian pastor and conscientious preacher. He said, indeed:

> I maintain that good sermons may be and ought to be good literature; that the free, direct, conversational handling of a theme in the presence of an audience makes good reading in a book. If I am permitted to judge my own work, I should say that the best of my books as literature is the book of sermons, *Where Does the Sky Begin?*

The one man who, in our period, best demonstrated this thesis of Washington Gladden is Phillips Brooks (1835–93).[1] He was most fortunately constituted and placed to be a great preacher. Just about the time of his birth in Boston, his family gave up its pew in the Unitarian meeting-house and, as a

[1] The volume the writer of this chapter would recommend as an introduction to Brooks's writings is the fourth series of his sermons, entitled *Twenty Sermons*, published in 1886. The new edition (1910) is entitled *Visions and Tasks*.

compromise between its Unitarian and Congregational strands, took one in St. Paul's Episcopal Church, its freedom and strength becoming tinged with mystery and wrapped about in dignified historicity. And when Phillips Brooks, after an unsuccessful experiment in teaching in the Boston Latin School, hesitatingly determined to be a minister, his mind seemed to rest in the solidarity of humanity, in the perpetual and abiding emotions, conceptions, and satisfactions which underlie all change. The strong conservatism, so often noted in college students, seemed to remain with him long after the undergraduate years and to be a constitutive element of his character.

With the great controversies of his times he was not unacquainted. He took the gradually prevailing view with regard to them all. He believed the great books of other religions to be "younger brothers" of the Bible. He travelled with sympathetic interest in India and Japan. "No mischief," he thought, "can begin to equal the mischief which must come from the obstinate dishonesty of men who refuse to recognize any of the new light which has been thrown upon the Bible." When Heber Newton was threatened with a trial for heresy because of his belief in the methods and some of the more radical conclusions of the higher criticism, Brooks invited him to preach in his pulpit. He says remarkably little regarding the Darwinian controversy. He had but a superficial acquaintance with science. He finds his comfort in believing that "the orderliness of nature must make more certain the existence of an orderer," and suggests that "Christ's truth of the Father Life of God has the most intimate connection with Darwin's doctrine of development, which is simply the continual indwelling and action of creative power." He added, however, but little to the controversies. Save where, as in the problem of comparative religion, they came into close contact with his own gospel of the universal sonship of man to God, he was not fundamentally interested in them. His sympathetic sermon on Gamaliel, who left the upshot of controversies to God, is characteristic. In the Theological Seminary at Alexandria he wrote in his student's notebook:

> Truth has laid her strong piers in the past Eternity and the Eternity to come and now she is bridging the interval with this life

of ours. . . . Controversies grow tame and tiresome to the mind which has looked on Truth. . . . We walk the bridge of life. Can we not trust its safety on the two great resting-places of God's wisdom?

Phillips Brooks was habitually more aware of the background than of the foreground. Occasionally, indeed, it was otherwise. In his Philadelphia ministry he spoke out boldly, at the conclusion of the War, for negro suffrage. In his later life the radical in him showed itself more conspicuously. He rose in his place in the Church Congress to plead for the use of the Revised Version of the Bible in public worship, and in the Convention of 1886 he protested vigorously against the proposal to strike the words "Protestant Episcopal" from the title of his Church. On his return from the Convention to Boston, he even went so far as to declare from the pulpit that if the name were changed, he did not see how any one could remain in the Church who, like himself, disbelieved in the doctrine of Apostolic Succession. But in the main he lived above controversy. He believed neither in "insisting on full requirements of doctrine nor on paring them down. . . . The duty of such times as these is to go deeper into the spirituality of our truths. . . . Jesus let the shell stand as he found it, until the new life within could burst it for itself." His rare biographer, A. V. G. Allen, makes this significant comment upon a Thanksgiving sermon of his:

> He offers no solution of the conflict between religion and science. But it means something that in the disorder of thought and feeling, so many men are fleeing to the study of orderly nature. He urges his hearers to make much of the experiences of life which are perpetual, joy, sorrow, friendship, work, charity, relation with one's brethren, for these are eternal.

For Brooks this was no evasion. It was digging below the questions of the day to the eternal, unquestioned, proven truths of human experience. It was losing one's self in humanity. He occasionally looked forward, and increasingly, but he loved best to look from the present backward and upward. Just after his graduation from Harvard, we find this in his notebook:

A spark of original thought . . . strengthens a man's feeling of individuality, but weakens his sense of race. It is an inspiring, ennobling, elevating, but not a social thing. But what a kindly power, what a warm human family feeling clusters around the thought which we find common to our mind and to some old mind which was thinking away back in the twilight of time. . . . So when we recognize a common impulse or rule of life . . . we must feel humanity in its spirit, bearing witness with our spirits, that it is the offspring of a common divinity.

His native conservatism lived through the awakening years of the Seminary. We find these musings in his notebook:

Originality is a fine thing, but first have you the head to bear it? . . . Our best and strongest thoughts, like men's earliest and ruder homes, are found or hollowed in the old primæval rock. . . . Not till our pride rebels against the architecture of these first homes and we go out and build more stately houses of theory and speculation and discovery and science, do we begin to feel the feebleness that is in us.

As his biographer keenly says: "Nowhere in these notebooks does Brooks regard himself as a pioneer in search of new thought. . . . He does not test truth by individual experiences but by the larger experiences of humanity." He told the Yale theological students in his middle life that a part of the Christian assurance lies in the fact that the Christian message is "the identical message which has come down from the beginning." Part of his satisfaction in preaching lay in his confidence that he was in his proper communion. He rejoiced "in her strong historic spirit, her sense of union with the ages which have passed out of sight." The insignia of spiritual truth to him were largely antiquity and catholicity. He had profound faith in the people. He believed in prophets when they had been accepted by the people; that is, usually some ages after they have lived and died. Few prominent men have let their friends and the public decide in their crises more than Brooks—and in nearly every case against his own original instinct. He relied on the heart of humanity as the supreme judge. Out of this primitive conviction of his grew his one essential message, that every man who has ever lived is a son

of God. Consequently when a great doctrine came before him which had the ages of experience behind it or upon it, the question he asked was not "Is it true?" but "Why is it true?" or "Wherein resides its truth?" So it was with the great pivotal doctrine of the divinity of Christ, or, as he preferred to call it, the Incarnation. He found its truth to reside in the fact that Christ had lived out the secret yearnings and possibilities of humanity; Christ was the prophecy of the Christ that was everywhere to be. On the great question of the miracles he was orthodox. He lived in a time when Biblical criticism in this country was in its earlier stages. He could honestly write to a German inquirer: "There is nothing in the results of modern scholarship which conflicts with the statements in the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds concerning the birth of Jesus." As Allen remarks, Brooks was in the habit of "sheathing his critical faculties where the people's faith was concerned." He used the Bible, therefore, pretty much as he found it, or rather he used what he found beneath it.

It was toward middle life, about the time that a fresh study of the Gospels found expression in the *Influence of Jesus* (1880), that his emphasis seemed to shift from historic Christianity to the personal Christ. Over and over he insisted on the centrality of Christ. "Not Christianity but Christ! Not a doctrine but a person! Christianity only for Christ! . . . Our religion is—Christ. To believe in Him is what? To say a Creed? To join a church? No, but to have a great, strong, divine Master, whom we perfectly love." And how perfectly he loved him and how Christ responded to the embraces of this man's love, a letter on the eve of his consecration to the bishopric shows:

> These last years have a peace and fulness which there did not use to be. I do not think it is the mere quietness of advancing age. I am sure it is not indifference to anything which I used to care for. I am sure that it is a deeper knowledge and truer love of Christ. . . . I cannot tell you how personal this grows to me. He is here. He knows me and I know Him. It is no figure of speech. It is the reallest thing in the world. And every day makes it realler. And one wonders with delight what it will grow to as the years go on.

And yet, notwithstanding his anchorage in the past, he believed in a port ahead, for each individual primarily, but also for the race. Even his ecstatic and unreserved loyalty to the incarnate Christ did not serve as an iron door let down athwart the highway of progress. He intimated that his teaching regarding divorce was determined by temporary circumstances and that his scheme of punishments is not an essential factor of his religion. It is true, naturally, with his strong belief in immortality and in the individual's sonship to God, that he held that society is here for the sake of the individual and not the individual for the sake of society. But in the later years we find almost a new note in his writings. "Life may become too strong for literature," he says. "It may be the former methods and standards are not sufficient for the expression of the growing life, its new activities, its unexpected energies, its feverish problems. . . . A man must believe in the future more than he reverences the past." In a speech before the Boston Chamber of Commerce he is reported as having said that "the world was bound to press onward and find an escape from the things that terrified it, not by retreat but by a perpetual progress into the large calm that lay beyond." In the sermon which gives the title to his volume *The Light of the World* (1890),—wherein is succinctly set forth his gospel, "the essential possibility and richness of humanity and its essential belonging to divinity,"—we have these majestic words:

> It is so hard for us to believe in the mystery of man. "Behold man is this," we say, shutting down some near gate which falls only just beyond, quite in sight of, what human nature already has attained. If man would go beyond that, he must be something else than man. And just then something breaks the gate away, and, lo far out beyond where we can see, stretches the mystery of man, the beautiful, the awful mystery of man. To him, to man, all lower lives have climbed, and, having come to him, have found a field where evolution may go on for ever.

Such passages are rare in his writings, for usually his gaze takes in the past with Christ resplendent in it and does not lose itself in the future; then gratitude gets the upper hand of struggle. He rarely preaches an entirely "social" sermon. In *The Christian City*, wherein he departs from his custom, he be-

seeches Londoners to take heart because the modern city is so Christian, though unconsciously. *The Giant with the Wounded Heel* is one of the finest and most characteristic of his sermons. He believes the giant, man, is constantly crushing the serpent, and he is content to see a pretty large wound in his heel.

This largeness and poise of view is the most distinctive characteristic of Phillips Brooks. It stamps him with the mark of intellect. Occasionally he seems to value the mind for itself and to ascribe to it standards of its own. "The ink of the learned is as precious as the blood of the martyrs." Once he admits, without catching himself, that the mind is "the noblest part of us." In the sermon where this admission is made, *The Mind's Love for God*, he declares: "You cannot know that one idea is necessarily true because it seems to help you, nor that another idea is false because it wounds and seems to hinder you. Your mind is your faculty for judging what is true." But these are isolated sayings. Ordinarily he refuses to think of the intellect as a thing apart from the entire man, and he finds truth, as did his Master, inherent in life, a personal quality, discovered, determined, and determinable by personal ends. When he first began to think, Socrates was almost the ideal figure. But later, Socrates seemed thin in comparison with Christ. "Socrates brings an argument to meet an objection. Jesus always brings a nature to meet a nature; a whole being which the truth has filled with strength to meet another whole being, which error has filled with feebleness." In his sermon on the death of Lincoln he discloses his inner thought:

> A great many people have discussed very crudely whether Abraham Lincoln was an intellectual man or not, as if intellect were a thing, always of the same sort, which you could precipitate from the other constituents of a man's nature and weigh by itself. . . . The fact is that in all the simplest characters, the line between the mental and moral nature is always vague and indistinct. They run together, and in their best combination you are unable to discriminate, in the wisdom which is their result, how much is moral and how much is intellectual.

In his student days he confides to his notebook: "A fresh thought may be spoiled by sheer admiration. It was given us

to work in and to live by. . . . It will give its blessing to us only on its knees. From this point of view, thought is as holy a thing as prayer, for both are worship." The best description, perhaps, of his own mind is to be found in his enumeration of the "intellectual characteristics which Christ's disciples gathered from their Master," namely: "A poetic conception of the world we live in, a willing acceptance of mystery, an expectation of progress by development, an absence of fastidiousness that comes from a sense of the possibilities of all humanity, and a perpetual enlargement of thought from the arbitrary into the essential."

These peculiar intellectual characteristics, rooted in their passionate reverence for humanity, for its ideals and its achievements, determine the place of Brooks among the great preachers of the world. He is at his best when he preaches by indirection. Enlargement is his effect. A man sees his own time in relation to all time, discovers his greatness by the greatness of which he is a part. Brooks's mission was not to advance the frontiers of knowledge, not even of spiritual knowledge, but rather to annex the cleared areas to the old domains. His abiding preoccupation—fatal to the scientist, detrimental to the sociologist, fortunate for the fame and immediate influence of the preacher—was to hold the present, changing into the future, loyal to the past. He was not the stuff of which martyrs are made, but his soul was of that vastness which kept the public from making martyrs of the truthful. He seems to watch and bless rather than to urge forward. His great service to his age was that of a mediator. Standing himself as a trinitarian and a supernaturalist, rejoicing in the greenness of the historic pastures, he discovered at the base of his doctrines the same essential spiritual food which others sought on freer uplands and less confined stretches. He ministered to orthodox and unorthodox alike beneath their differences. He did much to keep spiritual evolution free from the bitterness and contempt of revolution.

## CHAPTER XVII

# Later Philosophy

THE prevailing other-worldliness of American philosophers seems to be the only explanation for our failure to develop an original and vigorous political philosophy to meet our unique political experience. On a priori grounds it seems indisputable that philosophy must share the characteristics of the life of which it is a part and on which it is its business to reflect. But we actually do not know with certainty what kind of philosophy any given set of historic conditions will always produce. Thus no one has convincingly pointed out any direct and really significant influence on American philosophy exercised by our colonial organization, by the Revolutionary War, by the slavery struggle, by the Civil War, by our unprecedented immigration, or by the open frontier life which our historians now generally regard as the key to American history. The fact that, excepting some passages in Calhoun,[1] none of our important philosophic writings mentions the existence of slavery or of the negro race, that liberal democratic philosophers like Jefferson[2] could continue to own and even sell slaves and still fervently believe that all men are created free and equal, ought to serve as a reminder of the air-tight compartments into which the human mind is frequently divided, and of the extent to which one's professed philosophy can be entirely disconnected from the routine of one's daily occupation. Indeed, it would seem that most of our philosophy is not a reflection on life but, like music or Utopian

[1] See Book II, Chap. xv. The keen pamphlet on *Slavery and Freedom* by A. T. Bledsoe, the most versatile of our Southern philosophers, and the references to the ethics of slavery in Wayland's *Moral Philosophy*, can hardly be considered as derogating from the statement in the text.

[2] See Book I, Chap. viii.

and romantic literature, an escape from it, a turning one's back upon its prosaic monotony. But though genuine philosophy never restricts itself to purely local and temporal affairs, the history of philosophy, as part of the history of the intellectual life of any country, is largely concerned with the life of various national or local traditions, with their growth and struggles, and the interaction between them and the general currents of life into which they must fit, with the general conditions, that is, under which intellectual life is carried on.

The main traditions of American philosophy have been British, that is, English and Scotch; and the Declaration of Independence has had no more influence in the realm of metaphysical speculation than it has had in the realm of our common law. French and German influences have, indeed, not been absent. The community of Western civilization which found in Latin its common language has never been completely broken up. But French and German influences have not been any greater in the United States than in Great Britain. Up to very recently our philosophers have mostly been theologians, and the latter, like the lawyers, cultivate intense loyalty to ancient traditions. In our early national period French free-thought exercised considerable influence, especially in the South; but the free thought of Voltaire, Condillac, and Volney was, after all, an adaptation of Locke and English deism; and its American apostles like Thomas Paine,[1] Priestley, and Thomas Cooper were, like Franklin[2] and Jefferson, characteristically British—as were Hume and Gibbon in their day. This movement of intellectual liberalism was almost completely annihilated in the greater portion of the country by the evangelical or revivalist movement. The triumph of revivalism was rendered easier by the weakly organized intellectual life and the economic bankruptcy of the older Southern aristocracy, as reflected in the financial difficulties which embarrassed Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe in their old age. The second French wave, the eclectic philosophy of Cousin and Jouffroy, was at bottom simply the Scotch realism of Reid and Stewart over again, with only slight traces of Schelling.

With the organization of our graduate schools on German models, and with a large number of our teachers taking their

[1] See Book I, Chap. VIII. [2] See Book I, Chap. VI.

doctors' degrees in Germany, Germanic terms and mannerisms gained an apparent ascendancy in our philosophic teachings and writings; but in its substance, philosophy in America has followed the modes prevailing in Great Britain. The first serious attempt to introduce German philosophy into this country came with Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection* (1829), and the apologetic tone of President Marsh's introductory essay showed how powerfully the philosophy of Locke and Reid had become entrenched as a part of the Christian thought of America. Some acquaintance with German philosophy was shown by New England radicals like Theodore Parker,[1] but in the main their interest in things Germanic was restricted to the realm of belles-lettres, biblical criticism, and philology. Though some stray bits of Schelling's romantic nature-philosophy became merged in American transcendentalism, the latter was really a form of Neoplatonism directly descended from the Cambridge platonism of More and Cudworth. Hickok's *Rational Psychology* (1848) is our only philosophic work of the first two-thirds of the nineteenth century to show any direct and serious assimilation of Kant's thought. Hickok, however, professes to reject the whole transcendental philosophy, and, in the main, the Kantian elements in his system are no larger than in the writings of British thinkers like Hamilton and Whewell. The Hegelian influence, which made itself strongly felt in the work of William T. Harris, was even more potent in Great Britain.

In 1835 De Tocqueville reported that in no part of the civilized world was less attention paid to philosophy than in the United States.[2] Whether because of absorption in the material conquest of a vast continent, or because of a narrow orthodoxy which was then hindering free intellectual life in England as well as in the United States, the fact remains that nowhere else were free theoretic inquiries held in such little honour. As our colleges were originally all sectarian or denominational, clergymen occupied all the chairs of philosophy. Despite the multitude of sects, the Scottish common-sense philosophy introduced at the end of the eighteenth century at Princeton by Presi-

[1] See Book II, Chap. VIII.

[2] One gets the same impression from Harriet Martineau's *Society in America* and from the account of Philarète Chasles.

dent Witherspoon, spread until it formed almost the sole basis of philosophic instruction. Here and there some notice was taken of Mill and Positivism, and Edward's *Freedom of the Will*[1] continued to agitate thoughtful minds inside and outside of the colleges, but in the main both idealism and empiricism were suspected as leading to pantheism or to downright atheism. The creation of the earth before man was a potent argument against Berkeleian idealism or denial of matter. The Scottish common-sense realism was a democratic philosophy in the sense that it did not depart widely from the popular views as to the nature of the material world, the soul, and God.[2] It did not rely on subtle arguments, but appealed to established beliefs. It could easily be reconciled with the most literal interpretation of the Bible and could thus be used as a club against freethinkers. Above all, it was eminently teachable. It eliminated all disturbing doubts by direct appeal to the testimony of consciousness, and readily settled all questions by elevating disputed opinions into indubitable principles. It could thus be authoritatively taught to adolescent minds, and students could readily recite on it. Unfortunately, however, philosophy does not thrive under the rod of authority; and in spite of many acute minds like Bowen, Mahan, Bledsoe, or Tappan, or powerful minds like Shedd and Hickok,[3] American philosophy before the Civil War produced not a single original philosophic work of commanding importance. To the modern reader it is all an arid desert of commonplace opinion covered with the dust of pedantic language.

The storm which broke the stagnant air and aroused many American minds from this dogmatic torpor came with the controversy over evolution which followed the publication of Lyell's *Geology*, Darwin's *Origin of Species*, and Spencer's *First Principles*. The evolutionary philosophy was flanked on the

[1] See Book I, Chap. IV.

[2] It is interesting to note that Jefferson was converted to it by Stewart.

[3] Soldier, lawyer, minister, publicist, and editor, as well as professor of mathematics, Albert T. Bledsoe deserves to be better known. His *Philosophy of Mathematics* is still worth reading. So also is Shedd's *Philosophy of History*, which illustrates the independence of the evolutionary conception of history from the thought of Spencer or Darwin. For sheer intellectual power, however, and for comprehensive grasp of technical philosophy Hickok is easily the foremost figure in American philosophy between the time of Jonathan Edwards and the period of the Civil War. He left, however, no influential disciples except Presidents Seeley and Bascom.

left by the empirical or positivistic philosophy of Comte, Mill, Lewes, Buckle, and Bain, and on the right by the dialectic evolutionism of Hegel. The work of John Fiske, the leader of the evolutionary host, of Chauncey Wright, who nobly represented scientific empiricism, and of William T. Harris, the saintly and practical minded Hegelian, united to give American philosophy a wider basis. With these the history of the modern period of American philosophy begins.

To understand the profound revolution in religious and philosophic thought caused by the advent of the hypothesis of organic evolution, we must remember that natural history was, after Paley, an integral part of American theology. The current religious philosophy rested very largely on what were then called the evidences of design in the organic world; and the theory of natural selection rendered all these arguments futile. The mass of geologic and biologic evidence marshalled with such skill and transparent honesty by Darwin proved an overwhelming blow against those who accepted the biblical account of the creation of man and of animals as literal history. Modern physical science had dispossessed theology from its proud position as the authoritative source of truth on astronomic questions. If, then, the biblical account of creation and its specific declaration, "According to their kind created He them," were to be disregarded, could Protestant Christianity, relying on the authority of the Bible, survive? These fears for the safety of religion proved groundless, but there is no doubt that the evolutionary movement profoundly shook the position of theology and theologians. Not only was the intellectual eminence of our theologians seriously damaged in the eyes of the community as a result of the controversy, but theology was profoundly altered by the evolutionary philosophy. As a religious doctrine the latter was in effect a revival of an older deism, according to which the world was the manifestation of an immanent Power expressing itself in general laws revealed by natural reason and experience, instead of being specially created and governed by divine interventions or occasional miracles revealed to us by supernatural authority.

In the realm of pure philosophy Spencer and his disciple Fiske brought no new ideas of any importance. Their doctrine of the relativity of human knowledge was a common possession

of both English and Scottish writers, and their agnosticism, based on our supposed inability to know the infinite, had been common coin since the days of Kant. But the idea of universal evolution or development, though as old as Greek philosophy and fully exploited in all departments of human thought by Hegel, received a most impressive popular impetus from the work of Darwin and Spencer, and stirred the popular imagination as few intellectual achievements had done since the rise of the Copernican astronomy. Just as the displacement of man's abode as the centre of the universe led by way of compensation to a modern idealism which said "The whole cosmos is in our mind," so the discovery of man's essential kinship with brute creation led to the renewal of an idealistic philosophy which made human development and perfection the end of the cosmic process travailing through the æons. Thus, instead of doing away with all teleology, the evolutionary philosophy itself became a teleology, replacing bleak Calvinism with the warm, rosy outlook of a perpetual and universal upward progress.

This absorption of the evolutionary philosophy by theology is clearly brought out in the works of John Fiske (1842–1901). In his main philosophic work, the *Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy*, which he delivered as lectures in Harvard in 1869–71, he followed Spencer so closely in his agnosticism and opposition to anthropomorphic theism that he brought down the wrath of the orthodox and made a permanent position for himself in the department of philosophy at Harvard impossible. Yet his own cosmic theism and his attempt to reconcile the existence of evil with that of a benevolent, omnipotent, quasi-psychical Power should have shown discerning theologians that here was a precious ally. In his later writings Fiske, though never expressly withdrawing his earlier argument that the ideas of personality and infinity are incompatible, did emphasize more and more the personality of God; and his original contrast between cosmic and anthropomorphic theism reduced itself to a contrast between the immanent theology of Athanasius and the transcendent theology of St. Augustine. By making man's spiritual development the goal of the whole evolutionary process, Fiske replaced man in his old position as head of the universe even as in the days of Dante and Aquinas.

What primarily attracted Fiske to the evolutionary philo-

sophy was precisely that which made that philosophy so popular, the easy way in which it could serve as a universal key to open up a comprehensive view on every subject of human interest. Despite his services to popular science, Fiske was not himself a scientific investigator. His knowledge of biology was second-hand, neither extensive nor very accurate, and even less can be said about his knowledge of physics. But he was widely read in history, in which he was always primarily interested. The evolutionary philosophy appealed to him above all as a clue to the tangled, complicated mass of facts that constitutes human history. Like Buckle, Fiske wanted to eliminate the marvellous or catastrophic view of history and reduce it to simple laws. In his historic writings, however, he does not seem to have used the evolutionary philosophy to throw new light on past events, and in his actual historic representation his dramatic instinct gave full scope to the part of great men, to issues of battles, and to like incidents.[1]

The extent to which Fiske as a philosopher was dominated by traditional views is best seen when we ask for the ethical and political teaching of his evolutionary philosophy. Only a few pages of the *Cosmic Philosophy* are devoted to this topic, and the results do not in any respect rise above the commonplace. He naïvely accepts the crude popular analysis which makes morality synonymous with yielding to the "dictates of sympathy" instead of to the "dictates of selfishness." The conception of evolution as consisting of slow, imperceptible changes—thus ignoring all saltations or mutations—is made to support the ordinary conservative aversion for radical change. The philosophy of Voltaire and the encyclopædists is sweepingly condemned as socially subversive; and against Comte it is maintained that society cannot be organized on the basis of scientific philosophy, not even the evolutionary philosophy. Statesmen should study history, but men cannot be taught the higher state of civilization; they can only be bred in it. Just how the latter process is to take place we are not told. Fiske left nothing of a theory of education.[2] He belittles the importance of social institutions and concludes by making social

[1] For his historical writings see Book III, Chap. XV.

[2] His important *aperçu* as to the significance of prolonged infancy as the basis of civilization relates to his theory of social and moral evolution.

salvation depend upon a change of heart in individual men—quite in the tradition of the Protestant theology which he had inherited.

Fiske was not an original or a logically rigorous thinker, and his knowledge of the history of science and philosophy was by no means adequate; but he was a remarkably lucid, vigorous, and engaging writer who had no fear of repeating the same point. His *Cosmic Philosophy* went through sixteen editions, and this, as well as his other books, which sold by the thousands, undoubtedly exerted wide influence. Thus he greatly aided the spread of the Berkeleian argument that all we know of matter is states of consciousness, and at the same time of the argument (really inconsistent with this) for a psychical parallelism according to which matter and mind form parallel streams of causality without one causing the other. But above all, he made fashionable the evolutionary myth according to which everything has a function, evolves, and necessarily passes through certain stages. Thus he also introduced a new intellectual orthodoxy according to which the elect pride themselves on following the "dynamic" rather than the "static" point of view.

The pietistic philosophy which gained complete control of the American college and of dominant public opinion did not completely break all communication between America and foreign liberal thought as represented by Comte, Fourier, and even Proudhon, or by Bentham, Grote, and Mill. Even the arch-skeptic Hume continued to be reprinted in this country; and the vitality of the sensualistic or quasi-materialistic tradition in the medical profession is evidenced by James Rush's *Analysis of the Human Intellect* (1865). Despite, however, the presence with us of men of such first-rate scientific eminence as Joseph Henry, Benjamin Peirce, or Nathaniel Bowditch, scientific thought was not sufficiently organized to demand a philosophy more in consonance with its own procedure. Even in Great Britain, where science was earlier and better organized by means of the Association for the Advancement of Science (1832), Mill's effort to revive and continue Hume's attempt to introduce the experimental method of natural sciences into mental and moral questions found acceptance very slowly. Toward the end of his life Mill testified that for one British

philosopher who believed in the experimental method twenty were followers of the a priori method. Empiricism was certainly not the dominant characteristic of Anglo-Saxon thought in the period when Coleridge, Hamilton, and Whewell were in the foreground. Slowly the scientific mode of thought spread, however, and found in Mill's *Logic* its most convenient formulation. Chauncey Wright (1830–75), a computer for the *Nautical Almanac* who had made important contributions to mathematics and physics, had, like most of the thinking men of his day, been brought up on Hamilton. But his reading of Mill converted Wright completely; and while never a disciple of Mill to the extent that Fiske was of Spencer, he was in a fair way to re-enforce and develop Mill's logic in a most original manner when an untimely death cut him off. All his papers, published mostly in *The North American Review* (1864–73), fill only one volume. But if the test of a philosopher be intellectual keenness and persistent devotion to the truth rather than skill in making sweeping generalizations plausible, Chauncey Wright deserves a foremost place in American philosophy. Unlike Fiske, Wright knew at first hand the technique of biologic as well as mathematical and physical research, and his contribution to the discussion of natural selection was highly valued by Darwin. But he rejects the evolutionary philosophy of Spencer, not only because of its inadequate grasp of modern physics, nor merely because, like all cosmogonic philosophies, it goes beyond the bounds of known fact, but primarily because it is metaphysical, that is, it deals with the general laws of physics as abstract elements out of which a picture of the universe is to be drawn. To draw such a picture of the universe is a part of religion and of poetic or myth-making art. It does not belong to science. For whenever we go beyond the limited body of observed fact we order things according to our imagination and inevitably develop a cosmos as if it were an epic poem, with a beginning, middle, and end. The scientist, according to Wright, is interested in a general law like gravitation not as a description of the cosmos, but rather as a means for extending his knowledge of a field of concrete fact. Metaphysics speculated about universal gravitation before Newton. What Newton found was a law which enabled him to deduce the facts of the solar system and led to the discovery of many more facts which

would not otherwise have come to light,—the existence of the planet Neptune, for instance. If the philosopher wishes to be scientific, let him discipline himself by carrying on an original investigation in some department of empirical science so as to gain a clear idea how knowledge is actually used as a basis for discovering new truths. Anticipating the instrumentalism of Dewey, as well as the pragmatism of James, Wright points out that the principles of modern mathematical and physical philosophy are rather the eyes with which nature is seen than the elements and constitution of the object discovered, that general laws are finders, not merely summaries of truth.

Wright does not underestimate the value of religious or metaphysical philosophies, though they may be full of vague ideas, crude fancies, and unverified convictions; for they "constitute more of human happiness and human wealth than the narrow material standards of science have been able to measure." But scientific philosophy must be clearly distinguished from these. The motives of science arise in rational curiosity or wonder, while religious and metaphysical philosophies arise from the desire—not to discover new truths but—to defend our emotional and vital preferences by exhibiting them as entirely free from inconsistency. Logical refutation of every opposing philosophy affords us satisfaction but does not convince our opponents; because the choice of ultimate metaphysical dogmas is a matter of character (or temperament, as James later said) and not of logic.

Wright's own choice, which he does not pretend to demonstrate, is for the view attributed to Aristotle, that creation is not a progression toward a single end, but rather an endless succession of changes, simple and constant in their elements, though infinite in their combinations, which constitute an order without beginning and without termination. This distinction between elements and their combination enabled him to unite the belief in the universality of physical causation which is the scientist's protection against the refined superstitions of teleology with the Aristotelian belief in accidents which keeps the scientist from erecting his discoveries into metaphysical dogmas. Scientific research must postulate the universality of the causal relation between elementary facts and cannot make use of any teleology, since there is no scientific test for distinguishing

which facts are ends and which are only means. But there is no evidence that any law like that of gravity is absolutely exact or more than approximately true or that it holds beyond the observable stars. The inductive or empirical character of the actual laws of science explains the reality of accidents or phenomena which could not have been predicted from any finite human knowledge of their antecedents. The rise of self-consciousness, the use of the voice as a means of communication, or the properties of new chemical combinations, all illustrate phenomena which are subject to law yet unpredictable. Though life is subject to the law of conservation of energy, nothing characteristic of life can be deduced from such a law.

Wright's penetrating and well-founded reflections on the nature of scientific method did not attract widespread attention. The vast majority come to philosophy to find or to confirm some simple "scheme of things entire." And though all scientists are empirical in their own field, most of them demand some absolute finality when they come to philosophy. Wright's profound modesty and austere self-control in the presence of glittering and tempting generalizations and his willingness to live in a world subject to the uncertainties of "cosmic weather" will never attract more than a few. But the character of his thought, though rare, is nevertheless indicative of a tendency toward the scientific philosophy, the negative side of which was more crudely and more popularly represented by Draper's *History of the Intellectual Development of Europe* (1862)[1] and in many articles in *The Popular Science Monthly*. But at least two great American philosophers were directly and profoundly influenced by Chauncey Wright, and those were Charles Peirce and William James.

To the modern reader the writings of William T. Harris—even his last and most finished book, *Psychologic Foundations of Education* (1898)—sound rather obsolete and somewhat mechanical. But the position of the author, who from 1867 to 1910 was regarded as the intellectual leader of the educational profession in the United States, who for over twenty-five years edited *The Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, and who was the chief organizer of the Concord School of Philosophy,[2]

[1] See Book III, Chap. xv.

[2] The Concord School, of which Alcott was the nominal head and Harris the

gave his writings an amount of influence far beyond what the reader might expect. Sweetly generous, devout, and enterprising, Harris was an ideal apostle of philosophy to the American people, calling upon them to enter the world's great intellectual heritage and assuring them that the truths of religion —God, freedom, and immortality—have always been best protected by true philosophy and are in no need of the ill-advised guardians who, by discouraging free inquiry, transform religion into fetishism.

Just as the work of Chauncey Wright may be summarized in its attack on the pretentiousness and inadequate scientific basis of the Spencerian evolutionary philosophy, so the work of William T. Harris may be summed up as an attack against agnosticism. On its psychologic side Harris's argument is directed against Spencer's assumption (directly derived from Sir William Hamilton) that we cannot conceive the infinite. Against this Harris clearly points out that Hamilton and Spencer are confusing the process of conception and the process of imagination. It is true that we cannot form a picture or an image of the infinite, but neither can we form an image of any motion or process as such. This, however, need not prevent us from grasping or conceiving any universal process of which the imagination fixes the dead static result at any moment. On the objective side Harris reaches the same result by the dialectic argument that the finite particular cannot be the ultimate reality. Particular things are given in sense perception, but the scientific understanding shows us that every object depends on other things to make it what it is; everything depends upon an environment. Science in its development must thus emphasize dynamic processes, and its highest point is reached in the discovery of the correlation of all forces. But the moment we begin to reason as to the nature of these processes or activities, we are inevitably led to the idea of self-activity; for since every finite object gets its activity from some other object, the ultimate source of all activity must be that which is not limited by something else, and that is an infinite or self-limited Activity. Thus the stages of sense-perception, understanding,

directing genius, thus represented the union of New England transcendentalism with Germanic scholarship and idealism. As such its history is a significant incident in the intellectual life of America.

and reason lead to atomism or materialism, pantheism, and theism respectively.

With the simplicity that comes from undiluted sincerity, Harris repeats this argument over and over again, finding in it the clue to fruitful insight in all fields of human interest. It is the weapon with which he refutes all empiricism, which bases truth on the knowledge of particulars. All such philosophy, he says, stops at the stage of understanding and fails to note that a particular fact possesses whatever unity or character it has only in virtue of some universal. Time, space, and causality cannot, therefore, be derived from particular experiences, but are, as Kant maintained, the a priori conditions of all experience.

In social philosophy Harris follows Hegel rather closely with a characteristic New England emphasis on the freedom of the will. Thus the state is "a social unit in which the individual exists not for himself, but for the use of that unit"; but social order is not to be secured by external authority, but by free choice. Like his master, Hegel, Harris intellectualizes religion and art, the function of both being to reveal ultimate or philosophic truth, religion in the form of dogmatic faith, art by sensuous representation which "piques the soul to ascend out of the stage of sense perception into reflection and free thought."

Like all Hegelians and most believers in the adequacy of one system, Harris frequently thinks he has gained insight when he has translated a fact into his own terminology[1]; and the allegoric method of interpreting works of art and great literary masterpieces, notably Dante's *Divine Comedy* and Goethe's *Faust*, easily lent itself to that result. Still the general result of Harris's theoretic as well as his practical activity was undoubtedly to broaden the basis and subject matter of American philosophy. His *Journal of Speculative Philosophy* (1867–93) the first journal in the English language devoted exclusively to philosophy, made the thought of Plato and Aristotle as well as that of the German philosophers accessible to American readers. When it was objected that America needed something more original, he justly replied that an originality which cherished its own idiosyncrasies was despicable. His convic-

[1] Harris, for instance, believed that he found a new insight into the nature of light when he characterized it as "a point making itself valid outside of itself." See a similar account of gravity, in *Psychologic Foundations of Education*, p. 22.

tion that a worthy originality can come only through deep acquaintance with the best of ancient and modern thought stands justified by at least one fact. The most original American thinkers, Peirce, Royce, James, and Dewey, were also the most learned, and their first philosophic papers appeared in *The Journal of Speculative Philosophy*.

The general spread of the evolutionary theory, popular science, and more accurate historical acquaintance with European thought affected the American colleges only very slowly. An examination of the catalogues of American colleges will bear out the picture of dismal unenlightenment which Stanley Hall drew in 1879 of the state of philosophic teaching.[1] The beginning of a better order of things may be dated from the election of a layman, Charles W. Eliot, as President of Harvard College in 1869 or from the introduction of post-graduate instruction at Johns Hopkins in 1876. As the American colleges began to expand and as training for the educational profession became an important consideration, teachers of philosophy and psychology began to be selected with some regard for professional training and competency rather than exclusively for piety or pastoral experience. Such professional training an increasing number obtained in Germany, where, if they did not always get much fresh wisdom, they did generally learn the meaning of scientific accuracy in experimental psychology and philologic accuracy in the history of philosophy. It was through men of this class that the idealistic philosophy of Kant and Hegel was introduced into the American colleges.[2] In this they were aided by the spread of German idealism in the English and Scottish universities, which found expression in the works of J. F. Ferrier, Hutchison Stirling, F. H. Bradley, T. H. Green, Bosanquet, John and Edward Caird, Mahaffy, and William Wallace.

The definitive triumph of the idealistic movement may be dated from the founding in 1892 of *The Philosophical Review* under the editorship of Jacob Gould Schurman and James Edwin

[1] *Mind*, vol. iv, 1879. Professor Gildersleeve of Johns Hopkins has testified that in his youth positions as college teachers were generally given to those who had failed in missionary work abroad.

[2] Typical of this class was G. S. Morris, Professor of Philosophy at Johns Hopkins, translator of Überweg's *History of Philosophy*, and editor of a series of expositions of German philosophic classics by Dewey, Watson, Harris, and Everett.

Creighton. As this review has always been open to scholarly contributions in all the various fields of philosophy, the character of its contributions during its first decade bears ample evidence to the complete dominance of the Kantian and Hegelian idealism. The old Scottish philosophy could not hold its own before the superior finesse and technical equipment of the new school.[1] At bottom, too, it realized the necessity of an alliance with the new rationalistic philosophy in the fight for a theistic and spiritual view of the world against scientific positivism and popular materialism. At Harvard Francis Bowen continued for many years to oppose dialectic Hegelianism as well as the "mind philosophy" of the British empiricists; but his assistant and successor, the gentle and classical minded G. H. Palmer, turned in the main to the Hegelian idealism introduced at Harvard in 1869 by C. C. Everett. At Princeton James McCosh, the leader of the Scottish school, poured forth an interminable list of books defending common-sense realism and attacking without excessive refinements all its opponents, including the Hegelians with their "thinking in trinities." But most of his attention had to be devoted to rendering the new evolutionary philosophy harmless to the cause of orthodoxy. His successor, Ormond, so expanded the realism of his master with Berkeleian and Kantian elements as to make it lose its historic identity. A similar development took place at Yale. Noah Porter had studied in Germany under Trendelenburg, and his great textbook on *The Human Mind* (1868) showed a painstaking, if not a penetrating, knowledge of Herbart, Lotze, and Wundt as well as of the British empiricists. But he remained substantially an adherent of a Scottish intuitive philosophy. Like McCosh, but with greater urbanity, he directed his energy mainly against popular agnosticism and materialism. His pupil and successor, George Trumbull Ladd, while professing to be eclectic and independent, follows in the main the method of Lotze,[2] and in the

[1] This increased technical interest necessarily led philosophy to become less popular and somewhat more narrow in its aims. Hence popular thought came to draw its inspiration either from the vague but sweeping generalizations of Spencer or other popularizers of science, or from mystic culture—theosophy, spiritualism, or "new thought"—which except in the writings of Horatio Dresser have nothing to do with the philosophy treated in this chapter.

[2] A more direct follower of Lotze was Borden P. Bowne, one of the keenest of American metaphysicians.

end bases his spiritualistic metaphysics on epistemology quite in the Kantian fashion. A leader in the introduction of modern physiologic psychology into this country, Ladd stands for a philosophy that criticizes the procedures and fundamental ideas of the special sciences. But his primary interest in philosophy is to make better Christian citizens. His idealism is a branch of modern Christian apologetics, justifying the ways of God and defending the church and the established moral and social order.

Its most distinguished and also its most influential leader the idealistic school found in Josiah Royce at Harvard. To understand his development, however, we must first take some note of Charles S. Peirce.

If philosophic eminence were measured not by the number of finished treatises of dignified length but by the extent to which a man brought forth new and fruitful ideas of radical importance, then Charles S. Peirce (1840–1914) would easily be the greatest figure in American philosophy. Unrivalled in his wide and thorough knowledge of the methods and history of the exact sciences (logic, mathematics, and physics), he was also endowed with the bountiful but capricious originality of genius. Few are the genuine contributions of America to philosophy of which the germinal idea is not to be found in some of his stray papers.

Peirce was too restless a pioneer or explorer to be able to settle down and imitate the great masters who build complete systems like stately palaces towering to the moon. He was rather of those who are always trying to penetrate the jungle that surrounds our patch of cultivated science; and his writings are all rough, cryptic sketches of new fields, without much regard to the limitations of the human understanding, so that James found his lectures on pragmatism "flashes of brilliant light against Cimmerian darkness." Overt departure from the conventional moral code and inability to work in harness made it impossible for Peirce to keep any permanent academic position, and thus he was deprived of a needed incentive to intelligibility and to ordinary consistency. Intellectual pioneers are rarely gregarious creatures. In their isolation they lose touch with those who follow the beaten paths, and when they return to the community they speak strangely of strange sights, so

that few have the faith to follow them and change their trails into high roads. Peirce was fortunate in that two powerful minds, Josiah Royce and William James, were able to follow some of the directions from his Pisgah heights and thus take possession of rich philosophic domains. What further gains philosophy might make by developing other of his numerous suggestive ideas, is not an affair of history. We may note, however, that in our own day the field of mathematical logic which he developed has become the ground which supports our latest philosophic movement, neo-realism.

Peirce was by antecedents, training, and occupation a scientist. A son of Benjamin Peirce, the great mathematician, he had a thorough knowledge of pure mathematics and of modern laboratory methods. He made important contributions not only to mathematical or symbolic logic but also to photometric astronomy, geodesy, and psycho-physics, as well as to philology. For many years he was engaged in the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, and one of his researches on the pendulum received unusual attention from the International Geodetic Congress to which he was the first American delegate. He was, therefore, predominantly concerned with a philosophy of science.

Science, according to Peirce, is a method of banishing doubt and arriving at stable ideas. Commonly we fix beliefs by reiterating them, by surrounding them with emotional safeguards, and by avoiding anything which casts doubt upon them—by "the will to believe." This method breaks down when the community ceases to be homogeneous. Social effort, by the method of authority, to eliminate diversity of beliefs also fails in the end to prevent reflective doubts from cropping up. Hence we must finally resort to the method of free inquiry and let science stabilize our ideas by clarifying them. How can this be done? Early in his life in Cambridge Peirce came under the personal influence of Chauncey Wright, and in a little club of which Wright was the strongest spirit he first developed the doctrine of pragmatism. The Newtonian experimental philosopher, as Wright had pointed out, always translates general propositions into prescriptions for attaining new experimental facts, and this led Peirce to formulate the general maxim of pragmatism that the meaning of any concept is to be found in "all the con-

ceivable experimental phenomena which the affirmation or denial of a concept could imply."[1]

In his earlier statements of the pragmatic maxim Peirce[2] emphasized the consequences for conduct that follow from the acceptance or rejection of an idea; but the stoical maxim that the end of man is action did not appeal to him as much at sixty as it did at thirty. Indeed, if we want to clarify the meaning of the idea of pragmatism, let us apply the pragmatic maxim to it. What will be the effect of accepting it? Obviously it will be to develop certain general ideas or habits of looking at things. As Peirce accepts the view that the good must be in the evolutionary process, he concludes that it cannot be in individual reactions in their segregation, but rather in something general or continuous, namely, in the growth of concrete reasonableness, "becoming governed by law, becoming instinct with general ideas."[3] In this emphasis on general ideas Peirce's pragmatism differs sharply from that of his follower, James, who, like most modern psychologists, was a thorough nominalist and always emphasized particular sensible experience. Peirce's belief in the reality and potency of general ideas was connected in his mind with a vast philosophic system of which he left only some fragmentary outlines.[4] He called it synechistic tychistic agapism (from the Greek words for continuity, chance, and love). It assumed the primacy of mind and chance and regarded matter and law as the result of habit. The principal law of mind is that ideas literally spread themselves and become more general or inclusive, so that people who form communities or churches develop distinct general ideas. The nourishing love which parents have for their children or thinkers for their own ideas is the creative cause of evolution. Stated thus baldly these views sound fantastic. But Peirce re-enforces them with such a wealth of illustration from modern mathematics and physics as to make them extraordinarily suggestive to all whose minds are not closed against new ideas.

Peirce was one of the very few modern scientific thinkers to lay hands on that sacred cow of philosophy, the belief that

[1] *Monist*, vol. xv, p. 162. [2] *Popular Science Monthly*, 1878–9.

[3] These phrases (from the article on *Pragmatism* in Baldwin's *Dictionary of Philosophy*) strongly suggest the central idea of Santayana's philosophy, but the present writer does not know whether Santayana was ever acquainted with Peirce's writings. [4] See his articles in the *Monist*, vols. i, ii, and iii.

everything happens absolutely in accordance with certain simple eternal laws. He was too well acquainted with laboratory methods and the theory of probability to share the common belief that the existence of such universal laws is demonstrated by science. "Try to verify any law of nature and you will find that the more precise your observations, the more certain they will be to show irregular departures from law." The Platonic faith that nature is created on simple geometric lines has undoubtedly been a powerful weapon against those who would have supernatural interferences interrupt the work of science. But there is no empirical evidence to prevent us from saying that all the so-called constants of nature are merely instances of variation between limits so near each other that their difference can be neglected for practical purposes. Impressed by the modern theory of gases and the statistical view of nature as developed by Willard Gibbs and Maxwell, and perhaps also influenced by Wright's doctrine as to "cosmic weather," Peirce came to believe in the primacy of chance. What we call law is habit, and what we call matter is inert mind. The universe develops from a chaos of feeling, and the tendency to law is itself the result of an accidental variation which has grown habitual with things. The limiting ratios which we call laws of nature are thus themselves slowly changing in time. This conception of the universe growing in its very constitution may sound mythologic. But it has at least the merit of an empirically supported rational alternative to the mechanical mythology. In many respects it anticipated the philosophy of Bergson. In the hands of James this tychism becomes a gospel of wonderful power in releasing men from the oppression of a fixed or "block" universe, but in the hands of Peirce it was a philosophic support for the application of the fruitful theorems of scientific probability to all walks of life.

Unlike most of America's distinguished philosophers, Josiah Royce (1855–1916) was not brought up in New England. He was born in a mining town in California and received his philosophic education in the university of his own state, at Johns Hopkins, and at Göttingen, where he studied under Lotze. Many diverse elements stimulated his subtle and acquisitive mind to philosophic reflection; the theistic evolutionism of the geologist Le Conte, the fine literary spirit of E. R.

Sill,[1] and his own reading of Mill and Spencer as well as of the great German philosophers, Kant, Schelling, Hegel, and Schopenhauer.

In 1882 he went to Harvard, where his prodigious learning, his keen and catholic appreciation of poetry, and the biblical eloquence with which he expressed a rich inner experience, at once made a profound impression. His singularly pure and loyal, though shy, spirit attracted a few strong friendships; but his life at Cambridge was in the main one of philosophic detachment. As a citizen of the great intellectual world, however, he closely followed its multitudinous events; and his successive books only partly reflected his unusually active and varied intellectual interests. In his earliest published papers he is inclined to follow Kant in denying the possibility of ultimate metaphysical solutions except by ethical postulates, but in his first book, *The Religious Aspect of Philosophy* (1885), he comes out as a full-fledged metaphysical idealist. This brilliant book at once made a profound impression, especially with the arguments that the very possibility of error cannot be formulated except in terms of an absolute truth or rational totality which requires an absolute knower. Like the parts of a sentence, all things find their condition and meaning in the final totality to which they belong. The world must thus be either through and through of the same nature as our mind, or else be utterly unknowable. But to affirm the unknowable is to involve one's self in contradictions. Royce delights in these sharp antitheses and the reduction of opposing arguments to contradictions.

In his next book, an unusually eloquent one entitled *The Spirit of Modern Philosophy* (1892), the element of will rather than knowledge receives the greater emphasis. The Berkeleian analysis of the world as composed of ideas is taken for granted, and the emphasis is rather on the nature of the World Mind or Logos. Following Schopenhauer, he points out that even in the idealistic view of the world there is an irrational element, namely, the brute existence of just this kind of world. The great and tragic fact of experience is the fact of effort and passionate toil which never finds complete satisfaction. This eternal frustration of our ideals or will is an essential part of spiritual life, and enriches it just as the shadows enrich the

[1] See Book III, Chap. x.

picture or certain discords bring about richer harmony. The Absolute himself suffers our daily crucifixion, but his triumphant spiritual nature asserts itself in us through that very suffering. This profoundly consoling argument, which both elevates us and sinks our individual sorrows in a great cosmic drama, is, of course, an expression of the historical Christian wisdom of the beatitude of suffering. But it offended the traditional individualism which finds its theologic and metaphysical expression in the doctrine of free will. If each individual is a part of the divine self, how can we censure the poor wretch who fails to live up to the proper standard?[1] It is significant of the unconventionality of Royce's thought that he never attached great importance to the question of blame or the free and intentional nature of sin. The evils uppermost in his mind are those resulting from ignorance, from the clumsiness of inexperience rather than from wilful misdeeds; and, unlike most American philosophers, he rightly saw that the religious conscience of mankind has always regarded sin as something which happens to us even against our will. Against the complacent belief of the comfortable that no one suffers or succeeds except through his own sins or virtues, Royce opposes the view of St. Paul that we are all members of each other's bodies and that "no man amongst us is wholly free from the consequences or from the degradation involved in the crimes of his less enlightened or less devoted neighbours, that the solidarity of mankind links the crimes of each to the sorrows of all."

For the elaboration of the social nature of our intellectual as well as of our moral concepts, Royce was largely indebted to suggestions from Peirce. In his earliest books we find no direct reference to Peirce. We can only conjecture that he owed to that man of genius the emphasis on the social nature of truth and the formulation of the ethical imperative: Live in the light of all possible consequences. But with the publication of the two volumes of *The World and the Individual* (1901), Royce's indebtedness to Peirce becomes explicit and steadily increases thereafter.

The main thesis of that book, the reconciliation of the existence of the Absolute Self with the genuine individuality of our

[1] See Howison in *The Conception of God*, by Royce, Le Conte, Howison, and Mezes.

particular selves, is effected by means of illustrations from the field of modern mathematics, especially by the use of the modern mathematical concept of the infinite as a collection of which a part may be similar to the whole. Peirce had done this before him in a remarkable article entitled *The Law of Mind*, in the second volume of *The Monist*. In generously acknowledging his obligation to Peirce, Royce rightly felt his fundamental idealistic position to be independent of that of Peirce; but it is noticeable that all Royce's references to the logic of mathematics are in full agreement with Peirce's view of the reality of abstract logical and mathematical universals, and it may well be questioned whether this can be harmonized with the nominalist or Berkeleian elements of Royce's idealism.

His subsequent work falls into two distinct groups, the mathematical-logical and the ethical-religious. Of the former group, his essay on logic in *The Encyclopædia of the Philosophical Sciences* is philosophically the most important. Logic is there presented not as primarily concerned with the laws of thought or even with methodology but after the manner of Peirce as the most general science of objective order. In this as in other of his mathematical-logical papers Royce still professes adherence to his idealism, but this adherence in no way affects any of the arguments which proceed on a perfectly realistic basis. In his religio-ethical works he follows Peirce even more, and the Mind or Spirit of the Community replaces the Absolute. In his last important book, *The Problem of Christianity* (1913), all the concepts of Pauline Christianity are interpreted in terms of a social psychology, the personality of Christ being entirely left out except as an embodiment of the spirit of the beloved community.

*The World and the Individual* is still, as regards sustained mastery of technical metaphysics, the nearest approach to a philosophic classic that America has as yet produced. Its publication was the high-water mark of the idealistic tide. Royce's previous monism had aroused the opposition of pluralistic idealists like Howison and Thomas Davidson.[1] But with the begin-

[1] Howison and Davidson both owed much of their impulse to philosophy to W. T. Harris. Howison proved one of the most successful and inspiring teachers of philosophy that America has as yet produced. Within a short period three of his pupils, Bakewell, McGilvary, and Lovejoy were elected to the presidency of the American Philosophical Association. Davidson did not write much on

ning of the twentieth century idealism itself became the object of organized attack by two movements known as pragmatism and naïf- or neo-realism. The former was due to the work of James and Dewey; the latter to the spread of renewed and serious interest in scientific philosophy, especially in the renaissance of mathematical philosophy best represented by Bertrand Russell. It is, however, an historic fact that Royce contributed very largely to the effective spread of these new philosophies, to pragmatism by his ethical (as opposed to intellectual) idealism and by his emphasis on the practical aspect of ideas, and to neo-realism by his teaching and writing on mathematical logic. His profound and loyal devotion to the ethical interests of mankind did not prevent him from regarding the question of human immortality as "one for reason in precisely the same sense in which the properties of prime numbers and the kinetic theory of gases are matters for exact investigation." In this way he continued to represent, against the growing tide of anti-intellectualism, the old faith in the dignity and potency of reason which is the corner-stone of humanistic liberalism.

In William James (1842–1910) we meet a personality of such large proportions and of such powerful appeal to contemporaneous sentiment that we may well doubt whether the time has yet come when his work can be adequately estimated. There are many who claim that he has transformed the very substance of philosophy by bringing it down from the cold, transcendental heights to men's business and bosoms. But whether that be so or not, the width and depth of his sympathies and the irresistible magic of his words have undoubtedly transformed the tone and manner of American philosophic writing. Outside of America also his influence has been impressive and is steadily increasing.

It is instructive to note at the outset the judgment of orthodox philosophers, boldly expressed by Howison:

> Emerson and James were both great men of letters, great writers, yes, great thinkers, if you will, but they do not belong in the strict

technical philosophy, confining himself for the most part to books on education. James called him a "knight errant of the intellectual life" (*Memories and Studies*). In a letter to the writer, Professor Höffding calls Davidson "one of the most beautiful figures in modern philosophy."

list of philosophers. Mastery in logic is the cardinal test of the true philosopher, and neither Emerson nor James possessed it. Both, on the contrary, did their best to discredit it.[1]

As a criticism this is hardly fair. James certainly elaborated definite doctrines as to the nature of mind, truth, and reality. In his *Radical Empiricism* and in *The Meaning of Truth* he even showed considerable dialectic skill. Moreover, it may well be maintained that he did not seek to discredit logic in general, but only the logic of "vicious intellectualism." Nevertheless, Howison's opinion is significant in calling attention to the distinction between philosophy as technique and philosophy as vision. From the professional point of view it is not sufficient that a man should believe in free will, absolute chance, or the survival of consciousness beyond death. To be worthy of being called a philosopher, one must have a logically reasoned basis for his belief. James was aware of the importance of technique, and was, in fact, extraordinarily well informed as to the substance and main tendencies of all the diverse technical schools. But he was wholly interested in philosophy as a religious vision of life, and he had the cultivated gentleman's aversion for pedantry. His thoughts ran in vivid pictures, and he could not trust logical demonstration as much as his intuitive suggestions. Hence his philosophic writings are extremely rich in the variety of concrete factual insight, but not in effective answers to the searching criticisms of men like Royce, Russell, and Bradley. James was aware of this and asked that his philosophy be judged generously in its large outlines; the elaboration of details might well be left to the future.

"The originality of William James," says one of his European admirers, "does not appear so much in his cardinal beliefs, which he took from the general current of Christian thought, as in the novel and audacious method by which he defended them against the learned philosophies of his day."[2] This, also, is not true without qualification. James took almost nothing from current Christian philosophy. Nor do any of the great historic Christian doctrines of sin and atonement or salvation find any echo in his thought. Orthodox Christianity would condemn James as a confessed pantheist who denied the omnipotence of

[1] *Philosophical Review*, vol. xxv, p. 241, May, 1916..

[2] Flournoy, *William James*, p. 16.

God. But though James is far from Christian theology, he gives vivid utterance to the ordinary popular Christianity which believes, not in a God who expresses himself in universal laws, but in a God to whom we can pray for help against our enemies, whom we can please and even help by our faith in Him. This is due to James's deep sympathy with common experience rather than with the problems of the reflective-minded. But the modern sophisticated intellect is certainly tickled by the sight of a most learned savant espousing the cause of popular as opposed to learned theology, and by the open confession of belief in piecemeal supernaturalism on the basis of spiritistic phenomena. James's antipathy to the Hegelian and Roycean attempts to prove the existence of the Absolute certainly plays a more prominent part in his writings than does his antipathy to popular unbelief. But the method of the absolutist he rejected, not only because of its insufferable pretension to finality of proof, but mainly because it is in the way of one who prefers an anthropomorphic universe that is tingling with life through and through and is constantly meeting with new adventures.

The union of religious mysticism with biologic and psychologic empiricism is characteristic of James's work from the very beginning. He grew up in a household characterized by liberal culture and mystic Swedenborgian piety.[1] The teacher who made the greatest impression upon him, Louis Agassiz, was a pious opponent of Darwin but a rare master in the art of observing significant details. More than one American naturalist caught the fire of his enthusiasm for fact. The companionship of Chauncey Wright and the writings of Renouvier weaned James from his father's religio-philosophical monism. The empirical way of thought of Hume and Mill proved most congenial to one who was par excellence a naturalist and delighted in the observation of significant detail.[2]

James began his career as a teacher of physiology and gradually drifted into psychology. His *Principles of Psychology* (2 vols., 1890) contains the substance of his philosophy. Having,

[1] His father, Henry James, Sr., was a Swedenborgian philosopher and a cultivated gentleman of ample means, who united to genuine originality of thought a remarkable insight into human character and a delightful freshness and pungency of language.

[2] James studied art and was a proficient draftsman before he finally decided to study medicine.

despite the influence of Agassiz, become converted to Darwinism, he was led to adopt as fundamental the view of Spencer that thought is something developed in the course of evolution and must, therefore, have a biologic function. The great idealistic argument against the old associationist psychology of Hume, Mill, Bain, and Spencer was to the effect that the sensational elements can at most account for the qualities of things, but not for their relations or connections; and when it was once granted that the relations between things were of a non-sensational or non-empirical character, very little of the world was left to the empiricist. James early became convinced of the force of this argument and, following certain suggestions of Peirce and possibly Hodgson, tried to save empiricism by making it more radical, by giving the connecting relations themselves a psychologic status on a par with the things they connect. Thus he thought to restore the fluidity and connectedness of our world without admitting the necessity for the idealist's transcendental glue to keep together the discrete elements of experience. Radical empiricism thus becomes a metaphysic which holds the whole world to be composed of a single stuff called pure experience. This sounds monistic enough, and James's adherence to the view of Bergson re-enforces this impression Nevertheless, James insisted that the world as experienced does not possess the degree of unity claimed for it by Royce and other monists, but that things are essentially many and their connections often external and accidental. At times James professes the dualistic realism of commonsense. "I start with two things, the objective facts and the claims." But ideas and things are both experiences taken in different contexts, so that his position has not inaptly been called neutral monism, and thus assimilated to the philosophy of Ernst Mach.

It has been claimed that this view eliminates most of the traditional problems of metaphysics, such as that of the relation of mind and body, and also eliminates the need for the Spencerian unknowable and Royce's or Bradley's absolute. But just exactly what experience is, James does not tell us, except that it is something to be lived rather than to be defined.

The exigencies of controversy as well as James's generous desire to give all possible credit to Peirce, have led the public to

regard pragmatism and James's philosophy as identical terms. To James, however, pragmatism was but the method of philosophic discussion, the vestibule to his radical empiricism. The controversy, however, which arose about pragmatism enabled James to elaborate from different approaches his account of the nature of truth. The meaning of ideas is to be found in their particular experimental consequences. Abstract ideas are not copies of things but their substitutes or derivatives, evolved in the process of evolution to enable us to deal more adequately with the stream of immediate experience. An idea is, therefore, true if it enables us to deal satisfactorily with the concrete experiences at which it aims. An idea is said to work satisfactorily if it leads us to expected facts, if it harmonizes with other accepted ideas, if it releases our energies or satisfies emotional craving for elegance, peace, economy, or any kind of utility.

So anxious was James to overthrow the view that the truth of an idea consists in its being an inert copy of reality, so anxious to substitute for it the more activist view that an idea is true if it works or leads to certain results, that he neglected to indicate the relative importance of these results. This led to a great deal of misunderstanding and caused considerable scandal. Those brought up in the scientific tradition and trained to view the emotionally satisfactory consequences of ideas as having nothing to do with their scientific or theoretic value were scandalized by James's doctrine of the will or right to believe anything the acceptance of which made us more comfortable. This was in part a tragic misunderstanding. Most of James's life was a fight against accepting the monistic philosophy simply because of its æsthetic nobility. He rejected it precisely because it was "too buttoned up and white chockered, too clean-shaven a thing to speak for the vast slow-breeding, unconscious cosmos with its dread abysses and its unknown tides." It is true, however, that absorption in the psychologic factor, personal or æsthetic, which actually does make some people prefer a narrowly classic universe and others a generously romantic one, made him obscure the distinction between the causes of belief and the evidence for the truth which we believe. We may all start with a biassed or emotional preface, but that is neither evidence nor guaranty of our arriving at scientific truth.

Like other violent opponents of intellectualism, James himself falls into the intellectualistic assumption that we must either wholly believe or wholly disbelieve, just as one must either go to church or stay out. He ignores the scientific attitude of suspended judgment and the fact that men may be compelled to act without being constrained in judgment. We may vote for X or Y and yet know that owing to the absence of adequate information our choice has been little more than a blind guess. His interest in vital preferences and his impatience with the emotionally thin air of purely logical argumentation led James, towards the end of his life, to the acceptance of the extreme anti-logical view of Bergson that our logical and mathematical ideas are inherently incapable of revealing the real and changing world.

James's interest in philosophy was fundamentally restricted to the psychological aspect of things. He therefore never elaborated any systematic theory of morals, politics, or social organization. His temperamental preference for the novel, the unique, and the colourful re-enforced his traditional American liberalism and made him an extreme individualist. He attached scant value to the organized or fixed channels through which the fitful tides of ordinary human emotion find permanent expression. This shows itself best in his *Varieties of Religious Experience* (1902). He is interested only in the extreme variations of religious experiences, in the geniuses or aristocrats of the religious life. The religious experience of the great mass, or even of intellectual men like Chief Justice Marshall, who go to church without troubling much about matters of belief, seems to James "second-hand" and does not solicit his attention. Neither does the whole question of ritual or ceremony. He is interested in the beliefs of extraordinary and picturesque individuals. Hence his book on religion tells us almost nothing to explain the spread and the vitality of the great historic religions, Buddhism, Confucianism, Judaism, Islam, and Christianity. This extreme individualism, however, is connected with an extraordinary democratic openness and readiness to admit that it is only the blindness in human nature that prevents us from seeing the uniqueness of every individual. Unlike any other philosopher, William James was entirely devoid of the pride of the intellect. He was as willing as Jesus of Nazareth to

associate with the intellectual publicans and sinners and learn from the denizens of the intellectual underworld.

James's position in the history of metaphysics is still a matter of debate, but as a seer or prophet he may fitly be put beside Emerson. Like Emerson, he preached and nobly exemplified faith in one's intuition and the duty of keeping one's oracular soul open. In spite of a note of obscurantism in his attitude to logic and "over beliefs," there is no doubt that the main effect of his work was to raise the American standard of intellectual honesty and courage: Let us stop this miserable pretence of having at last logically proved the comforting certainties of our inherited religion. Let us admit that we have no absolute assurance of the complete success of our ideals. But the fight is on. We can all take our part. Shame on the one who sulks and stays out.

The vital and arresting words in which James was able to put his thoughts were bound to attract large public attention. But it is doubtful whether he would have got a full hearing from American philosophers if it were not for the powerful support of John Dewey, the only American about whom has been formed a regular philosophic school. Dewey began his philosophic career under the influence of Harris, T. H. Green, and Bosanquet, and in his early writings, *e.g.*, his *Psychology*, he showed himself a master of Hegelian dialectics. Reflection, however, led him to find an incurable incompatibility between the supernaturalism latent in idealism and the naturalistic account of the origin of human thought. He completely accepts James's view of the biologic function of thought, and brings to its service such a thorough mastery of philosophic technique as to compel attention from philosophers who, like other professionals, find it hard to admit the existence of good music where there is no obvious virtuosity. Despite his large debt to James's *Principles of Psychology*, Dewey is an independent ally rather than a disciple, and James was largely indebted in his later writings to Dewey's doctrine of the instrumental character of our ideas. It appears that pragmatism, like other successful human movements, can appeal to men of most diverse temperaments. While James is keenly alive to the claims of the traditional supernaturalism and uses pragmatism as a way of justifying it, Dewey uses pragmatism as a means of eliminat-

ing all theologic problems. Philosophic concepts, like God, Freedom, and Immortality, he tells us bluntly, have outlived their usefulness as sanctions, and the business of philosophy henceforth is to be with those ideas which will help us to transform the empirical world.[1] Despite the complexity of his sentences, which an austere regard for accuracy causes to be overloaded with qualifications, Dewey is essentially one of those philosophers who, like Spinoza, impress the world with their profound simplicity. He is entirely free from that human complexity which makes James banish the soul and even consciousness as psychologic entities and yet favour the subconscious mind, Fechner's earth spirits, and the like. Dewey is a thoroughgoing and consistent naturalist. He not only accepts the Darwinian account of the origin of the human faculty, but he also relies on the method of the Darwinian descriptive naturalist to build up the body of philosophic ideas. He makes no attempt to build up or deduce any part of the world on the basis of his fundamental assumption, but ideas are sought in their natural state and described just where, when, and how they function. This preference for naturalistic description rather than for systematic deduction as a philosophic method is not merely a matter of temperament; it also indicates the extent to which Darwin's work has so affected men's imagination as to cause natural history to replace mathematics and physics as the model of scientific method.

In the history of philosophy naturalism has been associated with the study of physics (generally atomic), with emphasis on the way our thoughts are controlled by our bodies or by the physical environment. Dewey has no physical theories. He is a psychologist, primarily interested in how and why men think and how their thoughts modify their experience. He is a professed realist in his belief that our thoughts alone do not constitute the nature of things but that there is a pre-existing world of which thought is an outgrowth and on which it reacts. But the continual emphasis on thought as efficient in transforming our world gives him the appearance of having remained

[1] Dewey's disciples like Moore and Bode are outspoken in their contempt for the view that philosophy may be a consolation for the irremediable evil growing out of our human limitations. Philosophy is to help us in our daily job and has nothing to do with vacations or holidays.

an idealist in spite of his conversion. Like the Hegelian idealists, he distrusts abstractions and prefers the "organic" point of view to that which views things as composed of distinct elements. He differs from the Hegelians in this respect only in his contention that everything acquires its meaning by reference to a changing "situation" instead of by reference to an all inclusive totality. Like the ethical idealists, also, Dewey insists with Puritanic austerity on the serious responsibility of philosophy. It must not be a merely æsthetic contemplation of the world, nor a satisfaction of idle curiosity or wonder. It must be a means for reforming or improving. Just what constitutes an improvement of man's estate we are not clearly told. In his theory of education which forms the chief impetus and application of his theoretic views the plasticity of human nature is fully recognized; and he argues that intelligence not only makes us more efficient in attaining given ends, but liberalizes our ends. In the main, however, he emphasizes improved control over external nature rather than improved control over our own passions and desires.

Judged by the ever-increasing number and contagious zeal of his disciples, Dewey has proved to be the most influential philosopher that America has as yet produced. This is all the more remarkable when we remember that all his writings are fragmentary, highly technical, and without any extraneous graces of style to relieve the close-knitting of the arguments. Clearly this triumph is due not only to rare personal qualities as a teacher but also to the extent that his thought corresponds to the prevailing American temper of the time. Dewey appeals powerfully to the prevailing distrust of other-worldliness, a distrust which permeates even our theology with its emphasis on the social mission of the Church. The doctrine that all ideas are and ought to be instruments for reforming the world and making it a better place to live in, appeals at once to popular utilitarianism, to the worship of immediate practical results of which Theodore Roosevelt was such a conspicuous representative. In a country where so many great deeds in the conquest of nature are still to be performed, the practical man's contempt for the contemplative and the visionary is re-enforced by the Puritanic horror of idle play and of things which are purely ornamental. A philosophy which views nature as

material to be transformed by our intelligence appeals to the prevailing light-hearted optimism which sees success as the constant reward of intelligent effort and finds no inherent obstacles to the establishment of a heaven on earth. Certainly Dewey nowhere calls to our attention the existence of incurable evil—the evil against which our only remedy is some form of wisely cultivated resignation.

In his zeal for making philosophy useful and responsible, a good deal of the traditional glory of philosophy is ignored, if not denied. The intellectual activity which we call theoretic science is subordinated to its practical application.[1] In eliminating the personal consolations of philosophy, he also eliminates the great saving experience which it affords us in making us spectators of a great cosmic drama in which solar systems are born and destroyed, a drama in which our part as actors is of infinitesimal significance. Yet historically the most significant feature of Dewey's thought is undoubtedly the fact that in an age of waning faith in human reason—witness the rapid spread of the romantic mysticism of Bergson—he has rallied those who still believe in the cause of liberalism based on faith in the value of intellectual enlightenment.

Similar to the view of James and Dewey in accepting the evolutionary philosophy as basic, and keeping even closer to Darwinian ideas, is the philosophy of J. Mark Baldwin. Baldwin began as a psychologist of the orthodox type; but availing himself of the views on social consciousness propounded by Royce in the early nineties, he produced a system of evolutionary social psychology with a very elaborate technical terminology and analytic scaffolding. This emphasis on technical apparatus makes his great three-volumed treatise on *Thoughts and Things* (1906–11) one of the most obscure books written in America, but for all that it seems to have met with appreciation in France and Germany, where it has been translated. An intelligible summary of his later views is to be found in his *Genetic Theory of Reality* (1915), in which he develops this theory of pan-

[1] Dewey insists with some justice that by practical he does not necessarily mean ends of the bread-and-butter type. But his illustrations of the process of knowledge are overwhelmingly of the type generally called useful and very seldom drawn from the experience of the mathematician or the philosopher himself, even if he is a pragmatist. He glorifies zeal for developing the applications of propositions rather than their implications.

calism, viz., that the æsthetic consciousness is primary. In this respect, as well as in his emphasis on the importance of the play impulse, Baldwin is unique among American philosophers.

The philosophic temper of an age can be judged by the kind of merit it neglects as well as by what it worships. For this reason as well as for the unique value of his work, no account of American philosophy should omit a consideration of George Santayana.[1] If a European critic like Taine were to ask for an American book on philosophy containing a distinct and comprehensive view of human life, its aims and diverse manifestations, we could not mention anything more appropriate than Santayana's *Life of Reason* (5 vols., 1905–06). Most American philosophic works are either monographs on special topics or else more or less elaborate controversial pamphlets on behalf of one view or other.[2] Santayana more than any other American since Emerson has cultivated the ancient virtue of calm detachment which distinguishes the philosopher from the partisan journalist or the zealous missionary. His zeal, if any, is that of the artist freely picturing the whole of human experience as surveyed retrospectively by one interested in the life of reason. "The unsolved problems of life and nature and the Babel of society need not disturb the genial observer." Dewey's anathemas against the purely contemplative philosopher, the "otiose observer," do not disturb one who holds that man's natural dignity and joy—as manifested in art, pure science, and philosophy—consists "in representing many things without being them; and in letting imagination, through sympathy, celebrate and echo their life." Man's proper happiness is constituted by the interest and beauty of the mind's "inward landscape rather than by any fortunes that await his body in the outer world."[3] Philosophy is not merely a means for improving the conditions of common life, but is itself "a more intense sort of experience than common life is, just as pure and subtle music heard in retirement is something keener and more intense than the howling of storms or the rumble of cities."[4]

[1] Another excuse for departing from the prudent policy of avoiding in history any treatment of those still alive and active, is that at this date (1919) it does not seem that Santayana's future career will belong to America.

[2] The conditions of academic life, in which nearly all of our philosophers are placed, are certainly not favourable for sustained, deliberate, and thorough composition. [3] *Winds of Doctrine*, p. 215. [4] *Three Philosophic Poets*, p. 124.

That which distinguishes Santayana from all other modern philosophers is the way he combines thoroughgoing naturalism with profound appreciation of the wisdom commonly called idealism or other-worldliness. Completely free from all trace of supernaturalism in metaphysics, he is thoroughly Greek or humanistic in his valuation of those reasonable restraints which give order, dignity, and beauty to human life. Like Dewey, perhaps more than Dewey, Santayana is a thoroughgoing naturalist, believing that mind is the natural effect of bodily growth and organization. But unlike any other philosopher since Aristotle, Santayana holds fast to a sharp and clear distinction between the origin and the validity of our ideals. Though our ideals are of bodily origin they need not serve bodily needs, and above all they need no actual or sensible embodiment to justify their claims. There is no necessity for accepting the modern evolutionist's identification of the *best* with the *latest.* "Modern Greece is not exactly the crown of ancient Hellas." Other confusions between morality and physics, such as the Hegelian identification of the ideal and the real, of the desirable and the existent, are vehemently rejected as servile worship of brute power and treacherous to our ideal aspirations. Thus while naturalism is the only intelligible philosophy, the attempt of naturalists to look for all motives and sanctions in the material world always generates a profound melancholy from which mankind instinctively shrinks. The sensuous optimism called Greek or the industrial optimism called American are but "thin disguises for despair," against which the mind will always rebel and revert, in some form or other, to a cultus of the unseen. The explanation of this paradoxical fact Santayana finds in a Greek distinction between the form and the brute existence of things. The form and qualities of things are congenial to the mind's free activity, but "when an empirical philosophy calls us back from the irresponsible flights of the imagination to the shock of sense and tries to remind us that in this alone we touch existence,—we feel dispossessed of our nature and cramped in our life."[1] The true life of reason, however, is not to be found in wilful idealistic dreams, but in the logical activity which is docile to fact and illumines the actual world in which our bodies move.

[1] *Reason in Common Sense*, p. 191.

As a child of Latin and Catholic civilization, Santayana is profoundly devoted to those classic forms which enshrine the wisdom and happiness of the past. He abhors German philosophy for what he calls its romantic wilfulness, that protestant or rebellious spirit which regards the mere removal of restraints as a good. "The life of reason is a heritage and exists only through tradition."[1] Traditional forms may, indeed, cramp our life, and a vital mind like Shelley will revolt, but the end or good is not freedom but some more congenial form. Santayana holds in contempt the prevailing philosophy which glorifies striving and progress but in which there are no ends to be achieved and no ideal by which progress is to be measured.

The burden of his philosophy is the analysis of common sense, social institutions, religion, art, and science to show how reflection can distinguish the ideal from the physical embodiment in which traditional wisdom is delivered from generation to generation.

In his social philosophy he is essentially an aristocrat, valuing highly those historic institutions, cultivated forms, and reasonable restraints which impose order on our natural impulses. But he recognizes the shallowness of purely personal culture and admits that our emancipated, atheistic, international democracy is not only replacing the old order, but that "like every vital impulse [it] is pregnant with a morality of its own." Religion to Santayana is essentially a mode of emancipating man from worldliness and from merely personal limitations. But the wisdom which its dogmas, ritual forms, and prayers embody is not truth about existence but about those ideals which give us internal strength and peace. To regard God as an existence rather than an ideal leads to superstition. Religious superstitions, he admits, often debauch morality and impede science, but the errors of religion should be viewed with indulgent sympathy. Thus Catholic dogma is viewed as involving a reasonable deference to authority but leaving the mind essentially free. In his theory of art Santayana follows his master Aristotle closely in spirit though not in words. Art looks at life from above, and portraying our passions in their beauty makes them interesting and delightful, at the same time softening their vital compulsion. "Art is abstract and incon-

[1] *Winds of Doctrine*, p. 156.

sequential . . . nothing concerns it less than to influence the world"; but in revealing beauty it gives us the best hint of the ultimate good which life offers. Without this sight of beauty the soul would not continue its mortal toil. Perhaps the most characteristic of Santayana's views is his estimate of the value of modern science for the life of reason or civilization. He accords full recognition to mechanical science not merely as a source of useful insight but as a liberation of the human soul. But though the various parts of science are mutually illuminating, scientific achievement is fragmentary and a mechanical science like physiologic psychology may not give a man as much insight as does some poetic suggestion. Science grows out of common experience, but its power is new, comparatively feeble, and easily blighted. "The experience of the vanity of the world, of sin, of salvation, of miracle, of strange revelations, and of mystic loves, is a far deeper, more primitive, and therefore probably more lasting human possession than is that of clear historical or scientific ideas."[1]

Why, in spite of the incomparable distinction and modernity of his work, has Santayana received so little recognition? In part this is doubtless due to the unfortunate manner in which his principal book, *The Life of Reason*, is written—a manner which does not attract the public and repels the professional philosopher.[2] Despite unusual felicity of diction and a cadence which often reminds us of Walter Pater, his books are difficult reading. It is difficult to find the thought because of his preference for pithy and oracular epigrams rather than fully and clearly developed arguments. His abstract and distant view of the world unrolls itself without any vivid or passionate incidents to grip our attention. In the main, however, Santayana has failed to draw fire because few people are interested in a frankly speculative and detached philosophy that departs radically from the accepted traditions and makes no appeal to the partisan zeal of either conservatives or reformers. He does not aim to be edifying or scientifically informing. American philosophy has attracted two types of mind—those to whom

[1] *Winds of Doctrine*, p. 56.

[2] Not a single survey of American philosophy hitherto published mentions even the name of Santayana. See the works of Riley, Thilly, Perry, and McIntosh mentioned in the Bibliography.

philosophy is religion rationalized, and those (a smaller but perhaps growing number) to whom philosophy is a scientific method of dealing with certain general ideas. To the former a combination of atheistic catholicism and anti-puritanic, non-democratic, æsthetic morality, lacking withal in missionary enthusiasm, typifies almost all that is abhorrent. To the scientific group Santayana is just a speculative poet who may value science very highly but does so as a well-groomed gentleman who knows it at a polite distance, afraid to soil his hands with its grimy details.[1] These judgments illustrate the great tragedy of modern philosophy. In view of the enormous expansion of modern knowledge and the increased rigour of scientific accuracy, the philosopher can no longer pretend to universal knowledge and yet he cannot abandon the universe as his province. Genuinely devoted to philosophy's ancient and humanly indispensable task of drawing a picture or unified plan of the world in which we live, Santayana is willing to abandon the pretension to scientific accuracy and to face the problem as a poet or moralist. But whether because interest in a unified world view is weak and the possession of poetic faculty such as Santayana's uncommon, or whether because philosophy has been too long wedded to logical argumentation and scientific pretensions, the marked tendency is to make philosophy like one of the special sciences, dealing with a limited field and definitely solving problems. As philosophy is thus abandoning its old pretensions to be the sovereign and legislative science—it is no longer taught by the college president himself—all the fields of concrete information, physics, economics, politics, psychology, and even logic, are parcelled out among the special sciences and there is nothing left to the philosopher except the problem as to the nature of knowledge itself. On this problem Santayana has some suggestive hints, but no completely elaborated solution. Hence his essential loneliness. But perhaps every true philosopher, like the true poet, is essentially lonely.

The latest movement in American philosophy, opposing

[1] Santayana himself speaks of that virtual knowledge of physics which is enough for moral and poetic purposes (*Reason in Science*, pp. 303–304). Such virtual knowledge does not save him from absurd statements such as that Plato had no physics.

certain phases of pragmatism as well as of the older idealism, is the tendency known as the new realism. The common element in the diverse and often conflicting doctrines which constitute this general tendency is the opposition to the Lockian tradition that the objects of knowledge are always our own ideas. Realism maintains that the nature of objects is not determined by our knowing them. Unlike the older Scotch realism, it does not view the mind and nature as two distinct entities, but tends rather, like Santayana and Dewey, to conceive the mind in an Aristotelian fashion as the form or function of a natural organic body responding to its environment. The pioneers of this movement were Professors Woodbridge, Montague, Holt, and Perry.

Frederick J. E. Woodbridge is one of the very few Americans interested in metaphysics or the philosophy of nature rather than in psychology or epistemology. His sources are in Aristotle, Hobbes, and Spinoza rather than in Locke and Kant. He rejects the Lockian tradition that we must first examine the mind as the organ of knowledge before we can study the nature of existing things. For you cannot begin the epistemologic inquiry, how knowledge is possible, without assuming something already known; and we cannot know any mind entirely apart from nature. When the earth was a fiery mist there was no consciousness on it at all. Besides, the question how in general we come to know is irrelevant to the determination of any specific issue: as, for example, why the flowers bloom in the spring.

Studying mind not as a bare subject of knowledge, but as a natural manifestation in nature, we find it to be not an additional thing or term, but a relation between things, namely, the relation of meaning. Whenever through an organic body things come to stand in the relation of meaning to each other we have consciousness. From this distinctive view of mind and meaning, logic ceases to be a study of the laws of thinking and becomes a study of the laws of being.

For one reason or another, Professor Woodbridge has never fully elaborated his views, but has barely sketched them in occasional essays and papers. His personal influence, however, and the support of *The Journal of Philosophy, Psychology, and Scientific Method*, of which he is the editor, have undoubtedly

helped to make the new realism a strong organized movement. Such it became with the publication of a volume of co-operative studies entitled *The New Realism* (1912) by Walter Taylor Marvin, Ralph Barton Perry, Edward Gleason Spaulding, W. P. Montague, Edwin Holt, and Walter B. Pitkin. The new realism began as an appeal to the naïve consciousness of reality; but relying naïvely as it does on modern physics, physiology, and experimental biology (as opposed to the field and speculative biology of the Darwinians) its doctrine necessarily becomes very technical and complicated. Its insistence on rigorous definitions and definitive intellectual solutions to specific problems has brought on it the charge of being a new scholasticism. But whatever the merits of scholasticism—the renaissance of logical studies has begun to reveal some of them—the new realism has certainly tried to avoid the tendency of philosophy to become a branch of apologetics or a brief in behalf of supposed valuable interests of humanity. In this a technical vocabulary and the ethically neutral symbols of mathematics are a great aid.

The period covered by the greater portion of this chapter is too near us to make a just appreciation of its achievement likely at this time. In the main it has been dominated by two interests, the theologic and the psychologic.[1] The development during this period has been to weaken the former and to deepen but narrow the latter and make it more and more technical. For this reason the philosophers covered in this chapter have as yet exerted little influence on the general thought of the country. The general current of American economic, political, and legal thought has until very recently been entirely dominated by our traditional eighteenth-century individualism or natural-law philosophy. Neither does our general literature, religious life, or current scientific procedure as yet show any distinctive influence of our professional philosophy. But it must be remembered that all our universities are comparatively young

[1] The history of philosophy has occupied a large portion of American philosophic instruction and writing. But apart from the books of Albee, Husik, Riley, and Salter (mentioned in the bibliography to this chapter) and articles by Lovejoy on Kant, and on the history of evolution, American philosophy has no noteworthy achievement to its credit—certainly nothing comparable to the historical works of Caird, Bosanquet, Benn, or Whittaker, not to mention the great German and French achievements in this field.

institutions and our university-trained men numerically an almost insignificant portion of our total population. In the field of education William T. Harris and after him Dewey have undoubtedly exerted potent influences, and it looks as if American legal thought is certain to be profoundly impressed by Roscoe Pound, who draws some of his inspiration from philosophic pragmatism as well as from Ward's social theories.

From the point of view of European culture, America has certainly not produced a philosopher as influential as was Willard Gibbs in the realm of physics or Lester Ward in the realms of sociology. Though Ward and even Gibbs may with some justice be claimed as philosophers, this can be done only by disregarding the unmistakable tendency to divorce technical philosophy entirely from physical and social theory. James, however, is undoubtedly a European force, and, in a lesser degree, Baldwin, Royce, and Dewey. Serious and competent students in Germany, Italy, and Great Britain have also recognized the permanent importance of C. S. Peirce's contribution to the field of logic. History frequently shows philosophers who receive no adequate recognition except from later generations, but it is hazardous to anticipate the judgment of posterity.

## CHAPTER XVIII

# The Drama, 1860–1918

FOR the ten years preceding the advent of Bronson Howard, the American drama settled upon staid and not very vigorous times. The Civil War was not conducive to original production at the time; and its influence was not great upon the character of the amusement in the American theatre. Only after many years had passed, and after local and national feeling had been allowed to cool, did the Civil War become a topic for the stage,—in such dramas as William Gillette's *Held by the Enemy* (Madison Square Theatre, 16 August, 1886),[1] *Shenandoah* (Star Theatre, 9 September, 1889) by Bronson Howard, *The Girl I Left Behind Me* (Empire Theatre, 25 January, 1893) by David Belasco and Franklyn Fyles, *The Heart of Maryland* (Herald Square Theatre, 22 October, 1895) by David Belasco, William Gillette's *Secret Service* (Garrick Theatre, 5 October, 1896), James A. Herne's *Griffith Davenport* (Washington, Lafayette Square Theatre, 16 January, 1899), *Barbara Frietchie* (Criterion Theatre, 24 October, 1899) by Clyde Fitch. No one dared to take the moral issue of the war and treat it seriously, Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (first played 24 August, 1852) having ante-dated the internecine struggle. Even today, the subject of the negro and his relation with the white is one warily handled by the American dramatist. Dion Boucicault's *The Octoroon* (Winter Garden, 5 December, 1859), was typical of the way that dramatist had of making hay out of the popular sunshine of others. William DeMille wanted to treat of the negro's social isolation, but compromised when he came to write *Strongheart* (Hudson Theatre, 30 January,

[1] Unless it is otherwise stated, the theatres and dates given with the titles of plays apply to initial New York productions.

1905) by making the hero an Indian; and he later fell into the conventional way of treating the war when he wrote *The Warrens of Virginia* (Belasco Theatre, 3 December, 1907). The more sensational aspects of the negro question, as treated by Thomas Dixon in *The Clansman* (Liberty Theatre, 8 January, 1906) were wisely softened and made into an elaborate record of the Civil War, in the panoramic moving picture, *The Birth of a Nation* (New York, 1915). Though Ridgely Torrence, in a series of one-act plays (*Granny Maumee, The Rider of Dreams*, and *Simon the Cyrenian*, Garden Theatre, 5 April, 1917), has sought poetically to exploit negro psychology, the only American dramatist who has approached the topic boldly, melodramatically, and effectively, thus far, has been Edward Sheldon, in *The Nigger* (New Theatre, 4 December, 1909).

It will be seen from this enumeration that during the period immediately preceding the Civil War the issues of the coming struggle were not treated for propaganda purposes, as were the issues of the Revolutionary War in our pre-national drama. The fact is, the features of the American theatre, and of the plays on the American stage, preceding the year 1870, were fairly well predetermined by the strong personalities among the managers and actors: by the distinct predilection, among theatre-going peoples, for plays to fit the temperaments of the reigning stage favourites, and by the styles and fashions that emanated from London and Paris. Neither the Wallacks, John Brougham, W. E. Burton, nor Augustin Daly showed, by their actual productions, that their tastes were native, although Brougham was led, through burlesque, to exercise his Irish wit on the land of his adoption, and Daly, as shown by his recent biographer, attempted to turn such literary workers as Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Henry James, and Howells to dramatic writing. Men expert in other literary forms have seldom fully grasped the demands of the theatre. Thomas Bailey Aldrich had his *Judith of Bethulia* produced (Boston, Tremont Theatre, 13 October, 1904) and his biographer says that in New York "it failed to take the taste of the large luxurious audiences that throng the Broadway theatres betwixt dinner and bedtime." But the poetic purple patches of Aldrich's verse might be another explanation for its short life on the stage.

When 1860 dawned, Dion Boucicault (1822–1890) and John Brougham (1810–1880) reigned supreme in American popularity, and they were both Irish. The former had yet to do his most popular and characteristic pieces, in which he won deserved success both as an actor and playwright: to read *Jessie Brown; or, The Relief of Lucknow* (Wallack's Theatre, 22 February, 1858) and *The Colleen Bawn* (Laura Keene's Theatre, 29 March, 1860), and to compare them with the later *Arrah-na-Pogue; or, The Wicklow Wedding* (London, 22 March, 1865) and *The Shaughraun* (Wallack's Theatre, 14 November, 1874), is to sound the genial depths of a flexible workman, who could find it as easy to shape a drama for Laura Keene as to re-fashion Charles Burke's version of Washington Irving's *Rip Van Winkle* for presentation by Jefferson (London, Adelphi, 4 September, 1865). One would say of Boucicault, as one would claim of John Brougham, that his local influence was due to local popularity rather than to any impetus he gave to native drama. While Brougham's *Po-ca-hon-tas; or, The Gentle Savage* (Burton's Lyceum, 24 December, 1855) and his *Columbus et Filibustero* (Burton's Lyceum, December, 1857) exhibited the good-nature of his irony; while his dramatizations of Dickens's *David Copperfield* and *Dombey and Son* were in accord with the popular taste that hailed W. E. Burton's *Cap'n Cuttle* —these dramatic products were exotic to the American drama, while reflecting the fashion of the American stage.

Yet nothing Boucicault enjoyed better than to descant on the future of the American stage. Like Palmer, like Daly, he was continually writing about the reasons for its poverty and the possibilities of its improvement. No one of these men, however, had any real faith in the American drama or in the native subject. Edwin Forrest (1806–1872) encouraged the Philadelphia group of writers,[1] but the topics chosen by Bird, Conrad, Stone, Smith, Miles, and Boker were largely in accord with English romantic models. Stone's *Metamora; or, The Last of the Wampanoags* spoke the language of James Sheridan Knowles; Boker's *Francesca da Rimini* reflected the accents of the Elizabethans. Forrest, therefore, encouraged the American drama indirectly. Charlotte Cushman (1816–1876) never even went so far, though her friendship with Bryant, R. H. Stod-

[1] See Book II, Chap. II.

dard, Sidney Lanier, together with the esteem in which she was held by all intellectual America, would show that she was not aloof from the life of the time. One looks in vain through the repertories of the great actors for that encouragement of the American drama which it most needed as an "infant industry." Edwin Booth (1833–1893) at the time the assassination of Lincoln by John Wilkes Booth, 14 April, 1865, drove him temporarily from the stage had built for himself a permanent reputation in Shakespeare, which he resumed and maintained until his last appearance as *Hamlet*, 4 April, 1891. Even as a manager, he chose English plays; and his close associate, Lawrence Barrett (1838–1891), was of the same mind, though he appeared in Boker's *Francesca da Rimini* (Chicago, 14 September, 1882) and W. D. Howells's version, from the Spanish, of *Yorick's Love* (Cleveland, 26 October, 1878).

Though as a family of managers the tradition of the Wallacks was distinctly English, Lester Wallack (1819–1888) romantically masked his old English comedy manner beneath local colour in *Central Park* (14 February, 1861); but his dash was happiest in such pieces, of his own concoction, as *The Romance of a Poor Young Man* (adapted by him 24 January, 1860) and *Rosedale* (produced 30 September, 1863). To the time of his last appearance (29 May, 1886), he was true to his English taste. To see Lester Wallack at his best, one had to see him as Shakespeare's Benedick or Mercutio; as Dumas's D'Artagnan, or in the social suavity of the Robertson and contemporary French drama.

> The British tradition seemed so natural to Lester Wallack [writes Brander Matthews], so inevitable, that when Bronson Howard, in his 'prentice days, took him a piece called *Drum-Taps*, —which was to supply more than one comedy-scene to the later *Shenandoah*,—the New York manager did not dare to risk a play on so American a theme as the Civil War. He returned it to the young author, saying, "Couldn't you make it the Crimea?"

In 1860, the comedian W. E. Burton died; his last appearance was as Micawber, 15 October, 1859—a fitting end, as he was in the forefront of the Dickens interpreters. Dramatizations of Dickens in America kept pace with those in England. It is well to emphasize Burton's stage career, because it brings

to mind that the American theatre of that time was rich in comedians—all of them of the old school which looked for character parts to suit the old comedy style of acting. It was unfortunate for the American drama which began to develop after 1860 that it started just when the old-time stock company tradition passed from Burton and Brougham and Laura Keene to Mrs. John Drew (1820–1897), who assumed control of the Philadelphia Arch Street Theatre on 3 August, 1861—inaugurating a brilliant record which began to fade in 1877, just as Bronson Howard was gaining in his pioneer fight for the American dramatist, and just as the modern business of the theatre began to challenge consideration.

The reasons for the poverty of American plays in the decade 1860–1870 are thus readily suggested. Our modern native drama did not grow out of literature, as it did in England and in France; it grew out of the theatre, and so it had to bide its time until the theatre found a need for it.

Tradition, on the whole, is the element which most handicapped the American drama. Daly scanned the German horizon for adaptations, as Dunlap had done before him; A. M. Palmer was as eager for the French play as were the English managers abroad, who would complacently have kept T. W. Robertson and Tom Taylor literary hacks at ten pounds a play, if they had not rebelled. When one puts down the titles of dramas which Augustin Daly (1838–1899) actually had a literary hand in, it is surprising how far afield from the American spirit he could get; with him adaptation meant change of locality only, and though one can imagine what the scenic artist might do with his "flats" in picturing New York during the time opera reigned on Fourteenth Street, one can but reservedly call Boucicault's *The Poor of New York* (Wallack's Theatre, 8 December, 1857) or Daly's *Under the Gaslight* (The New York Theatre, 12 August, 1867) native dramas; they were domestic perversions of the same French source. The fact of the matter is that Bronson Howard, who came under the direct influence of the French drama of the time, felt, when he began to write such a comedy as *Saratoga* (Fifth Avenue Theatre, 21 December, 1870) that he must follow French convention; and when he reconstructed *The Banker's Daughter* on the ground-plan of *Lillian's Last Love* his originality was

tied hand and foot. He was borrowing French villains, and making his American men exclaim "egad."

Daly adapted and wrote over four dozen plays. Among his so-called original attempts, this generation can recall only *Divorce* (Fifth Avenue Theatre, 5 September, 1871), *Horizon* (Olympic Theatre, 25 March, 1871), and *Pique* (Fifth Avenue Theatre, 14 December, 1875); among his adaptations, *Leah the Forsaken* (Niblo's Garden, 19 January, 1863), *Frou-Frou* (Fifth Avenue Theatre, 12 February, 1870), and *Article 47* (Fifth Avenue Theatre, 2 April, 1872). But in these, as in most of his attempts, he does not deserve any more claim to native originality than Matilda Heron does for her version of *Camille* (Wallack's Broome St. Theatre, 22 January, 1857), or A. M. Palmer for his productions of D'Ennery and Cormon's *A Celebrated Case*, adapted by A. R. Cazauran (Boston Museum, 28 January, 1878), and D'Ennery's *The Two Orphans*, adapted by Hart Jackson (Union Square Theatre, 21 December, 1874). What he did so successfully, and what Clyde Fitch did so well in later years, was to create rôles for the special qualities in his players: he wrote *Frou-Frou* for Agnes Ethel, *Article 47* for Clara Morris, and *Pique* for Fanny Davenport.

The emotional play went hand in hand with the emotional actress, and one fails to find Clara Morris showing a penchant for the American drama; her success in *Miss Multon*, a play built on a French version of *East Lynne* (Union Square Theatre, 20 November, 1876), and her Cora in *Article 47* measured her taste and training, rather than her Lucy Carter in Howard's *Saratoga*, which Daly produced. Palmer and Daly gave their players large doses of foreign drama or the classics. In such tradition Fanny Davenport flourished, and Ada Rehan was reared.

This was an unsettled period, therefore, of taste and managerial inclination; it is necessary to pick up the scant threads of American drama and hold them fast lest they be forgotten. Such a play as Densmore's pirated version of *The Gilded Age*, in which John T. Raymond made such a success during the early seventies, is scarcely known, even by Mark Twain's biographer; Benjamin Woolf's *The Mighty Dollar* (Park Theatre, 6 September, 1875), once the talk of the American theatre, is, so far as Woolf's family is concerned, non-existent.

> Up to the time I started in 1870 [wrote Bronson Howard in 1906], American plays had been written only sporadically here and there by men and women who never met each other. . . . Except for Daly, I was practically alone; but he offered me the same opportunity and promise for the future that he gave to himself. From him developed a school of managers willing and eager to produce American plays on American subjects. . . . It was not until about 1890 that they [the writers] suddenly discovered themselves as a body of dramatists. This was at a private supper given . . . to the veteran playwright, Charles Gaylor.

It was on this occasion that Howard founded the American Dramatists Club.

At the same time other forces were preparing the way for the American drama, and these, viewed from a distance, are significant when one knows what actually followed them. In San Francisco, David Belasco was serving his novitiate as an actor, a playwright, a manager, and was coming into direct contact with the actors of the East, who travelled West for regular seasons. He was writing mining-camp melodrama, which was afterwards to flower into *The Girl of the Golden West*, and he was experimenting in all the subterfuges of stagecraft. The Frohman brothers were in their rough-and-tumble days, when Tony Pastor, Harrigan and Hart, the "Black Crook," and the Callender Minstrels were the ideals of managerial success. Close upon Charles and Daniel Frohman came David Belasco to New York in the later seventies. They arrived at a moment which was propitious, for Bronson Howard, rightly designated the Dean of American Drama, as Dunlap is called the Father of the American Theatre, had insisted on A. M. Palmer's advertising his play, *The Banker's Daughter*, as an American Comedy, and he stood for the rights of the native dramatist as opposed to the foreigner. It was a long time in the managerial careers of either Daniel or Charles Frohman before they could be brought to think that the word "American" was of commercial advantage; and this attitude of theirs is the first suggestion of the future estimate of the theatre as a commercial enterprise, against which all later native art has had to contend.

These days of the theatre have been chronicled by three critics: Laurence Hutton, Brander Matthews, and William

Winter. Winter[1] had a long perspective in theatre attendance, and left available a large body of journalistic reporting; it may be said that from 1854 to the time of his death in 1917 his pen was recording theatrical matters continually. But he was not concerned with the development of an American drama; his professional duty was to take the theatre as it came to him nightly; to estimate it as a presented thing, and to measure its acting value. His attitude, as becomes a dramatic critic for newspapers, was not concerned primarily with the literary side. Therefore, neither his *The Wallet of Time* nor his other voluminous works give one a comprehensive view of American drama. Laurence Hutton,[2] on the other hand, was interested in the appearance of American characteristics on the boards, and no more suggestive chapters can be read than in his *Curiosities of the American Theatre*. Certainly, his close friend and collaborator, Brander Matthews, must have had Hutton in mind when he compiled his essays *A Book About the Theatre*. It is to Professor Matthews—who has held the chair of Dramatic Literature at Columbia University since 1900, and who is the author of many poems, stories, and novels, as well as an essayist of wide range—that we must turn for estimates of American dramatists as distinct personalities in a native form of art. He has done for the American play what he has done for the subject of drama in general: popularized the philosophy of the theatre. That service is of inestimable worth. He has edited old texts, he helped to found The Players and The Dunlap Society; but, unfortunately, he has written no book on American drama. Yet his volumes of essays have full reference to the American theatre. He has a more organic sense of its development than either Hutton or Winter. In his reminiscences, *These Many Years* (1917), we not only have his love of the play well depicted, and his reflection of the New York, London, and Paris theatres during the period just sketched; but there is also the record of his own efforts as a dramatist—efforts coincident with those of Howells and Howard and James. One obtains fleeting glimpses of the managerial guilty conscience regarding the fate of American drama, in the efforts made by managers to engage the literary world in the interest of the theatre. In 1878 Professor Matthews wrote *Margery's Lovers*, produced in

[1] See also Book III, Chap. XIII. [2] *Ibid.*

1887 at an author's matinée at the Madison Square Theatre, by A. M. Palmer, who likewise presented George Parsons Lathrop's *Elaine* and Howells's dramatization of *A Foregone Conclusion*. In similar fashion was *Decision of the Court* presented, 23 March, 1893, by the Theatre of Arts and Letters. This organization also offered Mary E. Wilkins's *Giles Corey*, Frank R. Stockton's *Squirrel Inn*, and Clyde Fitch's *Harvest* —which latter was afterwards evolved into *The Moth and the Flame*. Professor Matthews, as an American dramatist, has scarcely exhibited the qualities or won the fame which belong to him as a professor of Dramatic Literature.[1] The reason may be, as Bronson Howard declared after the experience they had together in collaboration over *Peter Stuyvesant* (2 October, 1899), that Professor Matthews, used to viewing the finished product in the theatre, was not used to the constant labour which always attends the writing and further re-writing of a play.

Bronson Howard (1842–1908) came to the theatre with a full journalistic career behind him. He had the serious mind of a student, the keen, polished culture of a man of the world. To play-writing he brought a convention typical of the day and a constructive ability which made him always an excellent workman but which often prompted him to sacrifice thoughtfulness for stage effectiveness and solid characterization for effervescent sprightliness. His style, so well contrasted in *Saratoga* (21 December, 1870), *The Banker's Daughter* (30 September, 1878), *The Young Mrs. Winthrop* (9 October, 1882), and *The Henrietta* (26 September, 1887), is limited by all the reticence, the lack of frankness which the seventies and eighties courted. In other words, he went on the supposition that so long as one was French one could be broad, but that Americans would never stand for too much latitude of morals from American characters. But, as a pioneer in the field of the drama of contemporary manners, Howard's plays are interesting and significant. His treatment of capital and labour, as shown in *Baron Rudolph* (25 October, 1887), his reflection of business stress, in *The Henrietta*,—these were, in their day, novel departures. But his plays were none of them organically close knit. It was easy to make *Saratoga* ready for consumption in

[1] For Professor Matthews's important writing on the short story see Book III, Chap. VI.

London theatres by calling it *Brighton*. In 1886 Howard delivered a lecture before the students of Harvard University, illustrating the general laws of drama, and outlining the conventional traditions against which he worked. He was never able to escape them. *Shenandoah* (9 September, 1889) was more national than most of his work. To its preparation he brought that scholarly orderliness of mind which characterized the man in conversation.

The successes of those early days when Howard was knocking at the doors of Daly and Palmer, were fitful, and, though they are known by name today, their lack of a true note of reality and their stereotyped romanticism make them impossible either as reading dramas or as revivals. Joaquin Miller's *The Danites* (Broadway Theatre, 22 August, 1877), J. Cheever Goodwin's burlesque *Evangeline* (Niblo's Garden, 27 July, 1874), Bartley Campbell's *My Partner* (Union Square, 16 September, 1879), Wallack's *Rosedale* (Wallack's Theatre, 30 September, 1863), Olive Logan's *Surf* (Daly's Theatre, 12 January, 1870),—these were the types of native successes. None of them exploited deep-founded American characteristics, though they suggested the melodrama of American life. It was only by individualizing and localizing that the American drama, previous to 1860, became distinct. Only by these traditional marks could one recognize American drama of the early days. Until Howard's attempt at reality, New York "society" drama was either English or else crudely rustic, like Asa Trenchard in Taylor's *Our American Cousin* (Laura Keene's Theatre, 18 October, 1858). Over into this period of transition came the Yankee, the backwoodsman, the humorous lawyer of "flush times." As Howard said, writing of the American drama, the native dramatists were concerned with American character, hence Solon Shingle, Colonel Sellers, Judge Bardwell Slote, and Mose the fire-boy. Without them, we should not have had Joshua Whitcomb, Davy Crockett, and Pudd'nhead Wilson. Perhaps one of the most typically American pieces produced in this period of the seventies was Frank Murdock's *Davy Crockett* (New York, Niblo's Garden, 9 March, 1874), reminiscent in its colour of the elder Hackett's *Colonel Nimrod Wildfire*, and a romantic forerunner of Moody's *The Great Divide*. Mrs. Bateman's *Self* finds continuation in Howard's *Saratoga* and

Mrs. Logan's *Surf*, while these point the way to Langdon Mitchell's *The New York Idea*, written when dialogue for the theatre had grown in literary form and feeling, when a sense of atmosphere created an ironic response to fashionable manners and customs.

It is because of this isolated, accidental character of American drama that Bronson Howard's position was all the more remarkable in 1870, and thereafter. Yet his plays are dated. It may be that some day *Saratoga* can be made over into a costume play, though it was written as an up-to-date "society" comedy. But the difference between it and Mitchell's *The New York Idea* (19 November, 1906) is that the latter contains some of the universal depth that mere change in time and condition will not alter.

The theatre of the sixties and seventies was surfeited with the strong melodrama and romantic violences which suited a special robust acting. When David Belasco turned East, as stock dramatist for The Madison Square Theatre, a house to compete with the traditions of the Union Square and Daly's, there came into vogue a form of drama which allowed of a quiet, domestic atmosphere—in imitation of what Robertson, Byron, and their British contemporaries were striving for in London. The "milk and water" acting which was here introduced was what made of *The Young Mrs. Winthrop* (Madison Square Theatre, 9 October, 1882) such a phenomenal success. It was this tradition, not new but novel, which evolved into the present naturalistic method of acting. But the Madison Square Theatre gave impetus to something more than a school of acting. In its intimate management it furthered the dramatic writing of Steele MacKaye, whose *Hazel Kirke* (4 February, 1880) was written expressly for the stock company gathered there, and it brought Belasco and De Mille together in preparation for their later collaboration when, with Daniel Frohman, they went over to the Lyceum Theatre and in rapid succession wrote *The Wife* (1 November, 1887), *Lord Chumley* (21 August, 1888), *The Charity Ball* (19 November, 1889), *Men and Women* (21 October, 1890).

Steele MacKaye (1844–1894) while with the Madison Square management won popularity as a playwright, but none of his pieces is widely known to the theatre now, except by

name. *Rose Michel* (23 November, 1875), *Hazel Kirke*, *Dakolar* (6 April, 1885), and *Paul Kauvar* (24 December, 1887) are among those that linger in memory as examples of picturesque melodrama created for a certain type of stage effect, with emotionalism of the Dumas kind. MacKaye once wrote: "The master playwright combines the constructive faculty of the mechanic and the analytical mind of the philosopher, with the æsthetic instinct of a poet, and the ethical ardour of an apostle." This is an all-inclusive definition, which MacKaye never encompassed in any of his plays, but which in himself was exemplified by the ardour of his temperament and the visionary character of his imagination. His son Percy might be said to have the same ideal, to which can be added a passion for civic art. He has tried to express this latter element in his pageants, but has never successfully done so. For Percy MacKaye is one of the most aristocratic of writers—farthest removed from a thorough realization of the emotions of the crowd. His poetic drama is academic in its scholarly allusions. One only has to read *Sappho and Phaon* (21 October, 1907) to realize this. As striking examples of the excellence of his dramatic force there are *The Scarecrow* (produced 17 January, 1911), *Jeanne d'Arc* (28 January, 1907), and *A Thousand Years Ago* (1 December, 1913). *The Scarecrow*, based on Hawthorne, ranks high among American plays. MacKaye's political philosophy, earnest but hazy, is seen in his *Mater* (25 September, 1908); his socio-scientific approach is measured in *To-Morrow* (31 October, 1913); his imaginative breadth and picturesque enthusiasm are evident in any one of his masques and pageants, *The Canterbury Pilgrims* (Gloucester, Mass., 3 August, 1909), *Sanctuary* (12 September, 1913), *Saint Louis* (St. Louis, 28 May, 1914), and *Caliban* (New York, 25 May, 1916). But all told, MacKaye has not reached the ideal he emphasizes in his essays on the theatre. If the civic theatre ever becomes a feature of American theatrical history, he will occupy, unless he changes his method of thought and character of technique, the peculiar position of being a pioneer believer in its efficacy, and of being unable in his plays to sound the true democratic note. The sense of American history is uppermost in his mind, but at present his use of materials is distinctly caviare to the popular theatregoer.

By the eighties there had been established in New York the nucleus of what was to be known as the modern American theatre. Daniel Frohman was at the Madison Square, his brother Charles was on the road with Wallack successes, and was thus early exhibiting his ability to pick plays and players by corralling Bronson Howard's *Shenandoah* (9 September, 1889)—his first real production in New York. William Gillette began his career as playwright in 1881; while it was 1889 before Augustus Thomas entered the field. The gradual rise of Richard Mansfield was identified with the names of Palmer and Wallack; and though he cannot be said to have been a patron of the American dramatist, his early appearances were in pieces like Hjalmar Boyesen's *Alpine Roses* (Madison Square Theatre, 31 January, 1884) and Henry Guy Carleton's *Victor Durand* (Wallack's Theatre, 18 December, 1884). But these were merely pieces of the theatre, like Cazauran's adaptation of a play by Octave Feuillet, called *A Parisian Romance*, in which Mansfield first attained prominent recognition (Union Square Theatre, 11 January, 1883). It was not until some while afterwards—in 1890, to be exact—that he offered Clyde Fitch the opportunity to collaborate with him in *Beau Brummell* (Madison Square Theatre, 17 May, 1890), and this may be accounted Fitch's beginning, followed directly afterward by a one-act sketch, *Frédéric Lemaître* (1 December, 1890), written for Henry Miller.

Up to the time of the appearance of these names in the history of American playwriting, it is difficult to give coherence to the development of American dramatic consciousness. The style in theatre management was "stock," until business combination began to assert itself. And such names as Bartley Campbell (1843–1888), Henry Guy Carlton (1856–1910), Edgar Fawcett (1847–1904) mean nothing in the way of native feeling for drama, however much Campbell's *My Partner* reflected Western melodrama. Even James A. Herne, who had a career as actor in San Francisco which presaged greater work to come, did not arrive in New York until later, though he had begun his playwriting when *Hearts of Oak* was given at Baldwin's Theatre, San Francisco, 9 September, 1879. And we are rightly inclined to regard Herne as our first exponent of reality in the sense of getting close to the soil. Edward Harrigan's (1845–1911)

plays—the best of which were *Squatter Sovereignty* (Theatre Comique, 9 January, 1882), *Old Lavender* (Theatre Comique, 3 September, 1877), *The Mulligan Guard Ball* (Theatre Comique, 9 February, 1879)—were varied in their local colour, as were the farces of Charles Hoyt (1859–1900), who began playwriting with *A Bunch of Keys* (Newark, 13 December, 1883) and created such pieces of the political and social moment as *A Parlor Match, A Rag Baby, A Texas Steer; or, Money Makes the Mare Go, A Trip to Chinatown, A Milk White Flag,* and *A Temperance Town.*

By 1880 the modern period of American drama was in the bud: a journalistic sense had entered the American theatre, and entered to good purpose, for it had given Howard a sense of reality. It has stayed in the theatre and has deprived it, in later exponents, of a logical completeness of idea. It has in most cases kept our drama external.

Stage history must again be recalled, because the affairs of the theatre have so completely governed our playwrights. Howard, Herne, MacKaye, De Mille, Belasco, Gillette, Thomas, and Fitch—names which practically represent the American dramatist from 1888 until 1900—grew up, fought, and flourished under the increasing shadow of the commercial theatre. After Daniel Frohman left the Madison Square Theatre and opened his Lyceum (in May, 1885), and after his brother Charles (1860–1915) had opened the Empire Theatre (in January, 1893), with estimable stock companies, it became evident that two new elements confronted the American theatregoers. First, the interest in the play was largely centred in the personality of the player. Julia Marlowe, Edward H. Sothern, Otis Skinner, William Faversham, Henry Miller, Margaret Anglin, Maude Adams, James K. Hackett, Viola Allen,—all and many more came into prominence through the adoption of the "star" system—a system which was more firmly believed in by Charles Frohman than by his brother Daniel. But both of them began thus early to monopolize certain English dramatists, tying them up in "futures," as Pinero was tied, and as, later, the English playwrights J. M. Barrie, Jones, Carton, Marshall, Davies, and their generation were "signed up" by Charles Frohman on his yearly trips to London for material. The theatre was run on principles more

and more commercial, though both the Lyceum and the Empire in these days gave agreeable artistic productions. It is true that Daniel Frohman produced pieces by American playwrights like Belasco, De Mille, Marguerite Merrington (*Captain Letterblair*, 16 August, 1892), Fitch (*An American Duchess*, 20 November, 1893; *The Moth and the Flame*, 11 April, 1898; *The Girl and the Judge*, 4 December, 1901), Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett (*The First Gentleman of Europe*, 25 January, 1897), Madeleine Lucette Ryley (*The Mysterious Mr. Bugle*, 19 April, 1897; *Richard Savage*, 4 February, 1901), Grace Livingston Furness and Abby Sage Richardson (*Colonial Girl*, 31 October, 1898; *Americans at Home*, 13 March, 1899). It is also true that Charles Frohman, opening his Empire Theatre with the Belasco-Fyles military drama, *The Girl I Left Behind Me* (25 January, 1893), figured largely in the development of Gillette, Fitch, and Thomas. Nevertheless, it was not by their faith in the American playwright that the powerful position of the theatrical managers was won, but rather through the astute manner in which they watched the foreign market. They were sure of foreign successes; they were not willing to risk the untried American. Besides, with the end of the stock company fashion, travelling companies began to increase in favour, and this meant the growth of a system of "booking" which put into the hands of a few the power of dictating what amusements the theatregoing Americans, outside of large theatrical centres, could have. The managers throttled the theatres by 1896, when the Theatrical Trust was formed, and though actors rebelled—men like Mansfield, Francis Wilson, Herne, and Joseph Jefferson; though such actresses as Mrs. Fiske and Mme. Bernhardt suffered from their enmity by being debarred from places where the Trust owned the only available theatres—still, the actors finally succumbed one by one, the playwrights listened to their commercial dictators, managers of minor theatres became their henchmen. In such an atmosphere, while in time we got good plays, it was impossible for a serious body of American dramaturgic art to develop. It was thought that if the monopolistic power of the Trust could be broken, all might be well again. And it was broken: there soon came two combinations instead of one—with the same evils of "booking," the same paucity of good things because of commercial regula-

tions and measurements. Nothing could dispel this dull atmosphere but a complete reorganization of the theatre. It will later be seen that this break-up is now (1919) in process.

The only manager who, early in the nineties, seems to have had faith in the native product was David Belasco, and his belief was founded on faith in himself. His early training, as secretary to Dion Boucicault, as manager and stock-dramatist at the San Francisco Baldwin's Theatre; his ability to work over material supplied by others at the Madison Square Theatre—all served him to excellent account when he finally began for himself and fought against the Trust which did not care for his independence and grudged him his success. In his long and useful career we find his interest as a manager prompting his ability as a writer; we find his genius as a trainer of "stars" like Mrs. Leslie Carter, Blanche Bates, David Warfield, and Frances Starr regulating his selection of subjects for treatment as playwright. The advance from *The Heart of Maryland* (22 October, 1895) to the adaptation of *Zaza* (8 January, 1899) represented his discovery of increasing ability in the emotionalism of Mrs. Carter; and his successive presentation of her in such spectacular dramas as *Du Barry* (25 December, 1901) and *Adrea* (11 January, 1905) measured his belief in her histrionic power. In the same way, his faith in Blanche Bates prompted him to write many scenes in *Madame Butterfly* (5 March, 1900), *The Darling of the Gods* (3 December, 1902), and *The Girl of the Golden West* (14 November, 1905) for her. Taking Warfield from the Weber and Fields organization (a combination which produced about 1897–1900, by their burlesque of current American successes, a type of humour truly Aristophanean), Belasco had plays cut by himself and Charles Klein to fit Warfield's personality—and this impulse was back of *The Auctioneer* (23 September, 1901) and *The Music Master* (26 September, 1904). But there was something more behind Belasco's ability to create stage atmosphere by lighting and scene. His love of the West suggested *The Girl of the Golden West* and prompted his acceptance of Richard Walton Tully's *The Rose of the Rancho* (27 November, 1906)—a collaboration which left Tully with a love for the spectacular, apparent in his own independent dramas, *The Bird of Paradise* (Daly's Theatre, 8 January, 1912) and *Omar, the Tent Maker* (Lyric Theatre, 13 January,

1914). In all of his productions, as a manager, Belasco has held the guiding hand. Though John Luther Long gave him the central materials for *Madame Butterfly*, *The Darling of the Gods*, and *Adrea*, the Belasco touch brought them to flower. This has been the invariable result of his collaboration. The one original play of his which best illustrates the mental interest of the man is *The Return of Peter Grimm* (2 January, 1911), which deals with the presence of the dead. A related subject of interest was dual personality, which prompted his acceptance of *The Case of Becky* (1 October, 1912) by Edward Locke and *The Secret* (23 December, 1913) by Henri Bernstein. The latter revealed the expertness of Belasco as an adapter far better than his work on Hermann Bahr's *The Concert* (3 October, 1910) or on *The Lily* (23 December, 1909) by Wolff and Leroux. Had Belasco not been a manager, the effect on his own work might have been different. As it is, he has sought variety, he has followed the changing times. His interest in emotion, in picturesque situation, in unusual atmosphere, in modern realism, is evident in the long list of plays by himself, and in other dramas he has produced. Sentiment for the past encouraged him to further the career of William C. De Mille, son of his early associate, and while *The Warrens of Virginia* (Belasco Theatre, 3 December, 1907) and *The Woman* (Republic Theatre, 19 September, 1911)—both superior to *Strongheart*—show the younger De Mille an adept at the game of the theatre, there is no doubt that Belasco was an agent in the success of these two dramas.

The entire history of the American theatre within the past quarter of a century has been the continued struggle between the dramatist and the manager, resulting in the complete surrender of the former to the dictates of the latter. The native plays given us have been variously pruned and patched until, like fashion patterns, they have fitted a particular "star," or until the goods have become salable, dependent on box-office demand. When the play became a reading as well as an acting "thing," the dramatist first sensed that it was incumbent on him to turn out a literary product, enriched by style, and marked by conviction.

If, however, one reads the early dramas of Augustus Thomas and Clyde Fitch, it will be realized how dexterously the American playwright profited by the French technician

in whom the commercial manager had faith. Considering the demands of the box-office, it is surprising that these dramatists developed so often along the lines of their own interests. Their plays are representative in part of the demands of the theatre of the time, but also they measure something more personal. Thomas at first wrote local dramas, like *Alabama* (1 April, 1891) and *Arizona* (Chicago, 12 June, 1899), which in content he never excelled; he showed his brilliancy of observation and terseness of dialogue in such pieces as *Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots* (11 January, 1905) and *The Other Girl* (29 December, 1903). Then he arrived at his serious period, where interest in psychic phenomena resulted in *The Witching Hour* (18 November, 1907), *The Harvest Moon* (18 October, 1909), and *As a Man Thinks* (13 March, 1911)—the latter extravagant in its use of several themes, excellent in its sheer talk. This development was not imposed on Thomas by commercial conditions.

But, like his contemporaries, Thomas was experimental in form; he was not moved by a body of philosophy in his dealing with character or theme. He was just as ready to write a farce like *The Earl of Pawtucket* (5 February, 1903) as he was to do a costume play like *Oliver Goldsmith* (19 March, 1900); just as willing to turn a series of cartoons into a play, like *The Education of Mr. Pipp* (20 February, 1905), as he was to dramatize popular novels of such different range as F. Hopkinson Smith's *Colonel Carter of Cartersville* (22 March, 1892) and Richard Harding Davis's *Soldiers of Fortune* (17 March, 1902). Thomas's observation of "things about town" is acute; one sees that to best advantage in *The Other Girl* and *The Witching Hour*. Most of his plays, as his introductions to the printed editions suggest, reveal his method of workmanship.

He has not the distinct literary flavour of Clyde Fitch; his stories are not so warmly human, his characters not so finished. Fitch (1865–1909) was as independent of the manager as Thomas, but he nearly always constructed his plays with a "star" in mind. He helped to increase the popularity of Julia Marlowe with *Barbara Frietchie* (24 October, 1899), Nat Goodwin with *Nathan Hale* (2 January, 1899), Mansfield with *Beau Brummell* (17 May, 1890), Maxine Elliott with *Her Great Match* (4 September, 1905), and Clara Bloodgood with *The Truth* (7 January, 1907) and *The Girl with the Green Eyes* (25 Decem-

ber, 1902). That is the superficial classification of Fitch. But there was a deeper sensitiveness and feeling in what he wrote. His appreciation of small details was a constant source of entertainment in his dramas; they rushed upon us with brilliant and rapid succession. To see a Fitch play was to become impressed with his facility in dialogue and ease of invention. But the fact is, Fitch's pen moved rapidly merely because he had pondered the plot, incident, and actual dialogue long before the transcribing began. And when he did write, it was a process of setting down from memory. For three years he studied over the psychology and situation of what he called his "jealousy" play, before he began *The Girl with the Green Eyes.*

Fitch, like Thomas, could do work for the commercial manager; and soon they both gained positions of confidence which allowed them to lead rather than be led. The mere fact that their dramas are readable measures something of their literary value. Thomas has always shown the limitation of not too clear thinking; Fitch often obtruded his smartness in places where sound characterization was needed. One noted this in a favourite piece of his, *A Happy Marriage* (12 April, 1909). But those who regarded Fitch's contribution to American drama as largely picturesque sentimentality, as in *Lovers' Lane* (6 February, 1901), *The Stubbornness of Geraldine* (3 November, 1902), and *Granny* (24 October, 1904); those who depreciate him by saying he spent his time flippantly in converting German farce to American taste, as in *The Blue Mouse* (30 November, 1908), should recall two of his dramas which compare favourably with the best of modern psychological pieces —*The Truth* and *The Girl with the Green Eyes.* He tried every form of comedy and farce; and while many of his stories, as plots, were slight and unworthy of him, he brought to the task always a radiant spirit which gave his dramas a distinctive tone. He could write melodrama too; *The Woman in the Case* (30 January, 1905) won recognition on the Continent. He could, through sheer strength of situation and fearlessness of attack, create something of the tragic, as in *The City* (22 December, 1909), written largely to refute the charge that he was solely a dramatist of the feminine. There was some of the bric-à-brac quality about Fitch. He caught the volatile in American life,—more especially in New York life,—and it is

this quality which keeps so many of his plays still alive and fresh.

At the time Fitch and Thomas were gaining headway, another playwright came to the front, having attained beforehand a reputation for powerful acting and excellent stage management. This was James A. Herne (1839–1901). His distinctive gifts as a writer were clarity and simplicity, and his art of expression lay in the illumination he infused into homely things and simple people. Coming East from California with the traditions of florid melodrama which influenced Belasco (the two having worked together at the Baldwin Theatre), Herne fell under the influence of Darwin and Herbert Spencer, in philosophy, and of Henry George in economics. He arrived in Boston at the time W. D. Howells,[1] an exponent of realism in the novel, was the foremost writer of the day. All these forces prompted Herne to deal with the fundamentals of character in his dramatic work. He became interested, as Maeterlinck would say, in conditions of soul. His dialogue in *Margaret Fleming* (Lynn, Mass., 4 July, 1880), rang true, instinct with homely life; his *Griffith Davenport* (Washington, D. C., 16 January, 1899)—a drama of the Civil War based not on external action but on inward struggle—was filled with sincerity; his *Shore Acres* (Chicago, 23 May, 1892)—which, because of the précieuse success of *Margaret Fleming*, made concessions to the old-time melodrama, had passages of dominant realism, simple conversation warm with human meaning, which have not been surpassed by an American playwright thus far. The popular notion is that Herne wrote "by gosh" drama of the type of *The Vermont Wool-Dealer* and Denman Thompson's *Old Homestead* (Boston, 5 April, 1885). But that is farthest from a true comparison, for Herne's observation was based on profound appreciation of character and human relationship, and the Yankee-type drama was dependent on outward eccentricity.

The work in play-writing of William Gillette has been so closely identified with his peculiar technique as an actor that it is difficult to separate the two. Apart from his first collaboration with Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett in *Esmeralda* (29 October, 1881); apart from his dependence on French sources in *Too Much Johnson* (26 November, 1894) and *Because She Loved*

[1] See Book III, Chap. XI.

*Him So* (16 January, 1899), both of which showed the quickness of his farce spirit, one should judge him by the tenseness of his Civil War pieces, *Held by the Enemy* (16 August, 1886) and *Secret Service* (5 October, 1896); and by the refined melodrama of his *Sherlock Holmes* dramatization (6 November, 1899), which, for its success, was so dependent on the nervous quiet of his acting. As an actor, Gillette requires peculiar opportunities of hesitant firmness; only one dramatist outside of himself has recognized his special needs—J. M. Barrie in *The Admirable Crichton* (17 November, 1903). Gillette himself did not rightly estimate them when he wrote the sentimental comedy *Clarice* (16 October, 1906), nor did he, either as a technician or as a psychologist, create aright in such a piece as *Electricity* (31 October, 1910). As a dramatist he has remained undisturbed by the interest in modern ideas; his social conscience has not ruffled the even amusement tenor of his plays, which always arouse the observer to moods romantically tense, and depend on thoroughly legitimate situations rather than on ideas.

The American drama now began to show a greater sensitiveness to the social forces of the times. Herne's realism was not one of social condition, but expressed itself in human psychology. Charles Klein, however, tried to give newspaper crispness to business condition, which Bronson Howard had suggested in *The Henrietta.* In fact, the Dean of American Drama once said that in order to see how far American taste had advanced since his day, one had only to contrast the moral attitude of the heroine in Rachel Crothers's *The Three of Us* (Madison Square Theatre, 17 October, 1906) and the social fervour of the heroine in Klein's *The Lion and the Mouse* (20 November, 1905) with any of his own plays. The fact is that Charles Klein (1867–1915), from the moment he stopped writing librettos like *El Capitan*, had a strongly developed reportorial sense which was more theatrical than profound. None of his plays could bear close logical analysis; all of his plays had situations that were "actor-proof" and sure to get across on the emotional force of the moment. But his social and economic knowledge was incomplete. One feels this in contrasting his *Daughters of Men* (19 November, 1906) with George Bernard Shaw's *Widowers' Houses.* The fact is, Klein

had no political vision, though none of his contemporaries could be more earnest in the handling of social materials. *The Third Degree* (1 February, 1909), *The Gamblers* (31 October, 1910), *Maggie Pepper* (31 August, 1911), are obviously built for effect; they have no organic growth. The truth is, Klein's solutions for the ills-of-America condition were all sentimental. He was much nearer his natural psychology in writing *The Music Master* (26 September, 1904) than in determining the outcome of social and economic problems.

In 1900 melodrama had a grip on the interest of the American middle class; it was the beau ideal of entertainment for the working people. Its violence accentuated the violences of American life, and Owen Davis and Theodore Kramer, the Thomas and Fitch of melodrama, flourished on half a dozen or more successes a year. The very names suggest their sentiment and colour: *Tony, the Bootblack; Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model; Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl; Convict 999.* But soon, through the educational agency of the public libraries, the melodrama audiences began reading books more reserved in action, more logical in plot. While their eye would accept scenes of violence, their mind began to balk at repeated inconsistencies. Melodrama of this type began to fail, and the melodramatists were drawn towards work of a different kind. But the breathless stimulation, excitement, and variety of this special form of playwriting were taken over by the moving picture, which is based on restlessness, on kinetic motion.

Until 1900 the modern American drama advanced by fashions; managers followed like sheep in the wake of a popular success until the vein was exhausted. The dramatized novel went through its many phases of popular taste, beginning with Anthony Hope's *The Prisoner of Zenda*, Stanley Weyman's *Under the Red Robe*, and Mrs. Burnett's *The Lady of Quality*, and passing to Paul Leicester Ford's *Janice Meredith*, which as a novel competed with S. Weir Mitchell's *Hugh Wynne.*[1]

The manager thought there was certainty in a play based on a book which had sold into the thousands. The book market was full of literary successes and was drawn upon for the stage. Mary Johnston's *To Have and To Hold* and *Audrey;* Winston Churchill's *Richard Carvel* and *The Crisis;* Charles

[1] See Book III, Chap. xi.

Major's *When Knighthood was in Flower;* George W. Cable's *The Cavalier;* John Fox's *Trail of the Lonesome Pine;* Richard Harding Davis's *Soldiers of Fortune*—the list might be stretched to interminable length. Out of this type of playwriting the theatre gained certain striking successes. After the popularity of *Monsieur Beaucaire*, Booth Tarkington entered the dramatic ranks with his *The Man from Home* (in collaboration, Astor Theatre, 17 August, 1908), *Cameo Kirby* (Hackett Theatre, 20 December, 1909), *Your Humble Servant* (Garrick Theatre, 3 January, 1909), *The Country Cousin* (Gaiety Theatre, 3 September, 1917), *Penrod* (Globe Theatre, 2 September, 1918). Richard Harding Davis came from novel-writing to an occasional theatre piece like *The Galloper* (Garden Theatre, 22 February, 1906) and *The Yankee Consul* (Broadway Theatre, 22 February, 1904). Lorimer Stoddard, with his *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* (Miner's Fifth Avenue Theatre, 2 March, 1897) and Langdon Mitchell with his *Becky Sharp* likewise came into the theatre fold. Many American writers rushed in because it was a lucrative venture when successful; and coming in thus crudely and without preparation, they learned their technique at the expense of a theatre-going public.

It is a nondescript position taken by the novelist in his attitude towards the theatre. Rex Beach has had his novels turned into plays by others, and has written moving-picture scenarios. Alice Hegan Rice met with as great success in the dramatization of *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* (3 September, 1904) as she did when the story ran into its million circulation as a book. Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin Riggs has tried time and time again to enter the magic realm, and did so with *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* (Republic Theatre, 3 October, 1910). But the literary life of America has never, thus far, considered the theatre as anything more than a by-product of the novelist's art. Writers have, to use George Ade's phrase, "butted in" too easily, and they have had no appreciable influence on the craft.

Then, later on, the reverse process began. Though plays were being published and widely read by an audience trained in the special ability required—through a visualizing imagination—to get the most from the play form, it has been a long and arduous road to persuade American playwrights to publish

their plays, even though they saw what good results followed the publication of British and Continental drama. Rather did they prefer to see their plays converted by some literary juggler into a novel, with the dialogue embedded in narrative and explanatory matter furnished by others. Long before any of the plays of Belasco, Broadhurst, Klein, Walter, and others were printed, they were thus "novelized" and read by a fiction public. But the custom is abating somewhat in favour of retaining the integrity of the play form.

The use of a college theme first undertaken by George Ade in *The College Widow* (20 September, 1904) was imitated by William De Mille in *Strongheart* (30 January, 1905) and by Rida Johnson Young in *Brown of Harvard* (26 February, 1906); and George Ade carried to the stage the newspaper humour which reflected so well the national characteristics celebrated by Eugene Field, Peter Finley Dunne, and Ade himself, the one humorist who builded in the theatre better than any of his brotherhood before him. For the kind of satirical fun one saw in *The Sultan of Sulu* (Wallack's Theatre, 29 December, 1902), *The County Chairman* (Wallack's Theatre, 24 November, 1903), *The Sho-Gun* (10 October, 1904), and *The College Widow* (20 September, 1904) had a national tang which transcended the local pride of the Indiana School. His humour bears the same relation toward social things that Mr. Dooley's political vein bears toward national politics.[1] In his generous modesty, Ade has always maintained that George M. Cohan, the many-handed wonder of Yankee-doodle-flag farces and *Over There* music, was more typically American than he. Cohan is the type of manager-playwright who has his pulse on the moment; he grows rich on local allusion. His *Little Johnny Jones* (7 November, 1904), *George Washington, Jr.* (12 February, 1906), *Forty-five Minutes from Broadway* (14 March, 1912), and *The Man Who Owns Broadway* (11 October, 1909) have the tang of the street about them. There is a quality to his music which has been brought nearer the psycho-state of a nervous crowd by Irving Berlin, with his jazz noises and his syncopated songs. But as a producer, in the sense that Belasco is a dramatist-producer, Cohan shows a genius more serious. His adaptation of Earl Biggers's story, *Seven Keys to Baldpate* (22 September, 1913), illustrated

[1] See Book III, Chap. IX.

the more solid variety of his ability. All told, he reflects a nervousness which, while representative of the times, is not an enviable attribute in a nation, though its flexible humour indicates aliveness of mind and quick realization of national foibles. Mr. Dooley, Ade, and Cohan show, by the success they have had at the hands of the public, that as a people we are capable of enjoying humour, comic and trenchant, at our own expense.

The matter of popularity and permanence has confused the history of playwriting in America. There was a time when Joaquin Miller's *The Danites* held audiences spellbound; when Campbell's *My Partner* was considered as representative of America as Bret Harte's *The Luck of Roaring Camp*. *Way Down East* (7 February, 1898) and *In Old Kentucky* (27 April, 1897), by their extended acceptance, should place Lottie Blair Parker and Charles T. Dazey in the forefront of the theatre. But they are not widely known today. Nor is Martha Morton the significant figure she bid fair to be when she wrote *His Wife's Father* (Miner's Fifth Avenue Theatre, 25 February, 1895). Even the success of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* (10 September, 1888) did not make Frances Hodgson Burnett a dramatist, though she commanded the stage in several other plays for many years. The allurement held forth by large profits at first attracted the literary worker and then the layman in any field who thought playwriting lucrative. Colleges began offering courses in dramatic technique, and from the classes of Professor George P. Baker at Harvard and Professor Brander Matthews at Columbia commendable graduates have come to the theatre. The consequence is that the number of American writers of drama has increased largely, with not a commensurate increase of typically American plays.

The most notable examples of dramatic contributions within the past twenty years are William Vaughn Moody's *The Great Divide* (3 October, 1906), Josephine Preston Peabody's *The Piper* (New Theatre, 30 January, 1911), George C. Hazelton and J. H. Benrimo's *The Yellow Jacket* (Fulton Theatre, 4 November, 1912), Charles Kenyon's *Kindling* (Daly's Theatre, 3 December, 1911), and Eugene Walter's *The Easiest Way* (Belasco Theatre, 19 January, 1909). Moody,[1] whose untimely death cut short the future of a man who, with his literary sense,

[1] See Book III, Chap. x.

might have grown into theatre requirements because of an innate dramatic touch, in *The Great Divide* created something which in substance showed a deep feeling for native atmosphere and a broad understanding of human passion. However unsatisfying certain features of *The Great Divide*,—for instance, its lack of unity of scene, its mistakes in motive,—yet it gives one a comprehension of stern reality which makes Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter* so permanent a contribution to literature. But Moody's poetic sense, which was stronger and greater than his sense of drama, led him entirely astray in his *The Faith Healer* (Savoy Theatre, 19 January, 1910), with its mystical atmosphere where belief did not mix with reality, and conviction did not rise above picturesqueness. But in *The Great Divide* Moody caught the permanent passions of real people. This also may be said of Alice Brown's *Children of Earth* (12 January, 1915), which won a $10,000 prize offered by Winthrop Ames in the hope that competition would bring forth the American masterpieces which popular belief imagined were hid under a bushel by the ruthless hand of the managers of commerce. Miss Brown committed extravagances in her desire to reflect the New England life she knows so well—an atmosphere which relates her to the school of fiction ably represented by Sarah Orne Jewett, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, and Mrs. Margaret Deland.[1] But *Children of Earth* failed because a narrative declaration of passion was substituted for the reality which would have made the heroine's moment of June madness grippingly convincing.

Mrs. Josephine Preston Peabody Marks, a poet with literary feeling, with an eye for the pictorial, won a prize offered by the English actor, Frank Benson, with *The Piper* (New Theatre, 30 January, 1911)—a charming resetting of the old Hamelin legend which has modern implication and application. Patches of poetry beautify the text but weight the acting quality. Its imaginative stretch was refreshing in the American theatre, however, and the production given by Winthrop Ames was distinctive. It possessed youthful spirit, and hints of dramatic tenseness. But Mrs. Marks has not yet added convincing proof that she is a dramatist above a poet, though her *Marlowe* furnishes a commendable example of poetic drama.

[1] See Book III, Chap. VI.

The fact is, American drama has always been so completely shadowing the newspaper on one hand or catering to Broadway on the other that any example of imaginative freshness with fanciful idea would appeal instantly to a sated public. It is on such psychology that Eleanor Gates's *The Poor Little Rich Girl* (Hudson Theatre, 21 January, 1913) succeeded—a literary feat in fantastic story-telling which possessed Barriësque qualities without Barrie's craftsmanship as a writer for the theatre. Is it fair to say that it was one of those happy accidents which so often happen in the theatre? For Miss Gates, in her next piece, *We Are Seven* (Maxine Elliott Theatre, 24 December, 1913), convinced the critics that she was happier as a story-teller than as a playwright. Her position in the theatre has yet to be won.

From the theatre direct, however, there has come a play which succeeded because of its universal dramatic and picturesque appeal and which, were the repertory idea again to become a fashion, should place it prominently in a list of permanent American products—George Hazelton and J. H. Benrimo's *The Yellow Jacket* (4 November, 1912), an imaginative creation of real worth, far exceeding anything that Hazelton had ever done before, and defying imitation by Benrimo, who built *The Willow Tree* (Cohan and Harris Theatre, 6 March, 1917) upon it. It convinces the most unhopeful critic that what the American theatre needs is not so much material as an intellectual, a spiritual unity about it which will encourage such writers as Hazelton, Austin Strong, whose *The Toymaker of Nüremburg* (1907) was simple and poetic, Edward Childs Carpenter, whose *The Cinderella Man* (17 January, 1916) was wholesome, and whose *The Pipes of Pan* (6 November, 1917) impressed one with its literary quality, to create rather than to build with an eye on what the manager conceives the public wants.

For it is this lack of guiding principle, this aloofness of dramatic effort, this isolation of the craft, which is quite as wrong as is the idea of a commercial theatre governing the art product. It is surprising, in view of these limitations, how excellently the American dramatist has progressed. We cannot, at present, put by the side of the school of British playwrights who grew in unity against the Censor, who grew in intellectual

feeling under the impulse of Ibsen, who related themselves to a literary movement and to a social evolution, any such school of our own. We may be ashamed to claim that our theatre has produced a Broadway school of playwrights, of whom George Broadhurst (with his *Bought and Paid For*, Playhouse, 26 September, 1911) and Bayard Veiller (with his *Within the Law*, Eltinge Theatre, 11 September, 1912) are the typical examples. And the annoying feature of such a tradition is that here and there in the work done by these men there is some real flash, some real creative contribution, showing the inherent ability which purpose would have moulded into distinction. Now and then, out of such workmanship, the theatre gets a whole piece like Eugene Walter's *The Easiest Way* (19 January, 1909), which goes to the bone of realistic condition, cruel, ironic, relating it to a morbid type of emotionalism, of which Pinero's *Iris* is an example. Walter, by a feeling for character and situation, builds better than his contemporaries. His *Paid in Full* (25 February, 1908), barring certain evident situations on which uncertain suspense is built, has as much careful reproduction of average American life as Miss Baker's *Chains* has of English. And Walter's melodramatic sense, in *The Wolf* (Bijou Theatre, 18 April, 1908) and *The Knife* (Bijou Theatre, 12 April, 1917), is better than Veiller's trick method of suspense in such a piece of the theatre as *The 13th Chair* (48th Street Theatre, 20 November, 1917).

The American dramatist has always taken his logic second-hand; he has always allowed his theatrical sense to be a slave to managerial circumstance. The new drama of reality is not based on snap appreciation or judgment. Imagine John Galsworthy writing *Justice* after reading someone else's impression of the cell system of prison life. Yet Charles Klein wrote *The Lion and the Mouse* after reading Ida Tarbell's *History of the Standard Oil Trust*, and Edward Sheldon wrote his one political play, *The Boss* (30 January, 1911), after reading an editorial in *Collier's Weekly*. No drama can be built truly unless one feels deeply the materials used. Sheldon's *The Nigger* (New Theatre, 4 December, 1909) shows every evidence—however effective the situation—of the author's learning of the Southern problem from books read at Harvard University. It has none of the innate sincerity of Moody's *The Great Divide* or Alice

Brown's *Children of Earth*, written out of inherited feeling for spiritual yearnings and ancestral prejudices. Sheldon, cleverly alive to drama,—one of the many men who have come out of university courses specially dedicated to dramatic technique, like Professor Baker's Workshop at Harvard,—has always been entertaining, with a dexterity which might have gone far had he not, later in his youthful career, been swamped by managerial and actor demands—as when he dramatized Sudermann's *The Song of Songs* (Eltinge Theatre, 22 December, 1914). His first play, *Salvation Nell* (17 November, 1908), showed freshness of atmosphere; but it was brought to distinction by Mrs. Fiske, and it had none of the ironic intent of Shaw's *Major Barbara*. Even in the creating of atmosphere, Sheldon has not always been happy. His *Romance* (10 February, 1913) has none of the real New York flavour of Fitch's *Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines* (4 February, 1901).

With no philosophic body of ideas moving American drama, it is surprising what an excellent number of plays can be mentioned as illustrative of certain definite types of drama. It is not a dead creative field which can point to the high comedy of A. E. Thomas's *Her Husband's Wife* (9 May, 1910), Thompson Buchanan's *A Woman's Way* (22 February, 1909), Harry James Smith's *Mrs. Bumpstead Leigh* (Lyceum Theatre, 3 April, 1911), and Jesse Lynch Williams's *Why Marry?* (Astor Theatre, 25 December, 1917). Perhaps these examples are overtopped by Langdon Mitchell's *The New York Idea* (Lyric Theatre, 19 November, 1906), which has an irony of universal import—a tang of the Restoration drama, without its blatant vulgarity—a critical sense of manners at once timely and for ever true. This ability shown by Mitchell makes one deplore the time spent by him on dramatizations like *Becky Sharp* (12 September, 1899) and *Pendennis* (26 October, 1916).

We may point with just pride to examples of drama of social condition like Charles Kenyon's *Kindling* (Daly's Theatre, 3 December, 1911) and Medill Patterson's *Rebellion* (Maxine Elliott's Theatre, 3 October, 1911). And, even with its excrescences of bad taste, Louis K. Anspacher's *The Unchastened Woman* (9 October, 1915) possessed marked distinction of characterization. In the sphere of simple human comedy, Winchell Smith's *The Fortune Hunter* (4 September, 1909) and

J. Hartley Manners's *Peg o' My Heart* (Cort Theatre, 20 December, 1912), are typical; while Elmer Reizenstein's *On Trial* (31 August, 1914), with its "cut back" scenes, showed the direct influence of moving-picture technique on dramatic writing. There are hosts of American farces, true to type, racy with American foibles, like Rupert Hughes's *Excuse Me* (Gaiety Theatre, 13 February, 1911), Roi Cooper Megrue's *It Pays to Advertise* (Cohan Theatre, 8 September, 1914), Augustin McHugh's *Officer 666* (Gaiety Theatre, 12 August, 1912), Avery Hopwood and Mary Roberts Rinehart's *Seven Days* (Astor Theatre, 10 November, 1909).

One may point to Rachel Crothers's *The Three of Us* (17 October, 1906) and *A Man's World* (8 February, 1910) and say she is example of how a woman, anxious to show unity of purpose in her work, has been forced later into catering to popular demand. One may deplore that Margaret Mayo's cleverness of technique was used for the creation of such an advertising catch-piece as *Twin Beds*—which failed even to win the soldiers in cantonment or afield during the past war.[1] One may applaud the theatre atmosphere of James Forbes's *The Chorus Lady* (1 September, 1906), and yet see his limitations in the blind way he, like his contemporaries, gropes about for some external novelty.

The unfortunate thing is that the American drama has had

[1] It is too early to state what effect the entertainment of the soldier will have on the future theatre. When the Government mobilized men in cantonments it established a Liberty Theatre at each military centre. To this, entertainments were sent by an organized committee which drew upon the commercial theatre as well as upon the amateur. The draft army itself was so full of dramatic talent, so many writers and musicians found themselves in uniform, that in addition to professional entertainment sent to the camp, the soldiers created an army drama, rich in humour and local colour. Community interest centred itself in aiding the Government, whose sole desire was, both at home and abroad, to maintain the morale of men suddenly drawn by the draft from normal life and occupation. Community houses were established in towns nearest cantonments and embarkation points, and these community centres may give impulse to the community theatre. Certain it is that the Government has found amusement a "war necessity," and has determined, in peace times, to maintain Government theatres at military posts. If in war time the theatre has made itself necessary, does it not follow that some day the Government, regarding the theatre as a necessary social institution for the American people, will give it Congressional support in its artistic maintenance, and recognize its importance by having it represented in the Presidential Cabinet by a Secretary of Fine Arts? This might do much to give direction and purpose to future American playwriting.

many brilliant promises which have finally thinned out and never materialized. At the present moment we have every reason to believe that Clare Kummer (*Good Gracious, Annabelle*, Republic Theatre, 31 October, 1916, and *A Successful Calamity*, Booth Theatre, 5 February, 1917), Robert Housam (*The Gypsy Trail*, Plymouth Theatre, 4 December, 1917), the Hattons, W. J. Hurlbut, and Channing Pollock will contribute something to the future theatre.

The drama activity is constant, but uneven and fitful in quality. There is a depression somewhere, as there always has been in the theatre, and that depression has resulted, at times, in impetuous rebellion against the manner in which the theatre is run. While the democratic mass still supports musical comedy, which is as much our national art as goldenrod is our national flower; while the moving picture has deflected many pens into channels of scenario writing,—as it has deflected actors from the legitimate stage,—there still seems to be a public clamouring for a theatre of art and ideas. The spirit of secession, upon which the Shaw-Galsworthy-Barker school of playwrights flourished in England, seems at times to have flared up in America. We have had our Independent Theatres, our National Art Theatre Societies, our New Theatres, our Leagues for the support of the better drama. But these, while having some permanent effects, have not as yet changed the face of theatrical conditions. Even the New Theatre (which opened 6 November, 1909, and lasted nearly three years)—an institution begun on a money guarantee rather than on a body of ideas and a public that believed in them—was able to get from the drama market but one original American play for its repertory (Sheldon's *The Nigger*), unless we include Mary Austin's *The Arrow Maker* (27 February, 1911)—a thoughtful, accurate study of Indian life.

What, therefore, seems to be the salvation of the artist of the theatre? How will he gain his freedom from the dictates of the commercial manager? One way out was hailed by Percy MacKaye and others—the rise of the civic spirit, which caught hold of the idea begun in England by Louis N. Parker, who revived the conception of the mediæval guild pageant and applied it to local history. To the standard of this idea there flocked numberless enthusiasts: MacKaye, Thomas Wood Stevens,

head of the Drama Department of the Carnegie School of Technology in Pittsburgh, William C. Langdon, of the Russell Sage Foundation. It became a social matter as well as an art matter. Towns, cities, localities dug deep into the public treasury, and spectacles—suggesting a community of interest like the New Orleans Mardi Gras, but actually based on a more self-conscious attempt at celebration—have encouraged a type of drama requiring special writing. But the pageant is not the popular form of drama which will satisfy democratic America. Nor has the pageant changed the face of the American theatre.

But what it did help to do was to awaken in communities an art consciousness. Individuals began to take pride in materials out of which local drama might be constructed. In addition this interest in pageantry, which called on the co-operation of the amateur spirit, made people all over the country feel that in the theatre they had heretofore possessed no participatory voice. For the public was coming more to understand the theatre and the drama, through the reading of plays, through books on the drama's history, through extension lectures on the theatre, through increasing numbers of courses in the practice and theory of the art of the theatre. And they began looking on the picture in their minds of the ideal theatre, and then on the actual commercial playhouse in their towns as run by the commercial manager; they compared the plays they liked to read with the plays they were forced by the Trust's system of "booking" to witness season in and season out. And the impression was not favourable to the old régime.

This critical attitude is behind the secession which is going on now (1919) in the theatre. Drama groups all through the country have sprung up, and whether it be in Boston, New York, Baltimore, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, and so on to the Pacific coast, the secession impulse is the same: a little theatre, managed by some radical artist, has sprung up. Apparently there is no compromise: the old theatre must go; the new theatre and the new art must reign instead. These theatres are independent of each other, though they exchange plays; they have no unifying idea which brings them close together; they are working in their separate ways, and upholding their own philosophies, which are not always philosophies in accord with the American

spirit. Being secessionists, they fly far afield in their interpretation of American life; they are youthful. But their presence has already pointed a way to a more national unity in the art of the theatre. They have called forth scenic artists of their own, and in Robert Jones the regular manager has found a treasure from the amateur ranks. They have created schools of playwrights, like the Washington Square Players, the Provincetown Players, the Wisconsin Players. But if they ever expect to have real influence on the theatre as an institution they have yet to bring themselves out of amateur execution into the dignified ranks of the professional.

The little theatre, *per se*, is a misnomer; it has been carried too far. Art has often been cramped in a thimble. The amateur has built a small theatre because the large theatre was unwieldy for him. But the future salvation of the theatre has nothing to do with size. The little theatre has encouraged the one-act play, of which form George Middleton and Percival Wilde have been excellent exponents, and Theodore Dreiser, with his *Plays Natural and Supernatural*, a surprising one; but though the one-act play has great possibility it is not to be the reforming element in the theatre. What really matters is that the public taste is having a free outlet in its amusement. It is showing the manager that amusement governed by the cost of production is bound to debar from the theatre much that is good, much that the American dramatist would like to do which is of an experimental nature, but for which heretofore there has been no outlet. These little theatres bring to mind the possibilities of regional repertory and regional circuits; they point to less extravagance of material in the theatre, more dependence, in scene, plot, and literary expression, on the imaginative aliveness of audiences. It is in such atmosphere, which must sooner or later be recognized by the theatre at large, that the future American dramatist will work.

## CHAPTER XIX

# Later Magazines

IN an earlier volume of this history[1] will be found a record of the beginnings of periodical literature in America, and some account of the many ambitious attempts made by magazine editors and publishers before the middle of the nineteenth century. Since 1850 individual mistakes and failures have been more numerous than before, but there have been a few successes, and magazines as a class have attained a position of great importance. In fact, it is hardly an overstatement to say that the rise of the magazine has been the most significant phenomenon in the development of American publishing. The reading of magazines has come to be far more common than the reading of books. Thousands of persons who would resent the imputation that they are lacking in culture read almost no books at all; and thousands more read only those which they obtain at a public library. No home, however, in which there is pretence of intellectual interest is without magazines, which are usually read by all members of the family. This gain in the prestige of the magazine is due in part to the desire of many readers to be strictly up-to-date, in part to clubbing rates and special offers which are presented with an assiduity that book publishers rarely equal, but chiefly to the better reason that the magazines offer the writings of the best authors, artistically printed and often admirably illustrated, far cheaper than such work can be purchased elsewhere.

This generosity of offering on the part of the magazines is made possible by an illogically liberal postal policy and by the development of modern advertising. A century ago, and even much later, a magazine carried but a few pages of advertising,

[1] Book II, Chap. xx.

mostly announcements of books and articles of stationery. The great development of advertising did not begin until some time after the Civil War, and it perhaps reached its climax about the close of the century. At that time many magazines printed more advertising pages than pages of text. In an earlier day the magazine had derived its revenue from its readers—from yearly subscriptions and from the sale of odd copies. In order to meet expenses the subscription price was placed high, and this price, in turn, kept the number of readers down. Moreover, the fear of alienating subscribers led the publisher to continue on his mailing list many persons who were hopelessly in arrears. The printer's bill often consumed the greater part of the total income, and both editorial salaries and payments to contributors were meagre. The addition of a large revenue from advertising made it possible to cut the subscription price to the amount that would secure the largest circulation; for advertising rates are determined chiefly by the circulation, and if they can be made to yield enough the receipts from subscriptions become an item of minor importance. It is said that in some states of the market the blank paper on which a successful magazine was printed has cost as much as the publisher received for the edition. Contributors, editorial and office expenses, printer's bills, and profits were all paid from advertising. The receipts from this source were so large as to make possible honorariums to authors far greater than had been usual before, and large enough to tempt into the pages of the more enterprising magazines almost any writer whom the editor might desire.

Short stories, which have proved so important a part of American literature during the last fifty years, have almost invariably made their appearance in magazines. By far the greater number of novels by writers of distinction have been published as serials before they were issued in book form. A considerable amount of poetry, many essays, and even historical writings of scholarly importance have found a place in the better popular magazines.

These changes have been accompanied by the good and the questionable effects that always accompany the democratization of culture. It has been well that the patron of the newsstand should be able to procure, sometimes for so small a sum

as a dime, a periodical that contained work by the best living authors. It has been a misfortune that magazines which called themselves literary should be in the control of men who valued literature chiefly for its indirect effect on advertising receipts, and who mixed contributions signed by great names with others whose merit was a showy and specious appeal to the mass of readers. Nor has the offer of high pay to contributors been an unmixed blessing. The great author who was aware that the editor cared more for his name than for literary merit has been tempted to print work that he must have known was unworthy; and the young man or woman just coming into notice has been persuaded by an exploiting publisher to write too hastily. All the phenomena just mentioned can, however, best be traced in connection with a brief survey of some of the more important magazines.

It will be impossible, in the brief space allotted to this chapter, to discuss or even to name all the magazines with which the student of American literature may find himself concerned. There have been informational magazines, which made much of the timeliness of their articles; scientific and professional journals, popular, semi-popular, and technical; journals of sports; juveniles; and many others not easily classified. The changes of greatest importance have been the death or metamorphosis of the old-fashioned quarterlies and other heavy reviews, and the rise of two groups of popular magazines. One of these groups is represented by the *Atlantic*, *Harper's*, *Scribner's Monthly*, afterward the *Century*, and *Scribber's Magazine*, which all pride themselves on maintaining the highest practicable standard of literary and artistic excellence; the other and later group is represented by *The Ladies' Home Journal*, *McClure's*, *The American Magazine*, and a number more which frankly make an appeal to the widest possible constituency of fairly intelligent readers.

In 1850 the chief quarterlies and reviews in existence were *The North American Review*, *Brownson's Quarterly Review*, *The Christian Examiner*, *The New Englander*, *The Democratic Review*, *The American Whig Review*, *The Princeton Review*, *The Southern Literary Messenger*, and *The Southern Quarterly Review*. The decline of the quarterlies had already begun in England, and of the American list named above but one lived virtually

unchanged through the Civil War. This was *The North American Review*, which since its establishment in 1815 had been the leader in its class. In 1850 it was continuing its steady course under the editorship of Professor Francis Bowen. In the early fifties Professor Bowen was succeeded by Dr. Andrew Preston Peabody, who continued in control until after the Civil War had begun. During these years the *Review* maintained its original character as a sound, scholarly, if not a very virile journal, modelled as far as might be on the great English quarterlies. Its small circulation was distributed throughout the country, and when political and sectional animosities became strong it declined all controversial articles that might alienate subscribers. At last it reached the condition which Lowell described in a well-known letter to Motley: "It wanted three chief elements to be successful. It wasn't thoroughly, that is thick and thinly, loyal, it wasn't lively, and it had no particular opinions on any particular subject. It was an eminently safe periodical, and accordingly was in great danger of running aground." Lowell and Charles Eliot Norton became joint editors in 1864, and succeeded in giving the *Review* new force and character, though they naturally rendered it at the same time more provincial. About 1873 Henry Adams and Henry Cabot Lodge assumed the editorship. During the presidential campaign of 1876 these gentlemen found themselves at variance with the publishers regarding matters of editorial policy, and withdrew. The *Review* was then sold to Allen Thorndike Rice, who moved it from Boston to New York and made it first a bi-monthly, later a monthly. Since this time its character has still further changed, until current issues, with their short semi-popular and timely articles, bear slight resemblance to those of 1850. Since no other American magazine has lasted, even in name, for a hundred years, the centenary of the *North American* in 1915 attracted much attention.

The other New England reviews that were in existence in 1850 or that were established later had something of a theological cast. Orestes A. Brownson in *Brownson's Quarterly Review* (founded in 1844) continued to present his personal interpretation of the Roman Catholic faith until 1864, when he began a "National Series," announcing that the *Quarterly* "ceases to be a theological review" and "is to be national and secular,

devoted to philosophy, science, politics, literature, and the general interests of civilization, especially American civilization." After one volume of this series the *Review* was abandoned for eight years. In 1873 the indefatigable editor renewed it for the purpose, as he said, of showing that he was still loyal to the church; and he again protested this loyalty when in 1875 he brought the venture to a final close. While Brownson was erratic in literary as well as in other judgments, he was an original thinker and a forceful personality, and the reviews of secular books in his quarterly are of constant value to the student of American literature and American thought.

*The New Englander*, founded at Yale College in 1843 to support evangelical Christianity though not avowedly a theological journal, passed through a variety of changes, and in time found itself devoted chiefly to history and economics. In 1885 it was known as *The New Englander and Yale Review*, and in 1892 it became *The Yale Review*. In 1896 it relinquished history to the newly founded *American Historical Review*, and when in 1911 the American Economic Association made plans for a journal of its own the occupation of the *Review* was gone. It then passed under the editorship of Wilbur L. Cross, who has continued it as a general literary magazine and review, printing poems, descriptive essays, and timely articles of moderate length, as well as more serious dissertations. For a time *The New Englander and Yale Review* tried the experiment of monthly and then of bi-monthly issue, but for the great part of its career the journal has been, as it is now, published quarterly.

*The Christian Examiner* (dating from 1824), a bi-monthly which bore something the same relation to the faculty of Harvard that *The New Englander* did to that of Yale, continued to 1869. It contained a large number of articles on purely literary topics, some of them fully the equal of those in the *North American*.

In connection with these semi-theological periodicals of New England may be conveniently mentioned *The Princeton Review*, which expressed the devotion of the faculty of Princeton College to conservative Presbyterianism, and was frankly a religious journal. It always contained, however, some articles of general literary interest. During its career from 1825 to 1884 it under-

went changes in name and in place and frequency of publication that need not be traced here.

New York was the centre for political rather than religious reviews. *The Democratic Review*, founded in 1838, partook somewhat of the nature of a general magazine. Among its contributors were many of the most prominent American authors, including the New Englanders; and it also accepted contributions from relatively unknown writers, like Whitman in his early period. The contents included a little poetry and fiction, much on historical and political subjects, and some literary criticism. For a time *The Democratic Review* was a periodical of large relative importance, but it must have felt keenly the competition of the popular illustrated *Harper's Monthly*, and later of the *Atlantic*. Between 1853 and its death in 1859 it adopted sundry changes of name, and tried experiments in monthly, weekly, and quarterly publication. *The American Whig Review* had a briefer career, beginning in 1845 and coming to an end in 1852. It was a monthly, containing some verse and fiction, and a considerable amount of general literary criticism.

Among later attempts made to publish a review in New York may be mentioned *The New York Quarterly*, which ran from 1852 to 1855, *The National Quarterly Review*, 1860 to 1880, and *The International Review*, a bi-monthly, 1874 to 1883. All these, and especially the two last mentioned, show distinguished names on the list of contributors, and contain articles of value. Their successive deaths were doubtless due to the fact that the form of periodical to which they belonged had had its day. The latest venture, *The Unpartizan Review* (until 1919 the *Unpopular Review*), established in 1914 by Henry Holt and Company, and especially in charge of the senior member of that firm, frankly makes an appeal to a limited group of readers, and gives an opportunity for the publication of clever and valuable essays that might not see the light elsewhere.

The South, with its conservative tastes in literature, has perhaps offered of late the best field for the quarterly. *The Southern Quarterly Review*, published at Charleston and at Columbia from 1842 to 1857, had distinction of the old-fashioned sort, and contained articles on science, law, philosophy,

and literature, and many brief book notices. *The Sewanee Review*, another quarterly, established in 1892, still continues. Though it is closely connected with the University of the South its contributors are not all local, and it has maintained its dignity and its literary tradition well. *The South Atlantic Quarterly*, edited at Trinity College, Durham, South Carolina, began publication in 1902, and has also kept to a uniformly high standard.

The most important popular magazines in existence in 1850 were the *Knickerbocker* in New York, *Godey's Lady's Book* and *Graham's* in Philadelphia, and *The Southern Literary Messenger* in Richmond. The *Knickerbocker* felt keenly the competition of the newer magazines, but it continued to be published through the Civil War, in its dying struggles adopting the name of *American Monthly*, with *Knickerbocker* as a sub-title, and in a final volume, January to June, 1865, dropping the old name altogether. Though never distinguished, the *Knickerbocker* had an honourable tradition, and offered a place of publication for many American writers. *Godey's Lady's Book* was continued to 1876, though it lost much of its popularity and almost all its literary prestige before its death. A magazine devoting much attention to the fashions and to fancy work never seems the most dignified medium of publication, but in the height of its glory *Godey's* was able to command original contributions from authors of the highest rank. *Graham's*, which during the editorship of Poe and for a few years thereafter had been the greatest of the Philadelphia magazines and one of the most honourable mediums of publication for authors all over the country, had deteriorated greatly by the mid-century, though it struggled on until 1859. *The Southern Literary Messenger* survived at Richmond, with better quality than might have been expected during the war, until 1864; but its period of greatest importance was earlier, and it has already been treated in another chapter.[1]

Of the four leading popular magazines of first rank the most important, though not the earliest in point of time, was *The Atlantic Monthly*. Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Whittier, and Holmes had been writing for more than twenty years, and Lowell for more than ten, before New England maintained a

[1] See Book II, Chap. XX.

general literary magazine of high grade. It was not till the stirring of political and sociological movements emphasized the need of an organ in which distinctly New England thought could find expression that the *Atlantic* was founded. The real father of the *Atlantic* was Francis H. Underwood, who projected a magazine as early as 1853 when he was in the offices of John P. Jewett and Co. of Boston. This firm had come into prominence as the publishers of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, then at the height of its fame, and a serial story by Mrs. Stowe was to have been a feature of the new periodical. Financial considerations prevented the appearance of the magazine as planned. After the firm of Jewett failed, Underwood became connected with Phillips, Sampson and Co., and at length persuaded them to undertake the venture. According to a familiar story the plan was really launched at a dinner given by Phillips, the senior member of the firm, to Underwood, Cabot, Motley, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, and Emerson. Later, Lowell was decided upon as the first editor. To Holmes is given the credit of suggesting the name "Atlantic Monthly." Underwood went to England in the interest of the project, and elicited promises of support from some English writers. Later a number of manuscript offerings from these men were entrusted to Charles Eliot Norton, who was returning from Europe, and were mysteriously lost *en route*. New Englanders afterward felt a pious thankfulness for this accident, since it helped to make more certain that the *Atlantic* should be distinctly American.[1]

The first issue of the magazine, that for November, 1857, contained contributions from Emerson, Whittier, Lowell, C. E. Norton, J. T. Trowbridge, and others. The most notable feature was *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, which ran as a serial in the first twelve numbers, and was followed in successive years by *The Professor at the Breakfast-Table* and *The Professor's Story* [*Elsie Venner*]. With the failure of the publishers in 1859 the *Atlantic* passed to Ticknor and Fields, and a little later James T. Fields, the junior member of this firm, succeeded Lowell in editorial charge. Fields was one of the few publishers who have been regarded by most of their authors as

[1] See Dr. Edward Waldo Emerson's *The Early History of the Saturday Club*, 1918, Chap. II.

personal friends, and in many ways he made an ideal editor. No other magazine has come so near to comprehending the best that American writers had to offer as did the *Atlantic* during these early years. It was fortunate in having so many of its contributors within easy reach of Boston, and the dinners of the Atlantic Club—which seems never to have been a club—and of virtually the same group of men in the Saturday Club have often been celebrated in reminiscence and history. The jealous charge that only New Englanders were welcome to the pages of the *Atlantic* was probably never well founded, though it was natural that New England standards should be applied in judging contributions. It was the *Atlantic* which first recognized the value of Bret Harte's early tales, and drew the author from the West; and this is but one example of the reaching out of the magazine for what was best everywhere. A list of the contributors for the first fifty years would lack but few names of American writers of distinction, and these would in almost all cases be men who were committed to some other publisher. Yet perhaps after all the case is best put by Howells when he says: "The *Atlantic Monthly* . . . was distinctively a New England magazine, though from the first it has been characterized by what was more national, what was more universal, in the New England temperament."

Successive editors of *The Atlantic Monthly* have been James Russell Lowell (1857–61), James T. Fields (1861–71), William Dean Howells (1871–81), Thomas Bailey Aldrich (1881–90), Horace E. Scudder (1890–98), Walter Hines Page (1898–99), Bliss Perry (1899–1908), Ellery Sedgwick (1908– ). While the development of the illustrated magazines during the seventies deprived the *Atlantic* of its conspicuous pre-eminence it long continued to maintain its high standard and its distinctive character. In 1908 it was sold by the Houghton Mifflin Company, the direct successors of Ticknor and Fields, to the Atlantic Publishing Company, of which Ellery Sedgwick is president, and under his editorship it has increased its circulation without becoming cheapened, though to conservative readers who recollect former days it seems to have departed sadly from its old traditions.

*Harper's Monthly Magazine*, the first of the greater illustrated magazines, was established in 1850 by Harper and

Brothers, publishers, of New York. It was founded, as a member of the firm said, as a "tender" to the publishing business. At first the contents were taken from English journals. The prospectus, issued in 1850, announced:

> The Publishers of the *New Monthly Magazine* intend . . . to place everything of the periodical literature of the day, which has permanent value and commanding interest, in the hands of all who have the slightest desire to become acquainted with it. . . . The magazine will transfer to its pages as rapidly as they may be issued all the continuous tales of Dickens, Bulwer, Croly, Lever, Warren, and other distinguished contributors to British Periodicals: articles of commanding interest from all the leading Quarterly Reviews of both Great Britain and the United States: Critical Notices of the current publications of the day: Speeches and Addresses. . . . A carefully prepared Fashion Plate, and other pictorial illustrations will also accompany each number.

Borrowings were for a time credited to their original sources, but soon this credit was omitted. In a business way the venture was immediately successful, the circulation being given as fifty thousand after six months, and one hundred and thirty thousand after three years. Other magazines, especially those which published chiefly the work of American authors, resented this new competition and the attitude of Harper and Brothers toward international copyright. *The American Whig Review* for July, 1852, prints a long *Letter to the Publishers of Harper's Magazine* signed "An American Writer," which expresses with some show of temper sentiments that were not infrequently uttered. After asking, "Is such a publication calculated to benefit American literature? and secondly, is it just?" the writer continues:

> Your publication, gentlemen, with all others of the same nature, is simply a monstrosity; and the more widely it is diffused, the more clearly is its moral ugliness revealed. It is an ever-present, ever-living insult to the brains of Americans, and its indignity is every day increasing in intensity. Heading a select band of English republications, it comes into our literary market month by month, offering a show of matter which no other magazine could present were it fairly paid for, and effectually shutting out the attempts of American publishers from even the chances of a sale. Its contents are often attractive, although, considering the unbounded range of

your pillage, I have wondered that they were not better; it displays a large number of well-printed pages, and generally boasts a few thievings from *Punch* hardly up to the style of that very amusing sheet; and it pleases the economical tastes of its readers. As a scheme for making money, I cannot too highly commend your enterprise. It is a manifest improvement of the shopkeeper's maxim of buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest, for you do not buy in the market at all. You walk through the array of literary wares which the English nation spreads before you, taking what you please, and giving neither money nor thanks in return. You reproduce what you have so cheaply obtained, and are thus enabled to undersell your more scrupulous competitors. By this process of appropriation and sale, you prove your right to the enviable title of sharp business men, but you also show yourselves utterly destitute of regard for the literary talent of your own countrymen, and for those national opinions and sentiments which are only partially disseminated by the newspapers, and which it is the peculiar province of English literature to supplant and destroy.

In time *Harper's* came more and more to take the work of Americans, and it has long made a practice of printing only original contributions. If during its early career it sinned by ignoring and discouraging American authors, it seemed at a later date almost to sin in the opposite direction. At times it has published so many contributions from a young author of growing popularity as to raise the question whether it was not encouraging hasty and ill-considered writing. Among writers of tales whom it exploited in this way were Richard Harding Davis, Mary E. Wilkins, and Stephen Crane.

The first editor of *Harper's Monthly* was Henry J. Raymond. Henry M. Alden, his successor, was editor for fifty years (1869–1919). Fletcher Harper, a member of the firm, habitually contracted for the serials and for much other fiction, and had a great share in determining the contents of the magazine. Of the special departments which are distinctive of *Harper's Magazine* the most important is "The Editor's Easy Chair." George William Curtis assumed control of this in 1853, and his essays which appeared under this head are among the most delightful of his works. The most distinguished of Curtis's successors in the "Easy Chair" is its present occupant, William Dean Howells. Another department, "The Editor's

Study," has been conducted at different times by William Dean Howells and Charles Dudley Warner. Among the men in charge of "The Editor's Drawer" have been Lewis Gaylord Clark and John Kendrick Bangs.

The early numbers of *Harper's Monthly* each contained a few woodcuts, many of them portraits. The proprietors soon began to pay greater attention to illustration, and in 1856 started an engraving department of their own. Among well-known artists who have been upon the staff are C. S. Reinhart, E. A. Abbey, and A. B. Frost, while many others were frequent contributors of pictures. While *Harper's Magazine* may well claim to be the pioneer among high-class illustrated magazines in America, it was not spurred to its greatest exertions until the appearance of *Scribner's Monthly* in 1870. The rivalry between these two magazines, and later the triangular rivalry engaged in by *Harper's*, the *Century*, and *Scribner's Magazine*, has led to great improvements in the art of engraving and in the technique of printing illustrations. When wood engraving reached what was apparently its highest perfection, attention was turned to process engraving, and later to methods of colour reproduction; and though there have been some freakish and inartistic experiments the pictures in the better American magazines have been worthy accompaniments of the letterpress. The excellence of American illustrating attracted attention in Europe, and the three chief illustrated magazines have each maintained a London edition. That of *Harper's* was begun in 1880; Andrew Lang became editor in 1884.

The second of the greater illustrated periodicals in point of time, *Scribner's Monthly*, began publication in 1870, after *Harper's Magazine* had been in existence for twenty years. The editor and one of the proprietors was Josiah Gilbert Holland, who had made a wide appeal as author of commonplace works in prose and verse, and as successful editor of *The Springfield Republican*. Associated with Dr. Holland in the ownership of the magazine were Roswell Smith and Charles Scribner, head of the well-known firm of book publishers. After the death of Charles Scribner differences arose between the management and the publishing firm of Charles Scribner's Sons, which resulted in the withdrawal of the Scribner interests and a change of name to *The Century Magazine* in 1881. Dr. Holland

was to have continued in the editorship, but before the appearance of the first issue of the *Century* he died and was succeeded by Richard Watson Gilder, who from the first had been associate editor. The change of name brought no radical change in scope or policy, and *Scribner's Monthly* and the *Century* constitute virtually an unbroken series from 1870 to the present time.

Dr. Holland was a clever editor who knew what the public wanted. From the first he secured well-known contributors of high rank. A "Publisher's Department," with "A word to our readers," or "A talk with our readers," though relegated to the advertising pages, continued the methods of the old-fashioned personal journalist. Richard Watson Gilder was a man of greater literary ability and finer taste, and though he could hardly have gained initial success for the venture as well as did Holland it is to him that the high rank of the *Century* is largely due. *Scribner's Monthly* at first printed serials by English writers, but later made much of the fact that its longer selections in fiction were all of American origin. Howells's *A Modern Instance* was made a feature of the first volume after the change of name. The *Century* has always given much space to illustrated articles on history. There was something a trifle "journalistic" in a series of articles on the Civil War by Northern and Southern generals, yet even in these the editorial control was such as to insure a reasonable standard of excellence. The *Life of Lincoln* by Nicolay and Hay, large parts of which appeared serially in the *Century*, was of higher grade. In literary criticism E. C. Stedman had, even in the days of *Scribner's Monthly*, contributed articles on the American poets. Without neglecting fiction, poetry, and other general literature the magazine has devoted rather more attention than has *Harper's* to matters of timely, though not of temporary, interest. From the first *Scribner's Monthly* made much of its illustrations, and both directly and by the effect on its competitors its advent had much to do with the improvement of American engraving and printing. It claims credit for originating, in the mechanical department, several practical innovations of value, such as the dry printing of engravings.

*Scribner's Magazine* (always to be distinguished from *Scribner's Monthly*), published by Charles Scribner's Sons and

edited continuously until 1914 by Edward L. Burlingame, first appeared in January, 1887. Like *Harper's Magazine* it is closely associated with a great publishing house, but unlike *Harper's* in the early years it was never a mere "tender to the business." Though announced by a rather conventional prospectus it began auspiciously. Among the earliest contributors were William James, Robert Louis Stevenson, Sarah Orne Jewett, Thomas Nelson Page, Elizabeth Akers, H. C. Bunner, Andrew Lang, Austin Dobson, Charles Edwin Markham, Edith Thomas, Percival Lowell, A. S. Hill, and Thomas A. Janvier; and it has since kept up the high quality and the diversity of material suggested by these names. Like its chief rivals it maintains an English edition.

It is not easy to characterize the distinctions between *Harper's Magazine*, the *Century*, and *Scribner's Magazine* as these have existed for the last thirty years. The long editorships of Alden, Gilder, and Burlingame tended, fortunately, to produce stability and to develop an individuality of tone in the periodicals with which these men were respectively associated. The difference is, however, one of tone merely, and is too subtle to be readily analyzed or phrased. As has been said, the *Century* is distinguished by special attention to history and timely articles, but in fiction, verse, and general essays they are much the same. None has been supported by a clique, party, or school. Most of the greater American writers of the last generation have contributed to at least two, many to all three of these magazines. None of them has had a monopoly of the work of any distinctive and distinguished writer as the *Knickerbocker* had a monopoly of Irving and the *Atlantic* had a monopoly of, for example, Holmes.

Before the middle of the nineteenth century the better magazines had mostly refrained from illustrations, except, perhaps, occasional full-page inserted plates. It was for *Harper's Magazine* and *Scribner's Monthly* to show that pictures in the text were not incompatible with literary dignity and excellence; and they did this by securing the best available literary material, and developing illustrations that were not unworthy to accompany it. In so doing they indirectly and unconsciously helped to prepare the way for the cheaper magazines which sprang into such prominence a few years later.

Among the less successful attempts at a literary magazine were three which bore the name of another distinguished New York publishing house. *Putnam's Monthly Magazine* first appeared in January, 1853, with C. F. Briggs as editor and George William Curtis and Parke Godwin as assistant editors. In introducing itself it said, with an evident glance at *Harper's*, then so conspicuous and so irritating a figure in the magazine world:

> A man buys a Magazine to be amused—to be instructed, if you please, but the lesson must be made amusing. He buys it to read in the cars, in his leisure hours at home—in the hotel, at all chance moments. It makes very little difference to him whether the article date from Greece or Guinea if it only interest him. He does not read upon principle, and troubles himself little about copyright and justice to authors. If a man goes to Timbuctoo and describes his visit picturesquely and well, the reader devours the story, and is not at all concerned because the publisher may have broken the author's head or heart, to obtain the manuscript. A popular Magazine must amuse, interest, and instruct, or the public will pass by upon the other side. Nor will it be persuaded to "come over and help us" by any consideration of abstract right. It says, very justly, "if you had no legs, why did you try to walk?"
>
> It is because we are confident that neither Greece nor Guinea can offer the American reader a richer variety of instruction and amusement in every kind, than the country whose pulses throb with his, and whose every interest is his own, that this magazine presents itself today.

This opinion, that for interest American writings could hold their own with those that might be purloined anywhere in the world, must have been pleasing to American authors. The editors gave evidence of their sincerity by preserving the anonymity of articles, letting each stand on its merits. The first volume contained poems by Longfellow and Lowell, and others of the New England group wrote for the magazine. Curtis contributed his *Potiphar Papers* and *Prue and I*, Lowell his *Fireside Travels* and *Moosehead Journal*, and Thoreau his *Cape Cod Papers*. It would seem that a journal so edited and so supported ought at this time to have succeeded, even though in mechanical appearance it was somewhat heavy and unattractive. For reasons not fully explained, but supposedly

financial, the house of Putnam sold it after two years, and after three years of deterioration under another management it was merged with *Emerson's Magazine*, which itself died soon after.

*Putnam's Magazine*, sometimes referred to as a revival of the older *Putnam's Monthly Magazine*, began publication in January, 1868. R. H. Stoddard, E. C. Stedman, and Bayard Taylor were connected with the editorial staff, but the list of contributors was hardly as impressive as that of the former *Putnam's*. According to the frank statement of the publishers this magazine did not pay, and after three years it was merged with the newly founded *Scribner's Monthly*. In 1906 a third *Putnam's* made its appearance, this time *Putnam's Monthly and The Critic*. The last half of the title was retained from an older periodical which was merged in the new. It was a semi-popular, illustrated, bookish journal which lasted with some changes of name until 1910.

The *Galaxy, an Illustrated Magazine of Entertaining Reading* was published in New York from 1866 to 1878. Among contributors to the first volume were William Dean Howells, Henry James, Stedman, Stoddard, Bayard Taylor, Anthony Trollope, William Winter, Phœbe Cary, and C. G. Leland. As might be inferred from the subtitle, the *Galaxy* devoted much space to fiction, yet its quality may be indicated by the fact that when it died its subscription list went to *The Atlantic Monthly*.

In Philadelphia, *Sartain's Union Magazine of Literature and Art* ran its brief course from 1849 to 1852. The proprietor, John Sartain, was one of the greatest of American mezzotint engravers, and the artistic excellence of the plates issued with the magazine may have helped to arouse interest in periodical illustrations of high grade; but the development of later magazine illustration did not lie in the direction of mezzotints. *Lippincott's Magazine of Literature, Science, and Education*, founded in 1868, was at first a fairly solid general magazine, without illustrations. In the competition toward the close of the century it adopted a popular form, with many pictures and a complete novelette in each issue, and boasted in its prospectus: "It offers no problems to solve, has no continued stories to hinder, and appeals to you just when you want it."

Many cities of the South and of the West have had their

literary journals, the brief careers of which are duly chronicled in local histories, but they can hardly claim space in a more general survey. The one exception is *The Overland Monthly*, which began publication at San Francisco in 1868, with Bret Harte as the first editor. An earlier chapter of this history[1] remarks on the number of creditable literary periodicals that were developed in the Ohio Valley while difficulties of communication isolated communities in which there were many persons of intellectual interests. By 1850 the Alleghanies were no longer a serious hindrance to intercourse with Eastern cities, and the magazines of Kentucky, Ohio, and Illinois had lost their chief reason for existence. Soon after the discovery of gold the Pacific slope offered another example of an isolated community with a civilization of its own. The *Overland* was not the first attempt at a literary magazine in San Francisco; and though it had considerable real merit it owes its fame chiefly to Bret Harte. With the completion of the trans-continental railroads the culture of the West was free to merge in that of the nation. The *Overland* ceased publication in 1875. A successor, bearing the same name and established in 1883, is still, however, one of the best of the frankly provincial literary periodicals.

Among the magazines of a more recent generation is *The Ladies' Home Journal*, a periodical of a sort which has always flourished in Philadelphia. This had a small beginning in 1883, and entered on its period of rapid growth with the accession of Edward W. Bok to the editorship in 1889. Bok adopted some of the methods of personal journalism, and thousands of readers who could have named no other magazine editor knew of him, and rejoiced that his career was in outline that of the traditional industrious apprentice. Even more than its predecessor, *Godey's Lady's Book*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* is devoted to household arts, but it has always laid emphasis on the stories, essays, and poems that it published. Many of these make a specious sentimental appeal, but from time to time the *Journal* has contained noteworthy contributions from men of the rank of Kipling and Howells. Many of the million readers which it long boasted firmly believed it to be a literary magazine, and its influence on popular taste must have been considerable.

The most significant group of later popular magazines had

[1] See Book II, Chap. xx.

its phenomenal development in New York during the last decade of the nineteenth century and the earlier years of the twentieth. The most conspicuous members of this group, with the dates of their establishment were: *The Cosmopolitan* (1886, founded in Rochester but removed to New York in 1887), *Munsey's* (1891), *McClure's* (1893), *Everybody's* (1899), *The American* (1906), *Hampton's* (1908). All of these were profusely illustrated, mostly with half-tone engravings; all of them were supported chiefly by the advertising pages—the improvement of the half-tone process and the development of advertising being the two things that made them economically possible. All of them were planned as business enterprises, rather than as mediums for the literary expression of certain communities or groups of authors. All of them sold for some years, as a result of competition, at the surprisingly low rate of ten cents a copy or one dollar a year. All of them attained large circulations, estimated in several instances as nearly three-fourths of a million copies of each issue.

Of those mentioned, *McClure's* may be taken as a type, and as most interesting to the student of literature, though it was not the earliest in the field, it did not attain the greatest circulation, and in recent years it has suffered a more serious decline than some of its rivals. S. S. McClure, the projector and editor, had established a syndicate which bought the work of prominent authors and sold the rights of publication to newspapers. He was thus able to pay sums which obtained manuscripts from the more distinguished writers of the day, English and American. Among those who contributed, often of their very best work, to the early volumes of the magazine were Stevenson, Kipling, Thomas Hardy, Andrew Lang, Conan Doyle, William Dean Howells, Joel Chandler Harris, F. Marion Crawford, Edward Everett Hale, George W. Cable, and others of similar rank. It is not, however, great names or even meritorious articles bought and inserted at random which give character to a literary periodical. In its best days *McClure's* was in no sense a rival of the *Atlantic*, *Harper's*, the *Century*, or *Scribner's*, though at times these could hardly boast more impressive lists of contributors. It did not even equal in popularity some of the other magazines of its own class. Its greatest success was due, not to the work of the well-known writers named

above, but to articles of a sensational and timely nature—the so-called "literature of exposure." The formula for these articles was simple. It consisted in adhering strictly to the literal truth, but in so arranging and proportioning statements of fact as to show most disadvantageously some person, corporation, or other organization of which the public mind was predisposed to believe the worst. Although the formula was simple, the technique attained was in its way masterly. The writers were mostly persons of journalistic instincts and practical newspaper training who on giving evidence of unusual aptitude for this kind of writing were regularly employed on the staff of the magazine. Ida Tarbell, who had previously compiled a life of Napoleon and a popular life of Lincoln, prepared a hostile history of the Standard Oil Company. Ray Stannard Baker also wrote sensationally on economic questions, and attacked other corporations. Lincoln Steffens confined himself especially to political corruption. These flourished in *McClure's* from 1902 or earlier until 1906, when they associated themselves with the newly-established *American Magazine*, and *McClure's* developed a new staff of workers according to the same models. In 1906 President Roosevelt in a famous address expressed his disapproval of this kind of writing, and applied to its authors the term "muck-rakers," which with the derivative "muck-raking" has since been accepted as a fitting designation. Popular judgment agreed on the whole with the President, and while this type of writing is not even now extinct, it gradually lost its vogue. Though it may fairly be said to have begun with *McClure's Magazine*, it was really symptomatic of a tendency of the time, and most other popular magazines with the exception of *Munsey's* indulged in it. One of the most famous series of muck-raking articles, in some ways more sensational than anything in *McClure's*, was *Frenzied Finance*, by Thomas W. Lawson, published in *Everybody's*.

Most of the magazines named above are still issued though in most instances with change of format, and at an increased price; but they no longer exert so great an influence. It is too early to comment with certainty on their significance; yet they cannot be ignored in a study of nineteenth century literature, even if they reached their culmination just after 1900. Indeed, it may appear that many of the literary ten

dencies that developed during the nineteenth century were concentrated and delivered to the twentieth century through this peculiar development of periodical literature. If irresistible forces are making toward the democratization of literature, then the rise of these magazines marks an important step in the movement. They brought writers who were unquestionably the best of their time to a great number of readers who might not otherwise have known them. On the other hand, they brought into magazine writing some of the qualities that had been developed by the modern journalist. Bad as the muck-raking articles were in content and temper, they showed forth methods of popular exposition that later essayists, even the most conservative, are now adopting. Nor have the older magazines escaped the influence of their younger rivals. *The Atlantic Monthly*, long the exponent of the most reserved and bookish tradition, has for its present editor a man who received his training with *Frank Leslie's Monthly*, *The American Magazine*, and *McClure's;* and while old-fashioned readers may now and then regret the resulting change of tone, it would be rash to say that the change was all for the worse, or to feel that the outlook for periodical literature today was not as bright as it has been at any period of our national life.

## CHAPTER XX

# Newspapers Since 1860

WHEN the sudden beginning of the Civil War changed the whole current of national life, the newspapers of the country were in many respects prepared to report and interpret the great event. Had the war been clearly foreseen for a decade, more adequate preparation could hardly have been made to adjust the service to the momentous changes which came so swiftly. Ingenuity and aggressiveness in the gathering of news, the rise and growth of which has been sketched in another chapter,[1] had quickened the whole profession. The telegraph, which was little more than an experiment when the Mexican War came on, had by 1860 been extended to all parts of the country directly affected by the war. The revolution thereby created in methods of gathering, transmitting, and vending news had been accomplished in the interval of twelve or fifteen years, and journalism was becoming accustomed to the new order. The growing use and expensiveness of the telegraph had already led to the formation of press associations. And at almost the same time the invention of the modern *papier maché* process of stereotyping, together with improvements in printing presses, removed mechanical obstructions which until 1861 had curbed the production of newspapers. With all these general developments there had been, until a few weeks before hostilities began, little detailed preparation to meet the actual crisis; the press was not on a war footing; there were no experienced war correspondents.

Newspapers had spread over the whole country, flowing into the Central valleys and plains and down the Western slopes

[1] See Book II, Chap. xxi.

along with the most enterprising of the early settlers. When Lincoln read his first inaugural, only four states or territories in the Union were without newspapers to report it; twelve years later, not one was without a newspaper to chronicle the defeat and death of the great journalist who sought the Presidency. News style had taken essentially the form still to be found in the more conservative papers of the country; headlines were still inconspicuous, never more than one column wide, and seldom revealing the news they topped. The custom among many papers of sending correspondents throughout the South and the Far West to report conditions and events was now to prove useful preparation for the period when the South became the greatest source of news in the world. Foreign correspondence after its rapid spread in the forties had been somewhat more fully organized, although it was no more ably conducted. The pressure of domestic events led to some neglect of the foreign field, just before and during the war, and it was not until the short Franco-Prussian conflict that European affairs again received much attention from the American press.

Never before was a war so well reported as was the American Civil War—so fully, promptly, and accurately. Although it is generally believed that Englishmen in the Crimea virtually created modern war correspondence, its real beginnings had been made years before by American reporters in the war with Mexico, and the whole system of reporting the progress of war and presenting it fully and promptly to the public was developed very nearly to perfection by American journalistic enterprise in the Civil War. The problems confronting the newspapers when the war began were the greatest ever faced by journalists. The size of country to be covered, the number of armies and of widely separated actions, and the still primitive means of communication tested the valour and ingenuity that sought to overcome them. When the first gun was fired no paper had a system for reporting from the front, though in the weeks before that event several of them had begun to send men to important places by way of precaution. Before Sumter fell, the New York *Herald* had received enough papers from its correspondents to furnish a roster of the Southern army which convinced the leaders that there was a spy in the Confederate war office, and in a short time after Sumter a net of reporters was spread all

over the South, placed at every important point, and sent with every army. The *Herald* quickly built a great news-gathering organization, with the *Tribune* and the *Times* following as close competitors, while every important paper in the country sent at least one correspondent to Washington or to the front. These men, nearly all inexperienced in their special duties, but called upon to report a more rapid and long-continued series of military movements than had ever before been recorded, not only accomplished a remarkable series of individual achievements but set a new standard in that type of journalism.

The task of organizing such corps of correspondents as were sent out by the *Herald*, *Tribune*, and *Times*, of New York, of discharging the normal functions of the papers, and of supplying the unprecedented demand for newspapers, extraordinary as it was, did not lead to many important advances in journalistic practice. The changes due to the war were mainly economic. In the South, which had depended almost entirely on the North for its supplies, the lack of paper was soon felt and before peace came had caused the suspension of many papers. Many others were suppressed by Northern military authorities. The press of the South, indeed, lost much and gained little or nothing by the war. A rigid government censorship and news bureau deprived those papers even of such opportunities as other circumstances might have permitted. Less enterprise was manifest in news-gathering than in printing official communications and editorials. But it may be said that, although before the war began there was much difference of Southern editorial opinion regarding the advisability of secession, after the decision was made, a united press supported the Confederate authorities.

Censorship in the North was unorganized, spasmodic, sometimes oppressive, and generally ineffectual. The Post Office Department then, as more recently, denied the privilege of the mails to papers adjudged to be treasonable, even to some which criticized the use of force against the seceding states. Correspondents were in some cases welcomed and trusted by the military authorities; in others they were excluded. Early in the war a censor was placed in the telegraph office at Washington; but official oversuppression finally brought about a reaction which led to a more liberal policy. The natural desire of the authorities to prevent the circulation of information that might be useful to

the enemy, and the nervousness caused by the many Copperhead papers opposed to the war, friendly to the South, or unfriendly to the government, led to much official criticism of mere news enterprise and to acts of suppression by the authorities. For instance General McClellan requested the War Department to suppress the New York *Times* for printing a map of the works and a statement of forces beyond the Potomac, no part of which had, in fact, come from other than public sources. The New York *World* and *Journal of Commerce* were suspended for several days because they unsuspectingly published a bogus presidential proclamation. The Chicago *Times*, a leading Copperhead paper, was forced to suspend publication for a short time because of disloyal utterances. The strong feeling engendered by the conflict led to many acts of mob violence against newspapers, most of them in smaller towns, and in the aggregate, scores of them were as a result suspended or destroyed, though relatively fewer fatalities resulted than from the earlier acts of violence against the abolitionist press. The most important mob attack on a great city paper was directed against the New York *Tribune* during the draft riots on 13 July, 1863.

It was not mere editorial arrogance or vanity that James Gordon Bennett displayed when at the outbreak of the war he assured President Lincoln of the support of the New York *Herald*. Lincoln's subsequent offer of the French mission to the erratic journalist vouches for that. For editorial influence was then at its greatest, and the power wielded by the leaders in the great era of personal journalism—such men as Greeley, Bennett, Bowles, Raymond, Bryant, Schouler—made government by newspapers something more than a phrase. The country was accustomed to a journalistic leadership in which it had faith. Not a few editors felt competent to instruct the government in both political and military affairs, and some undertook to do so, notably Horace Greeley, in the New York *Tribune*, to the clamour of which paper is attributed the ill-advised aggression which led to the defeat at Bull Run. Of all the editorials written during the war, Greeley's "The Prayer of Twenty Millions," printed in the *Tribune* on 20 August, 1862, is probably the most significant, not only because it indicates the tone assumed in many papers, but especially because it drew from President Lincoln a reply which defined more clearly than ever before his

position on the question of slavery and made unmistakable the relative positions of President and editor. There is a resemblance between this encounter and an earlier and less public one between Lincoln and Seward, and the two events are not incomparable in importance. After that exchange of ideas the newspapers of the North supported the President more completely than before. As the war progressed, however, the editorial gradually came to occupy a less important place than news, and by the close of the conflict the authority and influence of the great personalities of journalism had appreciably declined.

The war produced one immediate economic change which proved the beginning of a revolution still going on. The great demand for news brought a tremendous increase in circulation to those papers able to furnish the fullest accounts of the war, and contributed to the prosperity of the larger papers at the expense of the smaller ones. Although great numbers of papers were set up to meet the demand for war news, still more suffered extinction, with the result that in many states there were fewer in 1865 than in 1861. In Illinois, for instance, 144 papers were begun, and 155 were discontinued in the four years. Part of the decrease was due to lack of labour, a condition which led to the invention of the "patent insides." Contrived as a means of economy, this device led to important developments in country journalism in later decades by reducing the cost of printing.

Reconstruction was accompanied by still further mechanical improvements in stereotyping and in presses which made possible great growth in the industry. The extension of co-operative news-gathering was rapid after 1865, when the Western Associated Press was formed, largely through the initiative of Joseph Medill of the Chicago *Tribune*. This association, co-ordinated with that of New York, greatly broadened the news resources of both Western and Eastern papers. The rapid growth to the West and in the great Central valleys continued, accelerated by a decrease in the price of paper towards the end of the period, as well as by the increase in population. In the South, where the business had suffered most, the dozen years following the war were a time of restoration, as well as of extension. Many of the leading papers had survived—in Louisville, Memphis, Nashville, Richmond, Atlanta, New Orleans—and

these laboured energetically, in the face of appalling difficulties, political as well as material, to hasten the revival of the country. Many suspended papers were restored, and many new ones of stability were begun. There were other new ones, also, ephemeral but troublesome, set up to support the carpet-baggers and others who delayed the healing of old sectional wounds. Twenty years passed before the newspapers of the South recovered from the injury wrought by the war.

The war had accustomed publishers to lavish expenditure of money in gathering news and had created many new readers who could not be retained by editorial discussion or heavy style. They had been attracted by lists of killed and wounded, narratives of vivid fact, rather than by discussion; it was necessary to find a substitute for the absorbing accounts of war. One result of this effort to avert a return to the earlier heaviness, perhaps, was the development of a new journalistic technique, the cultivation of an artistic narrative style. It was Charles A. Dana, through the New York *Sun*, who set the new pattern that was followed by the American press generally for two decades. His idea was merely to apply the art of literary craftsmanship to the choosing and the telling of the varied stories of the day's events. Human interest, not importance of meaning or consequences, governed the choice of topics. This new style possessed simplicity and clearness; it abounded in details chosen for artistic effectiveness rather than for intrinsic news value. It added grace, without losing force; the deft touch replaced the heavy or awkward stroke. Dana had begun his journalistic career on the New York *Tribune* under Greeley, where he was managing editor and a most important figure until 1862. He became editor of the *Sun* early in 1868. What he meant to do, and did, Dana announced thus: "The *Sun* . . . will study condensation, clearness, point, and will endeavour to present its daily photograph of the whole world's doings in the most luminous and lively manner."

In certain other respects, also, Dana and the *Sun* were characteristic of the new era. The great majority of papers were still servile party organs; political discussion was as bitter as ever, and nowhere more so than in the *Sun;* vigorously expressed personalities enlivened the editorial columns. The rancour displayed in the presidential campaign of 1872 was un-

paralleled. But in the midst of bitter party controversy, independent journalism was growing apace; the editor and the politician were becoming more and more disentangled. The politician kept political power and the editor looked elsewhere for his influence—in a variety of interests, social, literary, and commercial. The influential editors throughout the country who were taking the place of the giants of the preceding era were following the precept of Bowles in learning to control what they seemed only to transcribe and narrate. They no longer preached or laid down the law. It was the publishing and depicting of facts, not the invective of editorial attack, that achieved results in the exposure of the Tweed ring by the New York *Times* and *Harper's Weekly* in 1871 and of the "Whiskey Ring" by the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. Exploits like these had never been attempted before; though they have never since been equalled in daring or in results obtained, they were progenitors of the sensational press characteristic of a later period.

Independent political thought and discussion were greatly strengthened by the growth of weekly papers which were established or which became prominent just after the war. The *Independent*, founded as a progressive and liberal religious journal in 1848, had been a powerful anti-slavery force, a leading journal of political, literary, and social, as well as of religious discussion. When Henry Ward Beecher took the editorship in 1861 he said he "would assume the liberty of meddling with every question which agitated the civil or Christian community," and in doing so he wrote, in this weekly newspaper, and in the *Christian Union*, now the *Outlook*, of which he became editor in 1870, some of the strongest editorials in the American press. "It is the aim of the *Christian Union* to gospelize all the industrial functions of life," Beecher wrote. These two are but the most conspicuous of a large class of religious journals, more nearly newspapers than magazines, which had much popularity and influence as organs of general discussion through the years of Reconstruction.

When the New York *Times* attacked the Tweed ring, its most effective ally was *Harper's Weekly*, an illustrated paper established in 1857, which partly through its remarkable use of illustrations and its sound editorial policy under George William

Curtis[1] had become popular and influential. The illustrations and cartoons of Thomas Nast in this paper were one of the striking features of the journalism of the war, and in the years following became a national force—the artist was declared by General Grant to be the foremost figure in civil life developed by the war. His power as a cartoonist was still growing when in 1870 the *Times* began its great exposure, and Nast, who in *Harper's Weekly* had already begun the fight, collaborated with a series of cartoons which still rank with the greatest, both in conception and in effect, ever published. At the same time Curtis, who became political editor in 1863 and editor three years later, made the paper a telling force in independent journalism, notably during the following decade in advocating civil service reform and similar movements for the cleansing of politics.

A more potent force in the movement towards independence was another weekly, the *Nation*, established under the editorship of Edwin Lawrence Godkin in 1865, which in the course of a few years set a new standard of free and intelligent criticism of public affairs. Godkin had begun serious work in journalism when in 1853, at the age of twenty-two, he had gone to the Crimea for the London *Daily News*. He had come to the United States in 1856, had become a keen student of American life, politics, and journalism, and during the war had done the country great service by telling Englishmen, through the *Daily News*, the truth concerning American conditions. He felt that the American press did not fairly represent the thought and opinions of educated men. He wanted to "see whether the best writers in America cannot get a fair hearing from the American public on questions of politics, art, and literature through a newspaper." Within a year after the *Nation* was established a discerning observer said that "it will do much to raise the reputation of American journalism in Europe and by its example to raise the tone of our other newspapers," and twenty years later an eminent English editor called it the best periodical in the world. It has been said that all the problems of democracy had a fascination for Godkin, and into the discussion of them he flung himself with enthusiasm and vigour equalled only by his breadth and keenness of understanding

[1] See Book III, Chap. XIII.

and the clear, pungent attractiveness of his style. He soon made the *Nation* a source of intellectual and political inspiration for that somewhat limited number to whom intellectual journalism could appeal. Best known for the long struggle of the *Nation* for civil service reform, and for a prolonged and finally successful fight against Tammany, through the *Evening Post*, of which he became editor in 1881, and for other great combats in which popularity was never considered, Godkin was probably the greatest single force for better government in the thirty years following the war. And although never read by the people generally, he profoundly affected the leaders of thought and of journalism, and through them exerted an influence no less wide, and, certainly no less vital to the health of the finer type of democracy, than that of men whose service to journalism is more frequently mentioned and imitated.

But the strongest tendency of the newspapers was not indicated by the independence of a Bowles or a Godkin, nor by any apparent revival of the idea that editorial discussion was an important function of the newspaper. Successors of the early editorial giants were found in Prentice, Medill, Grady, Rhett, Gay, Young, Halstead, McCullagh, the second Samuel Bowles, Rublee, McKelway, Hemphill, and Watterson, to mention only a few of many; personality continued to make itself felt, as it has done in Henry Watterson,—who carried into the new century traits of a journalism fifty years old,—in Scripps, Otis, Nelson, Scott, and scores of others; but by the early eighties the name of the editor had become relatively unimportant along with the editorial.

The principal features in journalistic development after the close of the era of Reconstruction were the transformation of the larger papers into great business concerns closely connected with the manifold increase in the amount of advertising printed, the extension and minute organization of news service, the development of variety in subject matter, and the growth of sensationalism in the treatment of news. The tremendous growth of advertising, which by 1890 had become the principal source of income, and which has gained greatly since then, transferred the controlling interest in newspaper policy from the editorial office to the business office, from politics to salesmanship. Circulation was stimulated to furnish an outlet for advertising

rather than, as in earlier times, for its own sake as a source of income and power.

The largest single factor in building the machinery for news-gathering was the press association. After a period of change and struggle beginning in the forties, the Associated Press gradually acquired a dominant position, taking its present form in 1900, and growing in prestige ever since. For years it dealt only with routine events reported by its clients, but in later years it has formed a staff of experienced journalists of its own, has established its bureaus in all leading cities in this country, in the capitals and the larger cities of Europe, and in Central and, more recently, South America. Except that the leading papers maintain special correspondents in Washington, all papers obtain most of their news, except that of local affairs, from the Associated Press or one of its two chief competitors. This news is written in full, and printed, usually, as served. Consequently the press association has had a great influence not only in establishing the tenor of news and the point of view in reporting, but in developing a uniform style in news-writing as well. The influence has been one of restraint, conservative and sound, and for thirty years has tended to improve the tone, as well as the news quality, of American newspapers. The art of reporting and interviewing was assiduously cultivated; the practice of correspondence declined, and along with it the attention paid to foreign news. Although the Associated Press and several newspapers had European bureaus, that field was but superficially covered between the Civil War and 1898, except for a few exploits during the Franco-Prussian war. The war with Spain gave occasion for some of the most brilliant feats of individual reporting yet achieved, and in its sequel served to stimulate interest in events beyond our borders. Several papers, notably the Chicago *Daily News*, built up staffs in the foreign field exceeding in scope and effectiveness those of any other newspapers in the world. But in general the foreign news service languished.

The most conspicuous and pervasive influence was the sensationalism introduced about 1880 and reaching its climax early in the present century. It was compounded of the practices first exemplified by Bennett and of all subsequent methods capable of appealing to popular curiosity and emotion, all car-

ried to extremes. The example was set by Joseph Pulitzer, a brilliant journalist of Hungarian birth who in 1878 bought the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, put his methods into effect with marked success, and in 1883 carried his idea to New York, where he bought the moribund *World* from Jay Gould and in a few years made it the most profitable and the most widely imitated newspaper in the country. In the hands of Pulitzer the new journalism was much more than merely sensational. His purpose was to make his paper an organ for the expression of popular opinion, in order to achieve social and political reforms through giving expression to the democratic will. The programme he laid down in 1883 and followed vigorously was to advocate a tax on incomes, inheritances, luxuries, monopolies, and privileges, to reform the civil service, punish corruption, and otherwise equalize the distribution of opportunities and advantages. To that end he produced one of the most brilliant and forcible editorial pages in the country.

Journalistic practice was less influenced by the example of the editorial page of the *World*, however, than by the sensational selection and treatment of news. The tone of the paper was brisk and vivacious, the subject matter appealed to the emotions and interests of the largest number of people in the middle and lower classes. Wrongs of all sorts from which the people suffered were to be corrected by the exposure of startling examples. Naturally, having found the way to make a startling appeal through the recital of evil and misfortune, it was discovered that a similar appeal to any emotions produced much the same result, and yellow journalism was the inevitable sequel. The many papers which followed the example of Pulitzer lacked the fine purpose and the genius of their model, and therefore imitated only the blatancy, the vulgarity, the lack of restraint and of scruple which became an invariable part of the method.

The greatest of all the followers of Pulitzer was William Randolph Hearst, who, beginning with the San Franciso *Examiner* in the middle eighties, by the use of methods much the same as those of Pulitzer soon surpassed the elder sensationalist because he was untrammelled by other journalistic purposes than the most profitable news-vending. Hearst's task, as has been said, was to cheapen the newspaper until it sold at the coin of the gutter and the streets. So he rejected news which

"did not contain that thrill of sensation loved by the man on the street and the woman in the kitchen. He trained his men to look for the one sensational picturesque fact in every occurrence, and to twist that fact to the fore." In 1895 he went to New York, where he bought the *Journal*, and contested with Pulitzer for the palm of "yellow" sensationalism. He won, for by the close of the century the *World* had begun to moderate its tone and methods, while Hearst had only fairly begun the career which has strung a series of his papers from coast to coast and tainted the whole of American journalism with cheap and flashy emotionalism.

The changes which the example of these leaders brought into the newspapers at large were various, and not all undesirable. The militant journalists exposed abuses and accomplished many reforms and undoubtedly made themselves feared by many wrongdoers. And in doing so they gained in boldness and independence, especially so far as politics was concerned. Not only have Pulitzer and Hearst attacked some of the oldest and worst abuses of intrenched privilege; they have been the example for many other journalists, who, in spite of extravagances and mistakes, have helped to cure many an evil by exposing it to the light. They reached an ever increasing proportion of the population, vastly added to the sum of general knowledge among the least literate elements of the population, and appealed to a greater variety of interests than had before been touched by the newspapers. More attention was given to amusements, to sports, to the special domains of women and children. The perfecting of mechanical engraving made the use of illustrations convenient and cheap, and the possibilities in this field were promptly exploited. There had been but a slight increase in the use of cartoons in the daily newspapers, even after the great battle of pictures in the campaign of 1872, until the *World* during the eighties developed that feature into a leading characteristic of popular daily journalism. Its popularity and its utility, both as a source of entertainment and as a ready and effective substitute for the editorial, have never decreased.

Closely related to this aspect of growth is the rise of the Sunday supplement. Sunday newspapers had occasionally vexed the pious all through the nineteenth century, and Sunday issues of daily newspapers, containing some news, but mainly

fiction, features, and pictures, had gradually found a place, especially during and after the Civil War, when seven issues a week were deemed a necessity. But the old-fashioned journalists were unfriendly to the idea. Greeley in the later fifties had no sympathy with the proposal of Dana, then his managing editor, to issue a Sunday "picture paper." The essence of the modern Sunday supplement is that it is made of pictures, light or sensational fiction, accounts of the strange, mysterious, or queer, gossip about persons of interest or notoriety—the frothiest part of the journalism of sensation. Its popularity has been due in great measure not merely to the lightness of tone but to the "comics" and the coloured pages, which interest the uneducated and the very young without making any demand on the intelligence. Only a small number of papers have been able to sustain, against the demand for the sensational, a Sunday supplement of real literary or pictorial worth.

Although sensationalism has contributed much of value to journalism, much that is undesirable must be charged against it. One of its staple commodities is gossip, scandal, crime, the whole miserable calendar of misery and ugliness of life, served with a flavor of sentimentalism. This aspect of life was kept to the fore in the leading mongers of sensation, and, although the worst of them have gradually modified their tone since the closing decade of the last century, and a relatively small number of papers went to extremes at any time, the effect has been general and lasting. The demand for gossip led to ruthless trespassing on the right of privacy; the taste for exciting details led to distortion of facts or deliberate falsification; the appetite for the personal and concrete induced rank abuses of the otherwise admirable development of the interview. The inevitable effect of this emphasizing of the superficial and meretricious was a decline in the more substantial content of the papers. Instead of what a speaker said, appeared light-hearted chatter about his appearance, the audience, an interruption. Instead of the substance of discussions on public questions, in Congress or elsewhere, brief, inconsequential résumés were provided by writers of no authority. Against this tendency the most substantial press associations have exerted a constant and helpful influence, and a growing number of papers, great and small, have steadily maintained and improved many of the

better characteristics of journalism; but these have not altered the general drift. The quality of editorial discussion has declined along with that of the news. Discussion and criticism of literature, drama, and art has almost disappeared in a flood of gossip about writers, actors, and artists. These important matters, which were once a leading occupation of the daily press, have been driven to find other journalistic lodgment.

The period embraced in the first twenty years of the present century may not inappropriately be characterized as one of transition and specialization. The older journalism has passed away and the newer has not yet found a medium of control satisfactory to the press itself and to society. The decay of old political and social definitions in society itself has aggravated and prolonged the process. As additional sources of news have been developed and the machinery for gathering and distributing the product has been improved, the problem of what to do with the available material has become increasingly difficult and important. In so far as a solution has been found, it has been in the selection of news and in the growth of innumerable papers having special interests. The all-round newspaper has become so huge an undertaking, entirely dependent on the more or less uncertain whim of popular favour, that the organs of special interests have usually taken some other form.

The necessity of selecting for publication only a small part of the available wealth of daily news has made of the news editor the judge of what aspect of the world's activity should be presented to the readers, who must see the world through his eyes, if at all, and has placed in his hands incalculable power in moulding public opinion, in establishing in countless ways the levels and proportions of daily thought and life. This has always been true in some measure of course, and so long as newspapers were predominantly political the bias of the editor was understood and discounted. When they were no longer mainly concerned with politics, and the lines of cleavage in public affairs became uncertain, shifting from the political to the social and economic, the point of view of the editor became not only increasingly important to the reader who sought the light of truth but also increasingly difficult to ascertain. In such measure as the line of cleavage has been established between the two chief economic elements in society, self-interest, if nothing else, would naturally

have led the greatly capitalized newspapers to look at life from the point of view of property interest. Enough of such a bias has been perceptible to arouse a profound distrust of the daily press as an institution in which the point of view, the purposes, and aspirations of large classes were sure of adequate or sympathetic representation. A similar distrust of the Associated Press has arisen for precisely the same reasons. It has been the avowed aim of that association to render its members a service entirely uncoloured by prejudice, and so long as political bias was the only one to be taken into account it succeeded admirably. Whether justified in doing so or not, the leaders and sympathizers in labour movements and other manifestations of new social and industrial forces have come to believe that the press associations have the same restricted outlook as the "capitalistic" press, and that the world they picture day by day is but a partial world. An equally widespread possibility of control of opinion through the purposeful selection or modification of intelligence has been perceived in the "plate matter" furnished to thousands of smaller papers throughout the country by the Western Newspaper Union.

The editorial page of the daily newspaper has in recent years become a receptacle for humour, health hints, religious tidbits, questions and answers, social pleasantries, and other miscellany, crowding the early solid area of discussion and debate into a column or two of uncertain significance or value. There are striking exceptions to this, but generally, thoughtful editorial discussion has gone from the daily papers to the weeklies. The inadequacy of American newspapers in discussing the problems produced by the World War is a sobering manifestation of present journalistic limitations. No errors of the administration during the latest war have been charged to the compelling leaders of the Greeleys of today.

Such papers as the *Outlook*, the *Independent*, the *Nation*, and other survivors from an earlier period have come to have a place of increased importance in the journalistic scheme, and have been joined by many later comers, like *Collier's*, the *Survey*, the *New Republic*, the *Review*, the *Liberator* (formerly the *Masses*), *Reedy's Mirror*, the *Dial*, the *Bellman* (some of which have already run their course and died), and a number of others to which the thinking public must turn for much important but

unexciting news and well-considered discussion of matters of current interest. There have also arisen a number of party or individual organs, like Bryan's *Commoner*, *La Follette's*, and *Harvey's Weekly*, which seek to preserve the personality and individuality now almost wholly gone from the daily press.

Enterprises in social service have become an established activity of the newspapers. From lending aid to police officials in investigating crime and detecting criminals, reporters have proceeded on behalf of their papers and the public to many notable exploits of this kind. These have been in large measure, like Stanley's search for Livingstone, undertaken to create sensational news. Related to this conception of the uses of a newspaper go the departments of personal aid, giving advice in matters of health, courtship, manners, law, greatly helpful, though sometimes reminiscent of the *Athenian Mercury*. More ambitious have been such undertakings as the long-continued campaign carried on by the Chicago *Tribune* for a "sane Fourth" and the Good Fellow movement at Christmas time, the series of free lectures and other educational endeavours of the Chicago *Daily News*, the municipal projects of the Kansas City *Star*, the fresh air funds, ice funds, pure milk funds, and other philanthropic projects supported by many papers. These had become an established function of American newspapers long before the calamities of Europe made of them the wonderful collectors of charitable gifts they have been throughout and since the war. The newspapers have made efforts to prevent swindling by excluding questionable advertising and exposing frauds. Some have gone so far as to guarantee their advertisements. Others have established "bureaus of accuracy and fair play" and made systematic plans to publish corrections of their mistakes.

While the newspapers have been finding new ways in which to serve the public, the public through state and Federal laws has been manifesting a similar interest. In 1900 the Associated Press gave up its charter in Illinois and secured a new one in New York because the Illinois Supreme Court held that it had "devoted its property to a public use . . . in effect, granted to the public such an interest in its use that it must submit to be controlled by the public, for the common good, to the extent of the interest it has thus created in the public in its private

property." In somewhat this spirit, laws have been enacted within the present century requiring the publication of ownership and circulation of newspapers, stipulating that all advertisements shall be labelled, and in various states curtailing the right of papers to emphasize the evil exposed in divorce and other trials.

These manifestations of a desire to make the newspapers as clean and useful as possible are in part a development of, in part a reaction from, the era of sensationalism. The excesses of that era, together with the growing wealth of the larger papers, and a clarifying realization of the vital need for honest newspapers with more than a commercial purpose, are beginning to show secondary consequences.

The principal journalistic result of the World War was the elimination of the war correspondent, in the character displayed in previous wars. Scores of correspondents went to Europe, and the burden of expense laid upon the newspapers by the enormous conflict and the excessive cable tolls was unprecedented. But the correspondents were rigorously restricted in their movements and their reports censored so thoroughly that, although a vast quantity of matter was transmitted, for the first time the news of a great war was under practically complete governmental control. In addition to being subject to the trans-Atlantic official censorship of European news, our newspapers united in a voluntary censorship of domestic news, suggested by the Committee on Public Information. Restrictions were laid on the press by the Espionage and other laws which led to considerable suppression, principally through denial of mailing privileges, and brought up for consideration the perennial question of the freedom of the press.

The great advance during and since the World War accelerated an already considerable decrease in the number of weeklies and smaller dailies and led to the disappearance of many larger papers, including some of the oldest and best known in the country. War-time conditions served also to diminish greatly the number of papers printed in the German language, and brought sharply to public notice the great number and influence of the foreign-language papers.

American newspapers surpass in number the papers of all other countries; they have steadily for many decades led in the

development of energy and resourcefulness in collecting and dispensing news, as well as in adroitness in perceiving and satisfying popular tastes and demands for information and entertainment. Unsettled as are now the foundations on which the institution of journalism lies, its desire and ability to serve what it considers the best public interests are on the whole remarkable. The extravagances of sensationalism are passing out of fashion; newspaper style, despite the argot of sports and the extravagances due to overzealous pursuit of brightness and catchiness of phrase, is gaining in effectiveness and finish; barring the spectacular sheets, no other newspapers in the world show such typographical beauty. Within the present century men with college education have rapidly replaced the earlier type of journalist, and multiplying schools of journalism are making a profession of the trade.

CHAPTER XXI

# Political Writing Since 1850

THE year 1850 was a landmark in American political history. In September the Great Compromise was enacted. It tempered the slavery controversy and checked impending secession. To abide by the measure or to reject it was the issue in state campaigns, especially in the cotton states, during 1851. There, and also in the North and the West, the Whigs worked intensely for popular support of the compromise. In fact, they seem to have spent their strength in the cause, and when the country accepted "the finality of the compromise" they were unable to raise a new issue, and their organization rapidly went to pieces after 1852. In the meantime a change was taking place in the personnel of political leadership. Calhoun[1] died before the compromise bill became a law, Clay[2] and Webster[3] in 1852. A number of men of less distinction but of invaluable service retired from politics about the same time: Van Buren in 1848, likewise Benton, Winthrop of Massachusetts, Ewing of Ohio, Foote of Mississippi, and Berrien of Georgia in 1851. With the death or retirement of these men the sentiment for union which they had fostered, declined. Among those who took their places partizanship was supreme, and until the advent of Lincoln originality and sincerity were almost totally lacking. It is not surprising, therefore, that for two decades after 1850 political thought and discussion centred around inherited issues relating to sectionalism and nationality.

In the South the philosophy and defence of slavery and of a society based on inequalities among its members became the dominating theme. The discussion had begun a generation earlier with the memorable debates in the Virginia Legislature

[1] See Book II, Chap. xv. [2] *Ibid.* [3] See Book II, Chap. xvi.

of 1831. To a committee was referred a number of petitions and memorials requesting emancipation or colonization of slaves and the removal of free negroes from the state. These furnished the cue for one of the really notable books in the history of American political thought, Thomas R. Dew's *Review of the Debates in the Virginia Legislature* (1833). The author, after graduation from William and Mary at the early age of twenty, travelled and studied in Europe; then in 1827 became Professor of History, Metaphysics, Natural and National Law, Government and Political Science at his Alma Mater, and in 1836 was made president of the institution. His writing and teaching marked the beginning of the transition in the South from the political philosophy of the Revolution and the early nineteenth century, of which Jefferson was the ablest exponent, to that which dominated that section in the fifties. He argued against emancipation or colonization. His reasons were based on history, religion, and economics. Slavery was a characteristic of classical civilization; it was approved by the Scriptures; and in America the slave-holding states produced most of the country's wealth—in fact, in Virginia the sale of surplus slaves equalled each year the value of the tobacco crop. Moreover, emancipation and deportation were impractical and the condition of the negro slave in the South was far better than that of the native African. Professor Dew publicly stated what many were privately thinking. His book therefore had a wide circulation and was reprinted in 1852 by William Gilmore Simms[1] in his collection entitled *Pro-Slavery Argument.*

Dew's defence of slavery was based on things practical; others sought to justify it through political and social philosophy. Consequently the theories of social contract, equality, and inalienable rights, immortalized by Jefferson, were subjected to rigorous criticism. One of the pioneers in this task was Chancellor Harper of South Carolina. His *Memoir on Slavery*, published in 1838, was likewise reprinted in Simms's collection. In contrast to the dictum of Jefferson that "all men are created free and equal" Harper declared that "man is born to subjection—as he is born to sin and ignorance." The proclivity of the natural man is to dominate or to be subservient, not to make social compacts. Civil liberty is therefore an artificial

[1] See Book II, Chap. VII.

product, and the inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are merely unmeaning verbiage. There is no place for contract as the basis of government, since it is "the order of nature and of God that the beings of superior faculties and knowledge, and superior power, should control and dispose of those who are inferior." It is therefore as much in the order of nature that "men should enslave each other, as that animals should prey upon each other."

Yet Harper's book is more of a defence of Southern society than an attack on existing political theories. Such an attack was more definitely the aim of Albert T. Bledsoe, Professor of Mathematics in the University of Virginia, in his *Liberty and Slavery* (1856). He boldly rejected the traditional conceptions of natural liberty and the origin of government. Public order and private liberty, he held, are non-antagonistic. Civil society is "not a thing of compacts, bound together by promises and paper, but is itself a law of nature as irreversible as any other." The only inalienable rights are those coupled with duty, and they do not include life and liberty. Another teacher, William A. Smith, President of Randolph Macon College, gave to the public the arguments already presented to his classes in his *Lectures on the Philosophy and Practice of Slavery* (1856). Two aims inspired his work: to show "that the philosophy of Jefferson is false, and that the opposite is true, namely, that the great abstract principle of domestic slavery is, *per se* right," and that "we should have a Southern literature," especially textbooks in which there should be no poison of untruth. The books of these two teachers were widely circulated; Bledsoe's was especially well-known, finding its way into many private libraries of the age.

Not only were Jefferson's ideals combatted, but in society as organized there was also found a basis for the defence of slavery. In Europe the industrial revolution had brought in its train poverty, child labour, distress, new social philosophies, and revolt. In contrast was the South with its contented labourers, its planters who had a personal interest in the welfare of those dependent on them, its wealth, its conservatism, and its spirit of chivalry. Here lay the theme of George Fitzhugh's *Sociology for the South* (1854). In Europe, he pointed out, free labour had resulted in exploitation of the workers by the capitalists. There

actual conditions demonstrated the failure of the *laissez faire* theory of economics and politics. The remedy was a proper stratification of society through a strong-armed government. Let the state see that men, women, and children have employment and support. To this end let the English Government subordinate the mill owners to the state, and let the state furnish them employees who will be compelled to labour by the government at wages fixed by the state, which will insure a decent living. Thus only can strife and poverty be abolished in England. In our own country, let the government make over the public lands to responsible men, to be entailed to their eldest sons; let the landless and idle population of the Eastern states be attached to these vast tracts of land as tenants for life. By such a process peace and order will be established. "Make the man who owns a thousand dollars of capital the guardian (the term master is objectionable) of one white pauper of average value; give a man who is worth ten thousand dollars ten paupers, and the millionaire a thousand. This would be an act of simple justice and mercy; for the capitalists now live by the proceeds of poor men's labour, which capital enables them to command; and they command and enjoy it in almost the exact proportions which we have designated." Undoubtedly this programme of rigid state control was not acceptable to the South; but Fitzhugh's attack on free society and its political philosophy was approved, and his work in revised form was republished in 1857 under the title *Cannibals All! or Slaves Without Masters*. It should also be noted that Fitzhugh was an admirer of Thomas Carlyle, with whom he corresponded, and that his style shows unmistakable evidences of the great Scotchman's influence.

Pro-slavery propaganda was not confined to teachers and publicists. The clergy also made their contribution. Dr. Thornton Stringfellow of Virginia wrote *The Bible Argument against Slavery in the Light of Divine Revelation* (1850). The Rev. Fred A. Ross of Alabama in his *Slavery Ordained of God* (1857) maintained that "Slavery is part of a government ordained to certain conditions of fallen mankind." Charles Hodge[1] of Princeton with learned erudition criticized the religious argument against slavery. "Parson" W. G. Brownlow of Tennessee, in a memor-

[1] See Book III, Chap. xvi.

able debate with Abram Prynne, portrayed the advantages of Southern society over that of the North. Political economists also wrote in the defence. Edmund Ruffin of Virginia, successful planter, pioneer in scientific farming, and editor of agricultural journals, in his *Political Economy of Slavery* (1857) claimed blessings for the existing relation of master and slave. David Christy of Cincinnati in *Cotton is King* (1855) showed the place of the plantation system in the wealth of the nation and pointed out the need of more territory for slavery and the cultivation of cotton.

These writings and others of minor importance are the record of a change in Southern opinion, the passing of the conviction that slavery is inherently wrong, to be abolished in the future, to as strong a conviction that slavery is right *per se;* they also mark the declining influence of Jefferson's political ideas. The constitutional theories of states' rights and secession, to which the protagonists of slavery looked for ultimate defence, were likewise the subject of discussion. Calhoun's *Disquisition on Government* and *Discourse on the Constitution* were posthumously published in 1851. Politics gave an opportunity to carry to the people the constitutional conceptions of the great theorist. This was notably true just after the compromise of 1850 was enacted, when a definite movement was inaugurated in the cotton states to reject the compromise and bring about secession. Typical was the trend of argument and appeal in South Carolina. Edward B. Bryan, in advocating immediate secession, anticipated one of Lincoln's themes when he wrote: "The cement is broken; the house is divided against itself. It must fall." William Henry Trescott, about to begin a long career in diplomatic service, likewise wrote; "The only safety for the South is the establishment of a political centre within itself; in simpler words, the formation of an independent nation." The aged Langdon Cheves wrote the following call to the Southern people: "Unite, and you shall form one of the most splendid empires on which the sun ever shone, of the most homogeneous population, all of the same blood and lineage, in soil most fruitful, and in climate most fruitful. But submit—submit! The very sound curdles the blood in my veins. But, Oh, Great God, unite us, and a tale of submission shall never be told."

Against this rabid sectionalism there were a few notable

protests. William J. Grayson, Collector of the Port of Charleston, and a lifelong champion of slavery, boldly opposed the secession movement in his state. So too did Benjamin F. Perry, an up-country editor, and Bishop Ellison Capers of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It is also a strange coincidence that a nationalistic philosophy, as radical as that of the secessionists when compared with the thought of earlier days, also emanated from South Carolina. Its author was Francis Lieber, a German liberal who, persecuted in his native land, sought refuge in America and became Professor of Political Economy in South Carolina College—a position he held from 1835 to 1857, when he went to New York to join the faculty of Columbia College. Like contemporary Southerners, he rejected the social compact theory; he could assign no definite explanation for the origin of the state, but found it to be in the institutional forces of human nature. Most significant was the distinction he drew between the *people* and the *nation*. The former signifies "the aggregate of the inhabitants of a territory without any additional idea"; the latter implies a homogeneous population having "an organic unity with one another as well as being conscious of a common destiny." In other words, the nation is organic, not contractual, in nature. In it, not in the individual states, lies sovereignty, which is one and indivisible. Such was the elemental thought in Lieber's *Political Ethics* (1838) and *Civil Liberty and Self Government* (1853), books which in time profoundly influenced political science in the United States. That Lieber, holding such views and also having no sympathy for slavery, could live so long in the very heart of the cotton kingdom, is remarkable. While his son lost his life in the Confederate Army, Lieber became legal advisor to President Lincoln and was the author of *Instructions for the Government of the Armies of the United States in the Field*, which was a starting point for more humane rules of warfare, both in this country and abroad.

Against slavery there were a few notable protests in the South. They were made, however, in the interest of the white man rather than of the negro. Daniel Reaves Goodloe, a North Carolinian, and editor of newspapers in his native state and Washington, published in 1846 a pamphlet in which he concluded that "capital invested in slaves is unproductive in that

it only serves to appropriate the wages of the labourer." In 1858 he also issued his *Southern Platform*, a digest of the opinions of "the most eminent southern Revolutionary characters" upon the subject of slavery, which was widely circulated. In Virginia, Dr. Henry Ruffner, President of Washington College, the present Washington and Lee University, advocated in 1847 the gradual emancipation of slaves in the western counties of the state, on the ground that slavery was destructive to the best interests of the white people. After a lengthy demonstration of the evils induced by slave labour, he declared: "Delay not, then, we beseech you, to raise a barrier against this Stygian inundation—to stand at the Blue Ridge, and with sovereign energy say to this Black Son of misery; 'Hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther!'" But the Southern protest *par excellence* was *The Impending Crisis of the South* (1859), the work of Hinton Rowan Helper of North Carolina. With the moral aspect of slavery he had no interest; that he left to Northern writers, especially to "Yankee wives" who have "written the most popular anti-slavery literature of the day. Against this I have nothing to say; it is all well enough for women to give the fictions of slavery; men should give the facts." These facts were suggested to him by a visit to the free states of the West. Their wealth and prosperity, as compared with conditions in the home country, made a deep impression upon him. He thereupon made a study of the comparative resources and development of the slave and free states. His conclusion was that slavery was a positive evil to the white men of the South. Notable was the distinction he drew between the slaveholders who were numerically in the minority, but shaped the public policy, and the non-slaveholders, numerically in the majority, but having little political power. Let the latter organize, take over the government, exclude the slavocracy from office holding, and abolish the institution which sapped the strength of the country. The book, published after some difficulty, became exceedingly popular in the North, and was reprinted in 1859 as a campaign document. In the South it was regarded as incendiary literature; agents who distributed it were imprisoned and fined, and any one possessing a copy was regarded as a traitor to his country. Among those who had commended the book was John Sherman, candidate for the speakership of the House of Repre-

sentatives in 1859. During the contest this fact was brought into the discussion. Thereupon a Virginia congressman declared that "one who consciously, deliberately, and of purpose lends his name and influence to the propagation of such writing is not only not fit to be Speaker, but he is not fit to live." Yet, strange to say, the particular passage which called forth this remark was a quotation from the Virginia Debates of 1831.

Between the extremes represented by Helper and Thomas Dew, there existed a moderate school of thought, which acknowledged the evils of slavery, especially the burden it imposed upon the whites, but deprecated any artificial attempt toward its abolition. This, it was held, time and natural causes would bring about. Such a writer was J. H. Hammond, of South Carolina. In his *Letters on Slavery*, written in reply to the criticisms of Thomas Clarkson, he conceded that slavery was more expensive than free labour, but that the remedy lay not in immediate abolition but in an increase in the density of the population, which would make the supply of free labour more available. Likewise George M. Weston, a native of Maine, who lived in Washington, pointed out, in his *Progress of Slavery in the United States* (1857), the steady encroachment of free labour upon slave labour along the border of the South, the ultimate advantage in the continuance of this process, and the purely political character of the demand for the extension of slavery into the territories of the Northwest. Such undoubtedly were the convictions of thousands; but they smacked too much of compromise in a decade when an increasing number of radicals, North and South, would yield not one jot or one tittle from their respective positions.

While Southern thought was being moulded into the unity of conservation, opposite tendencies were at work in the North and West. Trade-unionism took on new life about 1850, and William H. Sylvis, the first great figure in the American labour movement, began his agitation. Wilhelm Weitling, a German immigrant, introduced the ideas of Marxian socialism. In the demand for suffrage and broader legal rights for women, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, William Lloyd Garrison, Joseph Sayers, Henry Ward Beecher, and Elizabeth Cady Stanton were leaders. Traditional political alignment was threatened by the American or Know Nothing movement, which sought

to capitalize the prejudice against those of foreign birth and the Catholic faith. Among its propagandists were S. F. B. Morse, whose *Foreign Conspiracies Against the Liberties of the United States* (1852) ran through seven editions, and Thomas R. Whitney, author of a *Defense of American Policy as Opposed to the Encroachment of Foreign Influence* (1856). These issues, also the industrial development and commercial expansion, tended to divert attention from the slavery question. Indeed, the capitalists of the Northeast and the large planters of the cotton states drifted toward a *rapprochement.* Noteworthy also was the fact that many defenders of slavery were found among the clergy of the North, and that silence on the issue because of the policy of the churches. The Rev. Nehemiah Adams won notoriety by his favorable *South Side View of Slavery* (1854), as did also Nathan Lord, President of Dartmouth College, the Rev. Samuel Seabury of the Episcopal Church, Moses Stuart, Professor of Hebrew at Andover, and John Henry Hopkins, Episcopal Bishop of Vermont, for their various defences of slavery.

Three factors, however, kept alive and stimulated the moral interest in human bondage. One of these was the Federal Fugitive Slave Law, a part of the Great Compromise. There was considerable violence in resisting its enforcement, but its greatest contribution was to inspire a novel—Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (1852), a book which the author declared to be "a collection and arrangement of real incidents, of actions really performed, of words and expressions really uttered, grouped together with reference to a general result, in the manner that a mosaic artist groups his fragments of various stones into one general picture." The political significance of the book was that it made the people of the North and the West ponder questions which the Great Compromise, it was generally said, had settled. Very significant was its influence on the rising generation. Says James Ford Rhodes:

> The mothers' opinion was a potent factor in politics between 1852 and 1860, and boys in their teens in the one year were voters in the other. It is often remarked that previous to the war the Republican party attracted the great majority of schoolboys, and that the first voters were an important factor in the final success . . . the youth of America whose first ideas on slavery were formed by read-

ing *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, were ready to vote with the party whose existence was based on opposition to the extension of the great evil.

Abroad, the book made a deep impression. It was translated into twenty-three languages, and over a million copies were sold in the British Empire.[1]

A second factor in stimulating interest in the slavery issue was the Kansas Nebraska Act of 1854, by which more territory was opened to the slave system. The moral revolt which *Uncle Tom's Cabin* had kindled took the form of political action in the organization of the Republican party. A new group of leaders sought to arouse the conscience of the country. Among them was Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts, member of the Senate from 1851 to 1874. In the movement against slavery he is the logical successor of John Quincy Adams,[2] with the exception that his opposition was moral as well as political. His pamphlets, *Crime against Kansas* (1856) and *Barbarism of Slavery* (1860) were circulated by the million. Not the equal of Webster as a constitutional lawyer, and too often extremely personal in his discussion of Southern policies, he was a most skilful and resourceful special pleader in a great cause. With him should be mentioned William H. Seward, a noted politician of New York and chief figure in the Republican party in the East. His presentation of the "irrepressible conflict" which would make the United States "a slave-holding nation or a free labour nation" did much to crystallize opinion in the East. The crisis also brought forth Abraham Lincoln, who re-interpreted the American theory of democracy. As the author of political phrases and aphorisms, he is equalled only by Jefferson. "No man is good enough to govern another man without that other's consent" applies the principle of democracy to the fact of slavery. "When the white man governs himself, that is self-government; but when he governs himself and also governs another man, that is more than self-government—that is despotism." Finally, the Dred Scott case brought the slavery issue to a climax, for in that decision it was evident that the Supreme Court was pro-slavery. Shortly followed the Lincoln-Douglas debates, in which Lincoln pointed out the antithesis between popular sovereignty and the Dred

[1] See also Book III, Chap. xi.

[2] See Book II, Chap. xv.

Scott decision. Thereafter his leadership in the West was unquestioned.[1]

The advent of war forced the nationalists to re-shape their political theories. The legal and constitutional proofs that the United States was a nation, advanced by Webster and his school, had not counteracted sectionalism; the conflict of arms threatened to demonstrate how baseless they were. Moreover the conduct of the war brought about a certain disregard, on the part of the government, of various limitations, rights, and liberties set forth in the Constitution. It is not strange, therefore, that a new basis for nationality was sought, not in the Constitution or the old political formulas, but in the hard school of necessity. Thus President Lincoln declared that "measures otherwise unconstitutional might become lawful by becoming indispensable to the preservation of the constitution through the preservation of the Nation." Pertinent also were the words of Sydney George Fisher written in 1852: "If the Union and the Government cannot be saved out of this terrible shock of war constitutionally, *a* Union and *a* government must be saved unconstitutionally." The pathway for the new thought had already been indicated by Francis Lieber, and soon the organic theory, with sovereignty in the nation rather than the states, was well under way. Very significant was the effort to distinguish between the written and the unwritten constitution. Thus J. A. Jameson, eminent jurist and exponent of the new school, divided constitutions into two classes; those which are organic growths, the products of social and political forces, and those which are "instruments of evidence," the results of attempts to express in language the sense of organic growth. Likewise Orestes A. Brownson,[2] a devoted Catholic, who found in the church fathers and the traditions of early Christianity the principles of democracy, distinguished between the constitution of the state or nation and the constitution of the government. In the same vein was the declaration of John C. Hurd, that "sovereignty cannot be an attribute of law because by the nature of things, law must proceed from sovereignty," and consequently the Constitution of the United States cannot be cited as evidence for the sovereignty of the states or the nation.

[1] See also Book III, Chap. XXII.

[2] See also Book II, Chap. VIII and Book III, Chap. XIX.

Naturally, by such writers sovereignty is conceived as undivided and as being in the nation, and the social compact and related political theories are rejected. With the passing of years their views have predominated. Thus the war which "joined with bayonets" the Union, like the defence of slavery, caused a decline of the political theory of the Revolutionary and federal periods.

Among the practical problems in the preservation of nationality were certain measures taken to preserve unity behind the military lines, the treatment of conquered enemies and their property, and the relations between the South and the national government. States' rights ideas were widely disseminated in the North and West and there was also much sympathy with secession. Consequently the executive authority expanded; particularly military arrests and the denial of the writ of *habeas corpus* were frequent. Captured Confederates were not executed as traitors, yet Confederate property was confiscated. These matters, and the kindred question of emancipation and conscription, were the subject of extensive legal and constitutional discussion, of which Whiting's *War Powers* (1862 *et seq.*) was the most comprehensive. The eclipse of constitutional rights enjoyed in time of peace and the supremacy of the war powers became the chief issue in politics. "The Constitution as it is, and the Union as it was" became the slogan of the opposition. In New York the Society for the Diffusion of Political Knowledge, with S. F. B. Morse as president, was active in the publication of pamphlets criticizing the measures of the administration. Its objects were to popularize the principles of constitutional liberty "to the end that usurpation may be prevented, that arbitrary and unconstitutional measures may be checked, that the Constitution may be preserved, that the Union may be restored, and that the blessings of free institutions and public order may be kept by ourselves and be transmitted to our Posterity." Among the contributors to its pamphlets were Morse, Samuel J. Tilden, and George Ticknor Curtis. Likewise, in the defence of the administration, the Loyal Publication Society was organized, and among the writers for its publications were Francis Lieber, Robert Dale Owen, and Peter Cooper. Much of the literature in criticism of the government has been lost. Of that which survives, D. A.

Mahoney's *Prisoner of State* (1863), the recital by an Iowa editor of his own imprisonment and that of others, is illustrative. The author's theme is summarized in the following sentence from the dedication:

> To you, then, far beyond and above all others of the monsters which have been begotten by the demon of fanaticism which is causing our country to be desolated, belongs the distinction of connecting your name with this work, not only to live in the memory of the deeds which you have caused to be committed, but to be kept forever present in the American mind whenever it recurs in time to come to that period in American history when the Constitution of the United States was first abrogated, when the Government of the Union was subverted, and when the rights and liberties of the American People were trampled like dust beneath the feet of a person clothed in a little brief authority which is used to subvert and destroy that which it should preserve, protect and defend, and who uses as the heel of his despotism, you, Edwin M. Stanton.

More widely known was the case of Clement L. Vallandingham. A member of Congress and actively engaged in campaigning against the administration in 1863, he was arrested by military authority, tried by court martial, and sentenced to imprisonment. The sentence was commuted by President Lincoln to exile within the Confederate lines. The episode led to the writing of Edward Everett Hale's short story, *A Man Without a Country* (1863), of which five hundred thousand copies were sold within thirteen years.

The relation of the South to the Union became the subject of discussion with the first signs of Federal victory, and grew acute with the close of hostilities. If secession, as the Lincoln administration had claimed, was unconstitutional and the Southern states had never been out of the Union, it seemed logical for those states to resume their functions under the Constitution, by participating in Federal elections, by sending representatives to Congress, and by exercising other rights generally guaranteed to the states. Such a policy was in harmony with antebellum nationalism, and it was advocated by leading Southerners. But such a procedure did not harmonize with the new sense of nationality; it made no guarantee against another experiment in secession; and it might also restore to political

authority in the South the very class that had been in power in 1860. For these reasons four contrary theories were evolved. They were given the names Presidential, State Suicide, Conquered Province, and Forfeited Rights. According to the Presidential theory, the Southern states, though they had never been out of the Union, no longer had constitutional governments. To establish such governments, representative in form and loyal to the Union, the President proposed to lend aid, and even to exercise a certain amount of control. This theory was formulated by Lincoln and was notable for its liberal conditions, which the Southerners might easily fulfil. Application was attempted in Louisiana, Arkansas, and Tennessee. But the Presidential plan was too lenient for the leaders of Congress, even under the stricter terms imposed by Andrew Johnson. Hence Charles Sumner advanced the theory of State Suicide. Although the states had not been out of the Union, the adoption of ordinances of secession had caused them to commit *felo de se*, and they were, therefore, in the status of territories, for which Congress should prescribe rules and regulations. More extreme was the Conquered Province theory of Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania, which held that the states in question had lost all their rights under the Constitution, and were merely so much conquered territory, possessing only the rights they might claim under international law. Finally, by the Forfeited Rights theory, the states had never been out of the Union, but had forfeited certain rights under the Constitution, which could be restored only through the direction of Congress. These theories, the controversies, the violence, and the bitterness which developed over their adoption or rejection, were but the birth pangs of a new political and constitutional order. For the ultimate result, the theory of the Supreme Court in *Texas vs. White* is also pertinent; that the Constitution, in all its provisions, looks to "an indestructible Union, composed of indestructible states." The great monuments of the new sense of nationality, the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth amendments, likewise precipitated questions which have enriched legal literature. What is involuntary servitude? How inclusive are rights and liberties? What is due process of law? When does a state deny suffrage on the ground of race, colour, or previous condition of servitude? Meanwhile, the view of the

Union which had made secession possible was given able and sympathetic defence by Alexander H. Stephens in his *War Between the States* (1868), by Jefferson Davis in the *Rise and Fall of the Confederate States* (1881), and by Bernard J. Sage's *Republic of Republics* (1865).

One of the characteristics of literature in America since the war has been the increasing number of personal narratives, autobiographies, memoirs, and diaries. Many of these arise from a desire to tell one's relation, however humble, to the great conflict and its heroes—a desire which possessed all classes and conditions from the commanders of armies to Mrs. Keckley, the coloured serving woman of Mrs. Lincoln. Others have an aim primarily political, to recount policies and movements in which the authors participated. In the latter class a few have pre-eminence. Hugh McCulloch's *Men and Measures of Half a Century* (1888) is invaluable for financial history and its sketches of conditions in the West. John Sherman's *Recollections of Forty Years* (1895) is likewise important for financial measures, and is also an uncommonly good revelation of political opportunism. S. S. Cox's *Three Decades of Federal Legislation* (1885) is notable for a lengthy account of reconstruction in the Southern states, which was written by Daniel Reaves Goodloe and inserted without explanation of authorship. G. S. Boutwell's *Sixty Years in Public Affairs* (1902) is entertaining for its sketches of public men, and is also illustrative of the limitations of mind and training in the average American politician. Inimitable are the *Reminiscences* of Benjamin Perley Poore, with their intimate sketches of men and events around Washington for half a century. The *Autobiography* of G. F. Hoar (1903) reveals a blind devotion to party in a soul of unquestioned integrity. Surpassing all other narratives by contemporaries is the *Diary* of Gideon Welles (1911), Secretary of the Navy under Lincoln, rich for the light it throws on personalities and animosities in the cabinet and on political conditions in 1866, and revolutionary in its interpretation of Andrew Johnson.

While Northern politicians vied with each other to tell their story, the leaders of the South, with the exception of the military men, were singularly silent, Alexander H. Stephens's *Prison Diary* and John H. Reagan's *Memoirs* (1906) being the only intimately personal accounts by the political leaders of the Con-

federacy. But so personal in tone as to make them almost autobiographical are Fielder's *Life and Times of Joseph E. Brown* and Dowd's *Life of Zeb Vance*, and the writings of E. A. Pollard, a Richmond editor during war time.[1] Humorous, but accurately portraying certain types of Southern character, is Charles H. Smith's *Bill Arp So Called*, a book which in a period of economic depression and political disappointment had the power to make Southerners laugh. Among the Southern malcontents who had no sympathy for secession, two left accounts of their opinions and experiences. "Parson" Brownlow, who was expelled from Tennessee early in the war, published in 1862 his *Sketches of the Rise and Progress of Secession*, replete with quotations from the contemporary Southern press. A few years later a Virginian, John M. Botts, made Southern policies the subject of denunciation in his *Great Rebellion* (1866) and started a memorable historical controversy by declaring that Lincoln had offered to surrender Fort Sumter provided that the Virginia convention of 1861 would adjourn without taking action on secession.

Closely related to the autobiography were the reports of newspaper correspondents and tourists. These were especially noticeable between 1865 and 1876 when the economic and social upheaval in the South was a subject of general interest. Of this literature, some was "inspired," notably the reports made to President Johnson in 1866 by B. C. Truman, Carl Schurz, and General Grant. Other contributions to this class of writing were Whitelaw Reid's *After the War*, Sidney Andrew's *The South Since the War*, and J. T. Trowbridge's *The South*, all published in 1866. More notable were the books of two former abolitionists, J. S. Pike and Charles Nordhoff; the former left a memorable description of the barbarism of negro rule in South Carolina in his *Prostrate State* (1874), and the latter gave a valuable account of Southern conditions in his *Cotton States in 1875*. The personal experiences of a Northerner during his residence in the South were the basis for the novels of A. W. Tourgee,[2] and of similar character is A. T. Morgan's *Yazoo, or On the Picket Line of Freedom in the South*.

Hardly had the Civil War ended when other questions, in

[1] For other memoirs, see also Book III, Chap. xv.

[2] See Book II, Chap. xi.

addition to those involving theories with respect to the nature of the nation, claimed public attention. Of these four were of primary importance and were productive of a new trend in political thought: civil service reform, tariff reform, the currency, and the farmer's movement.

The spoils system had long characterized office holding in the United States. Shortly after 1865 certain general influences made possible the agitation for efficiency and merit in the patronage. Among these were the revelations of inefficiency in the conduct of the war, the conflict between Andrew Johnson and Congress over control of the patronage, and examples of corruption in contemporary life. Especially did the activities of the Tweed Ring, ridiculed in the celebrated cartoons of Thomas Nast, create a sense of revolt against the existing order. The pioneer in the movement for new standards in the public service was Thomas A. Jenckes of Rhode Island. A lawyer, a man of wealth, and a congressman, he secured the reference of the appointing system to the committee on retrenchment in 1866. The resulting report, submitted in 1868, is "the effective starting point" in the modern movement for civil service reform in this country. Yet there was at first little interest in the cause. Mr. Jenckes was aptly compared to "Paul at Athens, declaring the unknown God." The average citizen regarded corruption as an unavoidable evil. The professional politician had only sneers for the reformer. Said Roscoe Conkling: "When Dr. Johnson defined patriotism as the last refuge of a scoundrel, he was then unconscious of the then undeveloped capabilities of the word 'reform.'"

In a few years recruits were gathered from the intellectual and literary class. George William Curtis,[1] editor and essayist, was chairman of the first commission to draft rules for the civil service. After Congress failed to provide an appropriation and also after a period of flirtation with the issue by political parties, Curtis became, in 1881, the first president of the National Civil Service League. For ten years he was "the intellectual head, the guiding force, and the moral inspiration of the Civil Service movement. The addresses he delivered at the annual meetings of the League were like milestones in the progress of the work—he reported to the country what had been done and

[1] See Book III, Chap. XIII.

what was still to be done, enlightening public sentiment, encouraging his fellow-labourers and distributing with even-handed justice, praise and reproof among the political parties as they deserved it." Other early leaders of the cause were Dorman B. Eaton, whose *Civil Government in Great Britain* (1880) ranks with Jenckes's report in the literature of the reform movement; Carl Schurz, Curtis's successor as head of the Civil Service Reform League and champion of the movement in the President's cabinet; Andrew D. White[1] and Charles W. Eliot, presidents of Cornell and Harvard; and a group of young politicians, among whom were Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge. Soon the attitude toward civil service reform became the test of executive independence.

Hayes was notable for the aid he rendered it, while Cleveland's declaration "Public office is a public trust" won for him wide popularity. The principle involved, that efficiency and merit rather than party loyalty should be the standard for public office, aroused the interest of the intellectual class as had no other issue except that of slavery. It caused thousands to break party lines and played a great part in the rise to power of the independent vote.

The movement for tariff reform paralleled and, in many respects, was similar to that for civil service reform. Just as the existing political machines were wedded to the spoils system, the Republican party was identified with the policy of protection. It had won the election of 1860 very largely on that issue, had put the policy into practice during the war, and after the conflict continued it. The result was a period of exploitation of natural resources, great increase in manufacturing, alternating periods of speculation and trade depression due to displacement of capital, and special privileges for special interests. Leadership and protest came to a large extent from the class from which came the early agitation for civil service reform—the intellectuals. The pioneer was David A. Wells,[2] chairman of the Revenue Commission which made recommendations for a readjustment of national finances from a war to a peace basis. His examination of conditions in the United States caused a radical reaction in his views; from a protectionist he became a violent anti-protectionist. His report to Congress in 1870 was

[1] See Book III, Chap. xv. [2] See Book III, Chap. xxiv.

extremely free trade in tone, and deserves a place with that of Jenckes on the civil service as indicating the dawn of a new political thought, while his *Creed of a Free Trader* (1875) more definitely set forth his convictions.

Equally notable was the influence of William G. Sumner,[1] Professor of Political and Social Science in Yale College. In classroom and before the public, by lecture, pamphlet, and book, he assailed the protectionist system as "an arrant piece of economic quackery," masquerading "under such an air of learning and philosophy" as deserved only "contempt and scorn, satire and ridicule." No one did more than he to lay the basis of new thought concerning our national economy. To the manufacturing and commercial classes protectionism was a fetish, essential to American prosperity; and whoever rejected it or even questioned it could not be a patriot. It is not surprising, therefore, that Wells was accused of sympathy for the "lost cause" of the Confederacy, even of being bribed by British gold to advance free trade principles, and that there was a demand that Professor Sumner be removed from his position at Yale. However, the increasing surplus in the national treasury and the demand for tariff reform by the Democratic party relieved anti-protectionism of its opprobrium. The campaign of 1888 was notable, for both political parties sought to inform the voter on the tariff issue by book and pamphlet, as well as by speech and editorial. Wells, in his *Relation of Tariff to Wages*, pointed out that higher wages in the United States are the results of the productiveness of labour rather than of the protectionist policy. Sumner's *Protectionism* answered in simple but bellicose language the stock arguments of the protectionists. Half a dozen other works, about equally divided in defence and criticism of the existing tariff policy, were issued during the campaign, and the presidential campaign four years later was also notable for a similar tariff literature. The results on public opinion were favourable to the anti-protectionists; ever since the criticism of protection has steadily increased and the more scholarly writings on the tariff have been with a few exceptions unsympathetic toward the principle of protection.

Agitation for civil service reform and revision of the tariff centred in the East. On the other hand, the agrarian agita-

[1] See Book III, Chap. XXIV.

tion and the demand for more liberal coinage of silver were Western movements. Rapid settlement and the exploitation of the West with borrowed capital, insufficient commercial facilities and high rates of interest, and speculation in railway construction created economic depression in that region. For relief, the farmers in the seventies organized the "Grange" or "Patrons of Husbandry," a secret society. Among its objects were co-operation in business and state-regulation of public utilities. The grievances and purposes of the organization were reflected in scores of periodicals; also in three widely circulated books, Jonathan Perriam's *Groundswell*, E. W. Martin's *History of the Granger Movement*, and O. H. Kelley's *Origin and Progress of the Patrons of Husbandry*.

Now the prevailing doctrine was that of economic individualism, which emphasized the sanctity of private property, the development of natural resources under private direction only, and the *laissez faire* theory of economics. With this the agrarian experiments in co-operation and the demand for state control were at variance. The conflict of ideals deeply influenced jurisprudence, for it raised the question of public regulation of railroads and other utilities versus the rights of property guaranteed by the Constitution. Undoubtedly one purpose of the fourteenth amendment was to afford protection to property interests against hostile legislation; but the Supreme Court of the United States was not prone to extend the scope of Federal supervision, and in 1876 it upheld an Illinois statute regulating grain elevators. "For protection against abuses by legislatures the people must resort to the polls, not to the courts." Twelve years later, however, in the celebrated Minnesota Rate Case the court took the opposite opinion, holding that the reasonableness of railroad rates was a question for judicial review.

> The question of the reasonableness of the rate of charge for transportation by the railroad company, involving as it does the element of reasonableness both as regards the company, and as regards the public, is eminently a question for judicial determination. If the company is deprived of the power of charging reasonable rates for the use of its property, and such deprivation takes place in the absence of the investigation by judicial machinery, it is deprived of the lawful use of its property, and thus in substance and effect, of

the property itself without due process of the law and in violation of the Constitution of the United States.

Deep was the significance of this decision; property interests now found protection against public regulations, and naturally the courts became the object of increasing criticism by those who were discontented with the existing social and economic order.

The Grange and the minor political parties identified with it declined, but a second wave of discontent in the eighties was the background for the Farmers' Alliance and the Populist party of the early nineties. In the whole range of American political literature no document is more remarkable than the Populist platform of 1892; it summarized the existing discontent and recommended remedies which, generally regarded at the time as too radical ever to be applied, today are a part of our orthodox political system. Most of the literature relating to Populism is ephemeral; but of real artistic merit is *The Kansas Bandit, or the Fall of Ingalls*, a dramatic dialogue inspired by the defeat of Senator Ingalls of Kansas in his contest for re-election to the United States Senate.

Parallel with the agrarian movement was the demand for bimetallism; indeed Senator Peffer in his *Farmers' Side* urged free silver as a remedy for the grievances of the farmers. The "battle of the standards" became the all absorbing political issue between 1888 and 1896. Most of the economists favoured the gold standard, notably Professor J. Laurence Laughlin of the University of Chicago. His *History of Bimetallism in the United States* was more than a history; it was also a defence of monometallism, and was widely quoted throughout the silver agitation. The minority of the economists, who defended bimetallism, was best represented by E. Benjamin Andrews, President of Brown University, in his *An Honest Dollar*. So strongly was the monometallic theory favoured among the conservative classes of the East that President Andrews's contrary views were one cause of his resignation from Brown in 1897. But the *pièce de resistance* in the whole agitation was W. H. Harvey's *Coin's Financial School* (1894), a little book, simple in style, graphic in illustration, which, reprinted during the campaign of 1896, enjoyed a circulation similar to that of the

*Impending Crisis* in 1860. A reply to his arguments, in imitative style, was made by Horace White in *Coin's Financial Fool.*

In the meantime, whatever complacency the average man of business between 1875 and 1890 possessed was rudely shaken by three phenomena: the rapid organization of labour, the trust movement, and the disfranchisement of the negro. The Knights of Labour, the first extensive labour organization in the United States, disturbed the balance of American temper. Said Francis Walker,[1] the economist: "Rarely has the sceptical, practical, compromising spirit of our people, which leads them to avoid extremes, to distrust large expectations and to take all they can get, 'down,' for anything they have in hand, however promising, so far lost control of our acts and thoughts and feelings." The nascent consciousness of labour was well reflected in Powderley's *Thirty Years of Labour*, the author being official head of the Knights.

The tendency towards combination in industry was the subject of many investigations by Congress and state legislatures. These disclosed notorious methods of competition and sinister activities in politics. Here was the subject matter of Henry Demorest Lloyd's *Wealth vs. Commonwealth* (1894), a popular presentation of the methods and policies of the Standard Oil Company. Startling facts concealed in the masses of legislative documents and court proceedings were dramatically marshalled. In shaping public opinion the book has a place not unsimilar to that of *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* Finally, in spite of the guarantees of the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments, negroes in the South endured discrimination in "Jim Crow car laws" and police regulations, and in 1890 and after they were practically disfranchised in seven of the Southern states. Convictions born of race proved superior to the mandates of government.

Contemporary with political agitation went a transformation in economic thought and the philosophy of government. Its immediate cause was a remarkable growth of industrialism with its attendant concentration of wealth, poverty, and inequality in the enjoyment of luxuries.

Criticism was started by Henry George[2] in his *Progress and Poverty* (1879):

[1] See Book III, Chap. XXIV. [2] *Ibid.*

So long as all the increased wealth which modern progress brings goes but to build up great fortunes, to increase luxury and make sharper the contrast between the House of Have and the House of Want, progress is not real and cannot be permanent. The reaction must come. The tower leans from its foundations, and every new story but hastens the final catastrophe. To educate men who must be condemned to poverty, is but to make them restive; to base on a state of most glaring social inequality political institutions under which men are theoretically equal, is to stand a pyramid on its apex.

The remedy was an application of the physiocratic doctrine of the eighteenth century. The land of each country belongs to all of its people but it is occupied or used by individuals. Therefore all land rents, or taxes on rents, should be used for the common good, thus removing all existing revenues. Thus abolishing taxes on labour and production would stimulate wages and profits. Land values would decline and land held for speculation would be thrown in the market. This argument won great popularity and George suddenly became the leader of a new movement—the single tax. It had much popularity and influence abroad; it contributed to the introduction of increment taxes in Germany and Australia; in England it was well received on account of the Irish situation. In the United States it has had less practical results, but one of the attendant theories—that wages are paid out of the value created by labour, not out of capital—has had a wide acceptance. Gradually, also, all types of economist emphasized questions of distribution and the ground of the older individualistic *laissez faire* school was abandoned. The great question of taxation was subjected to analysis and new sources of revenue were defended in Max West's *Inheritance Tax* and E. R. A. Seligman's *Essays on the Income Tax*. Thus within fifteen years after the publication of George's work the revision of America's tax systems was well under way. Reform was openly advocated by liberals and bitterly opposed by conservatives. Illustrative of the conservative view were the words of Justice Field in the decision by which the Federal income tax law of 1894 was declared unconstitutional: "The present assault upon capital is but the beginning. It will be but the stepping-stone to others larger and more sweeping till our political conditions will become a war of the poor against the rich; a war growing in intensity

and bitterness." In contrast was the more liberal spirit in Justice Harlan's dissenting opinion:

> The practical effect of the decision today is to give certain kinds of property a position of favouritism and advantage inconsistent with the fundamental principles of our social organization, and to invest them with power and influence that may be perilous to that portion of the American people upon whom rests the larger part of the burdens of the Government and who ought not to be subjected to the dominion of aggregated wealth any more than the property of the country should be at the mercy of the lawless.

In the meantime a vision of a new and radically different social and industrial order was popularized in 1888 in Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward.*[1] The book was a romance in which the hero, after going to sleep in 1887, awakes in the year 2000 to find vast changes. He learned that

> there were no longer any who were or could be richer or poorer than others, but that all were economic equals. He learned that no one any longer worked for another, either by compulsion or for hire, but that all alike were in the service of the nation working for the common fund, which all equally shared, and even necessary personal attendance, as of the physician, was rendered as to the state, like that of a military surgeon. All these wonders, it was explained, had very simply come about as the results of replacing private capitalism by public capitalism, and organizing the machinery of production and distribution, like the political government, as business of general concern to be carried on for the public benefit instead of private gain.

The book was extremely popular for a few years. Bellamy Clubs were organized to discuss the questions it suggested, and it became the confession of faith of the Nationalist party.

Equally important was the new criticism of the operation of government and its purposes. This began with Woodrow Wilson's *Congressional Government* (1885), which pointed out the evil results in the existing relations of the executive and the legislature, notably the irresponsibility in legislation and the lack of leadership in Congress, which his own administration has since so well illustrated. A few years later Frank J. Good-

[1] See also Book III, Chap. XI.

now pointed out the defects in the American theory of the separation of powers; indeed his *Comparative Administrative Law* (1893) was the first work in English on administrative as distinct from constitutional law. John R. Commons in his *Proportional Representation* (1896) advanced a substitute for the existing unjust methods of representation. Municipal government also became the subject of criticism. A supplementary chapter to Bryce's *American Commonwealth* on the Tweed Ring caused the whole first edition of that excellent book to be suppressed. E. L. Godkin pointed out the weaknesses in the government of our large cities in his *Unforeseen Tendencies of Democracy*, while Albert Shaw showed the superiority in municipal ideals and forms of government of English and Continental cities as compared with those of the United States. Finally, the function of the state was re-examined. The early conception, born in the days of the Revolution, that the function of the state is confined to the protection of life, liberty, and property yielded to one more comprehensive. Thus Woolsey declares that "the sphere of the State may reach as far as nature and the needs of men reach." Woodrow Wilson in his *The State* advocated state regulation in industrial matters. W. W. Willoughby makes the economic, industrial, and moral interests of the people "one of the essential concerns of the state"; and John W. Burgess, working under the influence of German rather than American ideals, makes the ultimate aim of the state "the perfection of humanity, the civilization of the world; the perfect development of human reason and its attainment to universal command over individualism; the apotheosis of man."

The changes in the viewpoint of the leaders of thought came as a shock to the pillars of conservatism. Not infrequently the writings and influence of teachers cost them their positions in colleges and universities.

In the meantime a startling change took place in foreign policy. From the close of the Civil War to 1898 the native mania for territorial expansion was held in restraint. Alaska, it is true, had been acquired, but an excuse was found in a desire to accommodate Russia. The offer by Denmark and Sweden of their West Indian possessions was rejected. Instead of annexing Hawaii in 1894 the sovereignty of a native queen was openly

supported. With this sort of background came the Spanish-American War of 1898, and with it the annexation of Hawaii, and in its train the establishment of a protectorate over Porto Rico and the acquisition of the Philippines. For this sudden shift to a policy of territorial expansion economic conditions were largely responsible. By 1890 more manufactured goods were produced than were necessary for home consumption and the nation began to compete with European countries in the markets of the world. By 1898 the country was filled with capital, production was greater than consumption, and interest rates were falling. The leaders of industry were alarmed over the unrest in labour and intellectual circles; to them the remedy seemed to lie in a foreign policy which would encourage trade expansion. The argument for such a policy was ably presented by Charles A. Conant:

There are three important solutions of this enormous congestion of capital in excess of legitimate demand. One of these is the socialistic solution of the abandonment of saving, the application of the whole earnings of the labourer to current consumption, and the support of old age out of taxes levied upon production of the community. It will be long before this solution will be accepted in a comprehensive form in any modern civilized state. The second solution is the creation of new demands at home for the absorption of capital. This has occurred at several previous stages of the world's history, and is likely to continue as long as human desires continue expansible. But there has never been a time before when the proportion of capital to be absorbed was so great in proportion to possible new demands.

Aside from the waste of capital in war, which is only a form of consumption, there remains, therefore, as the final resource, the equipment of new countries with the means of production and exchange. Such countries have yet to be equipped with the mechanism of production and of luxuries which has been created in the progressive countries of recent generations. They have not only to obtain buildings and machinery—the necessary elements in producing machine-made goods—but they have to build their roads, drain their marshes, dam their rivers, build aqueducts for water supplies, and sewers for their towns and cities.

The United States cannot afford to adhere to a policy of isolation while other nations are reaching out for the commerce of these new markets. . . . The interest rates have greatly declined

here during the last five years. New markets and new ports must, therefore, be found if surplus capital is to be profitably employed.[1]

The argument for foreign territory met vigorous opposition. Prominent among its critics were those who had been identified with the abolition of slavery, notably George S. Boutwell, George F. Hoar, George F. Edmunds, Samuel Bowles, John Sherman, Charles Francis Adams, and Carl Schurz. Illustrative of the sentiments of these men is the following passage from the *Autobiography* of George F. Hoar upon the conquest of the Philippines:

> When I think of my party, whose glory and whose service to Liberty are the guide of my life, crushing out this people in their effort to establish a republic, and hear people talking about giving them good government and that they are better off than they ever were under Spain, I feel very much as if I had learned that my father or some other honoured ancestor had been a slave trader in his time and had boasted that he had introduced a new and easier kind of handcuffs or fetters to be worn by the slaves during the horrors of the middle passage.

Co-operating with this group were Samuel Gompers, the labour leader, Edward Atkinson, statistician, Professor Sumner, David Starr Jordan, President of Leland Stanford University, and Andrew Carnegie. As an organ for propaganda the New England Anti-Imperialistic League was formed at Boston in 1899, and about one hundred subsidiary branches were established. A notable episode was the exclusion from the mails by the postmaster at San Francisco of three pamphlets addressed to members of the Philippine Commission, written by Edward Atkinson. These were entitled *The Cost of a National Crime*, *The Hell of War and Its Penalties*, and *Criminal Aggression; By Whom Committed*. They pointed out the cost of imperialism, its "moral, physical, and social degradation," and the responsibility of President McKinley for the annexation of the Philippines. Not daunted by the action of the government Atkinson promptly reprinted the pamphlets and gave them a wide circulation in his serial publication, *The Anti-Imperialist*. Other noteworthy pamphlets were Sumner's *Conquest of the*

[1] *Economic Basis of Imperialism in the United States and the Orient.*

*United States by Spain* (1898), Schurz's *American Imperialist* (1899), and Hoar's *No Power to Conquer Foreign Nations* (1899).

These protests were ineffectual. The triumph of the manufacturing and commercial interests in shaping public policy was well illustrated by two practical problems: Did the Constitution and the laws of the United States apply to conquered territory without special legislation by Congress? Was Congress bound by all of the principles of the Constitution in legislating for the territories? Regarding the first of these the policy of the President was negative, and Congress took a similar position in regard to the second. The issue involved was the application of tariff duties to goods coming from the newly acquired territories, the beet sugar and other trade interests opposing free competition and demanding the application of tariff duties to Porto Rican and Philippine products. The position of the executive and the legislature was upheld by the Supreme Court in the celebrated Insular Cases, but the reasoning of the majority opinions was notoriously confusing and unsatisfactory from the standpoint of constitutional law.

Imperialism did not allay criticism of the existing order. Gradually public opinion concerning the scope and purpose of government in its relation to the general welfare underwent a transformation. The view which had long been dominant was that national prosperity depended upon the prosperity of the manufacturing and commercial classes of the country; when they flourished the labourer would enjoy a "full dinner pail," the shopkeeper a good trade, the farmers high markets, and the professional classes would collect their fees; consequently it was only right that such important matters as the tariff and monetary standards should be determined according to the ideals of the great business interests of the country. The new view was that the object of legislation should be to aid all citizens with no special privilege or regard to any one class. Its birth was in the Granger movement. It was more widely disseminated by Populism, but its ablest presentation was by William Jennings Bryan, notably in his speech before the Democratic Convention in Chicago in 1896:

> You have made the definition of a business man too limited in its application. A man who is employed for wages is as much a

business man as his employer. The attorney in a country town is as much a business man as the corporation counsel in a great metropolis. The merchant at the crossroads store is as much a business man as a merchant of New York. The farmer who goes forth in the morning and toils all day—who begins in the spring and toils all summer—and who, by the application of brain and muscle to the natural resources of the country, creates wealth, is as much a business man as the man who goes upon the Board of Trade and bets upon the price of grain. The miners who go down a thousand feet into the earth, or climb two thousand feet upon the cliffs and bring forth from their hiding place the precious metals to be poured into the channels of trade, are as much business men as the few financial magnates, who, in a back room, corner the money of the world. We come to speak for this broader class of business men.

This ideal, rejected by the dominant political parties, led to a revolt. Elaborated into a definite programme with definite methods, it became known as Progressivism, possessing three aims: to remove special, minority, or corrupt influences in the government and to revise the political machinery; to enlarge the functions of government by exercising greater authority over individual and corporate activities; and to provide measures of relief for the less fortunate citizens. The first triumphs of its origins and conflicts, in Wisconsin, are well told in Robert M. La Follette's *Autobiography* (1911) and its definite programme in the same State in McCarthy's *The Wisconsin Idea* (1912); while progressive achievements along the Pacific coast are described in Hichborn's *Story of the California Legislature of 1911* and Barnett's *Oregon Plan*. In municipal affairs the Progressives looked to stricter control of franchises and the commission and managerial forms of government; in the literature of this phase of the movement, Tom L. Johnson's *My Story* (1913) is pre-eminent. In national government it brought about stricter Federal control of railways, a definition of restraint of trade, a more democratic banking system, and efforts toward conservation of natural resources. Progressivism was the dominant issue in the presidential campaign of 1912. Its arguments as set forth at that time may be found in Theodore Roosevelt's *New Nationalism* and Woodrow Wilson's *New Freedom*. Less popular but more profound presentation of its philosophy is given in the writings of Walter Weyl and Herbert Croly.

Aside from its practical merits and achievements, Progressivism marked something of a revolution in American political ideals. Representative government, as understood by the old schools of thought, was to be replaced by direct government; the supremacy of the judiciary was to be questioned if not overthrown; the last limits of government interference in private rights and property were to be removed; and with the breaking of the alliance of business interests with the government, a new type of leader and public servant was to appear upon the scene. The World War, however, so greatly confused the issues and involved the policies of the nation that at the moment Progressivism appears under very different colours from those it wore even two or three years ago, and judgment upon the movement cannot safely be passed.

CHAPTER XXII

# Lincoln

THE man of many minds who upon the surface, at least, is variable is not thought of ordinarily as a great leader. And yet in some of the greatest of men a surface variableness has not in the long run prevented a consummate achievement. There is Cæsar, to be pondered upon by all who consider such men second rate. And in American history, there is Lincoln. His life as man of action brings this out well enough. He wavered during many years, hesitating between politics and law, not drivingly conscious of his main bent. Still more clearly is this brought out by his personal life and by those literary and mystical phases that are linked so intimately with the personal. The changes of his mood are at times bewildering. He is often like a wayfarer passing through successive strata of light and darkness, the existence of which does not seem to be explained by circumstance, of whose causes neither he nor his observers have explanation. Did they arise from obscure powers within? Were they the reaction of an ultra-sensitive nature to things without that most people were not able to perceive? He speaks of himself in one of his letters as superstitious. Should the word give us a hint? Whatever theory of him shall eventually prevail, it is sure to rest on this fact: he was a shrouded and a mysterious character, a man apart, intensely reticent, very little of whose inner life has been opened to the world.

It is significant that he was not precocious. The touching picture, preserved in several memories—the lonely, illiterate boy with a passion for reading, indulging the passion at night by a cabin fire—this picture has nothing of early cleverness. Of the qualities that appear after his advent, it is the moral not the mental ones that were clearly foreshadowed in his youth. The

simplicity, the kindliness, the courage, the moderation of the matured man have their evident beginnings in the boy. His purely mental characteristics appeared so gradually, so unostentatiously, that his neighbours did not note their coming. Today, seen in the perspective of his career, their approach is more discernible. To one who goes carefully through the twelve volumes of the chronological edition of Lincoln's writings, though the transition from characterlessness to individuality is nowhere sudden, the consciousness of a steady progress in mental power, of a subtle evolution of the literary sense, is unmistakable. The revelation gains in celerity as one proceeds. But there is no sunburst, no sudden change of direction. And yet, for all the equivocality of the early years, one ends by wondering why the process has seemed vague. It is like that type of play whose secret is not disclosed until just before the curtain but which, once disclosed, brings all preceding it into harmony.

So of the literary Lincoln. Looking back from the few great performances of his fruition, why did we not earlier foresee them? There are gleams all along that now strike us as the careless hints of a great unseen power that was approaching. But why—considering the greatness of the final achievement—were they no more than gleams?

Here is an original literary artist who never did any deliberate literary work, who enriched English style in spite of himself under pressure of circumstances. His style is but the flexibility with which his expression follows the movements of a peculiar mind. And as the mind slowly unfolds, becomes overcast, recedes, advances, so, in the main, does the style. The usual symptoms of the literary impulse are all to seek. He is wholly preoccupied with the thing behind the style. Again the idea of a nature shrouded, withdrawn, that dwells within, that emerges mysteriously. His youth, indeed, has a scattered, unemphatic intimation of something else. What might be called the juvenilia of this inscrutable mind include some attempts at verse. They have no literary value. More significant than his own attempts is the fact that verse early laid a strong hold upon him. Years later, when the period of his juvenilia may be counted in the past, as late as 1846, in denying the authorship of a newspaper poem he added: "I would give all I am

worth and go in debt to be able to write so fine a piece." Even in the first period of his maturity he could still lapse into verse. A visit to his former home in 1844 called forth two poems that have survived. One was a reverie in the vein of

> O Memory! thou midway world
> Twixt earth and Paradise,
> Where things decayed and loved ones lost
> In dreamy shadows rise.

The other was a description of an idiot, long a familiar village figure. Commenting on this poem, Lincoln refers to his "poetizing mood." His official biographers tell us that his favourite poets were Shakespeare, Burns, Byron, and Tom Hood, and add that his taste was "rather morbid." Byron's *Dream* was one of his favourites. It is a commonplace that he never tired of the trivial stanzas beginning

> Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud.

When his writings come to be edited as literary remains—not merely as historical data—the period of his juvenilia will close with the year 1842. The first period of his maturity will extend to the close of his one term in Congress. Or, it may be, these two periods will be run together. To repeat, there are no sharp dividing lines across this part of his life. He was thirty-three in 1842; forty when he retired from Congress. Either age, in such a connection, is strangely removed from the precocious. In his writings before the end of his thirty-third year there is nothing that would have kept his name alive. However, even as early as twenty-three, in an address to the "People of Sangamon County" submitting himself as a candidate for the legislature, Lincoln revealed two, at least, of the characteristics of his eventual style—its lucidity and its sense of rhythm. Boy as he was, he was little touched by the bombastic rhetoricality of his day. On this side, from the first, he had purity of taste. His sense of rhythm—faintly to be sure—was also beginning to assert itself in 1832. Lincoln's sense of rhythm was far deeper, far more subtle, than mere cadence. In time it became a marvellous power for arranging ideas in patterns so firmly, so clearly, with such unfaltering disposition of emphasis that

it is impossible to read them into confusion—as is so easy to do with the idea-patterns of ordinary writers. And with this sense of the idea-pattern grew up at last a sense of cadence most delicately and beautifully accompanying, and reinforcing, the movement of the ideas. In 1832 there were but gleams of all this—but genuine gleams.

The ten years following, sterile from the point of view of production, are none the less to the student of Lincoln's mind most important. As to literary workmanship in these years, what he did to develop his power of expression—in all but the vaguest outline the story is gone. That he read insatiably, that he studied and practised law, that he won local fame as an oral story-teller and as an impromptu debater, these details are preserved. With these is another tradition borne out by his writing. He was a constant reader of the Bible. This introduces the most perplexing question of his inner life. What was his religion? The later Lincoln—the one to whom, perhaps, we get the clue in these ten years between twenty-three and thirty-three—is invariably thought of in popular local tradition as a man of piety. But on this point what do we know? Lincoln has left us no self revelation. His letters, with the exception of one group, are not intimate. His native taciturnity, in this respect, was unconquerable.

Though born in a family of Baptists, he never became a member of the Baptist or of any church. Except for one amazing fragment he has left no writings that are not more or less obscure where they touch on religious themes. It is a curious fact that in the index to the voluminous official *Life* the word religion does not occur. As against this singular negative evidence there are anecdotes of a religious attitude. But the historian learns to question the value of all anecdotes. Nevertheless the tradition of Lincoln's piety—of his essentially religious nature—will not down. A rooted tradition, almost contemporary, is more significant than anecdotes, less susceptible of that constant dramatic heightening which makes the anecdote in retelling more and more positive. Now, the traditional Lincoln is a man overshadowed, a man of infinite gentleness whose pity seems to be more than mere friendliness or generosity. His own world, though uninformed as to his specific beliefs, persistently conceived of him as a mystic, as a walker apart with God. For

evidence to support this impression we naturally look to his intimate letters. If we may judge by the surviving correspondence, this man, of whose friendliness ten thousand authentic instances testify, seems none the less to have lived and died solitary. The one mitigating experience appears in his early friendship for Joshua F. Speed. Cordial, trustful, sympathetic he was with many friends. The group of letters written to Speed in 1842 are in a vein that sets them apart. Both men had suffered through their emotions, and each in an analytical, self-torturing way. Upon Lincoln the sudden death of Ann Rutledge, with whom he thought himself in love at twenty-three, is supposed to have had, for the time at least, a deeply saddening effect. A second love affair was lukewarm and ended happily in divergence. The serious matter, his engagement to Miss Mary Todd, led to such acute questioning of himself, such painful analysis of his feeling, such doubt of his ability to make her happy, that the engagement was broken off. Within a month he had written: "I am now the most miserable man living. If what I feel were equally distributed to the whole human family, there would not be one cheerful face on earth." (23 January, 1841.) Two years were to elapse before the harm was repaired and Lincoln and Miss Todd married. Meanwhile Speed, becoming engaged, suffered a similar ordeal of introspection, of pitiless self-analysis. He too doubted the reality of his feeling, feared that he would be wronging the woman he loved by marrying her. Lincoln's letters to his unhappy friend are the most intimate utterances he has left. Sane, cheerful,—except for passing references to his own misfortune,—thoughtful, they helped to pull Speed out of the Slough of Despond.

As nothing in these letters has the least hint of the perfunctory their reverent phrases must be accepted at face value. That a belief in God, even in God's personal direction of human affairs, lies back of these letters, is not to be doubted. Nevertheless the subject remains vague. Lincoln's approach to it is almost timid. There is no hint of dogma. But the fact that he here calls himself superstitious sends us back to his earliest days, to his formative environment, seeking for clues to the religious life he may have inherited.

Loneliness was the all-pervading characteristic of that life. The pioneer cabin, whether in Kentucky, Indiana, or Illinois,

was an island in a wilderness. The pioneer village was merely a slightly larger island. Both for cabin and for village, the near horizon encircled it with the primeval. This close boundary, the shadow of the old gods, is a mighty, neglected factor in all the psychological history of the American people. In the lives of the pioneers, scattered over the lonely West, it is of first magnitude. It bore in upon them from every point of the compass, the consciousness of a world mightier than their own, the world of natural force. To a sensitive, poetic spirit, temperamentally melancholy, that encircling shadow must have had the effect of the night on Browning's David, though without producing the elation of David. That the mysticism of the primitive should have developed to full strength in a dreamer of these spiritual islands, but that it should not have risen victorious out of the primeval shadow, is explicable, perhaps, by two things—by the extreme hardness of pioneer life and by the lack of mental fecundity in these men whose primitive estate was a reversion not a development. While their sensibilities had recovered the primitive emotions, their minds, like stalled engines, merely came to a pause. Except for its emotional sensing of the vast unseen, the religious life of the pioneer islands lay most of the time dormant. It is a fact of much significance that the Western pioneers were not accompanied by ministers of religion—which is one detail of the wider fact that their migration was singly, by families, not communal. What a vast difference between the settlement of a colonial community, bringing with it organized religion, and these isolated, almost vagrant, movements into the West with organized religion left behind! Most of the time, in the places where Lincoln's boyhood was passed, there were no public religious services. Periodically a circuit-rider appeared. And then, in a terrific prodigality, the pent-up religious emotion burst forth. The student of Dionysus who would glimpse the psychology of the wild women of the Ecstasies, if he is equal to translating human nature through widely differing externals, may get hints from the religious passion of the pioneer revival. Conversely, Dionysus will help him to understand the West. That there was not much Christianity in all this goes without saying. It was older, simpler, more elemental. But it was fettered mentally in a Christian phraseology. Out of this contradiction grew its incoherency, its mean-

inglessness. With the passing of one of these seasons of stormful ecstasy, there was left in its wake often a great recharge of natural piety but nothing—or hardly anything—of spiritual understanding.

And out of these conditions grew the spiritual life of Lincoln. He absorbed to the full its one great quality, the mystical consciousness of a world transcending the world of matter. He has no more doubt of this than all the other supreme men have had, whether good or bad; than Napoleon with his impatient gesture toward the stars, that night on shipboard, and his words, "There must be a God." But when it comes to giving form to what he feels encompassing him, then Lincoln's lucid mind asserts itself, and what has imposed on his fellow-villagers, as a formulation, fades into nothing. And here is revealed a characteristic that forms a basal clue. His mind has no bent toward this sort of thinking. Before the task of formulating his religion he stands quite powerless. His feeling for it is closer than hands or feet. But just what it is that he feels impinging on him from every side—even he does not know. He is like a sensitive man who is neither a scientist nor a poet in the midst of a night of stars. The reality of his experience gives him no power either to explain or to express it.

Long afterward, in one of his most remarkable fragments, the reality of his faith, along with the futility of his religious thinking, is wonderfully preserved. It was written in September, 1862. The previous February the death of one of his children had produced an emotional crisis. For a time he was scarcely able to discharge his official duties. This was followed by renewed interest in religion, expressing itself chiefly by constant reading of Scripture. Whether any new light came to him we do not know. But in the autumn he wrote this:

> The will of God prevails. In great contests, each party claims to act in accordance with the will of God. Both may be, and one must be wrong. God cannot be for and against the same thing at the same time. In the present Civil War it is quite possible that God's purpose is something quite different from the purpose of either party; and yet the human instrumentalities working just as they do, are the best adaptation to effect His purpose. I am almost ready to say that this is probably true; that God wills this contest and wills that it shall not end yet. By His mere great power on the

minds of the now contestants, He could either have saved or destroyed the Union without a human contest. Yet the contest began. And, having begun, He could give the final victory to either side any day. Yet the contest proceeds.

Six months later one of the great pages of his prose called the nation to observe a day of "national humiliation, fasting, and prayer." That the Dionysian and circuit-riding philosophy had made no impression on his mind is evinced by the silences of this singular document. Not a word upon victory over enemies—eagerly though, at the moment, he was hoping for it—but all in the vein of this question:

> And insomuch as we know that by His divine law nations, like individuals, are subjected to punishment and chastisement in this world, may we not justly fear that the awful calamity of civil war which now desolates the land may be a punishment inflicted upon us for our presumptuous sins, to the needful end of our national reformation as a whole people?

The context shows that he was not—as the abolitionists wished him to do—merely hitting at slavery over the Lord's shoulder. The proclamation continues the fragment. This great mystic, pondering what is wrong with the world, wonders whether all the values, in God's eyes, are not different from what they seem to be in the eyes of men. And yet he goes on steadfast in the immediate task as it has been given him to understand that task. So it was to him always—the inscrutable shadow of the Almighty for ever round about him; the understanding of His ways for ever an insistent mystery.

To return to Lincoln's thirty-third year. Is it fanciful to find a connection between the way in which his mysticism develops—its atmospheric, non-dogmatic pervasiveness—and the way in which his style develops? Certainly the literary part of him works into all the portions of his utterance with the gradualness of the daylight through a shadowy wood. Those seven years following 1842 show a gradual change; but it is extremely gradual. And it is to be noted that the literary quality, so far as there is any during these years—for it comes and goes—is never incisive. It is of the whole, not of the detail. It does not appear as a gift of phrases. Rather it is the slow unfolding of

those two original characteristics, taste and rhythm. What is growing is the degree of both things. The man is becoming deeper, and as he does so he imposes himself, in this atmospheric way, more steadily on his language.

Curiously enough it is to this period that his only comic writings belong. Too much has been said about Lincoln's humour. Almost none of it has survived. Apparently it was neither better nor worse than the typical American humour of the period. Humorously, Lincoln illustrated as an individual that riotous rebound which so often distinguishes the nature predominantly melancholy; and as a type, he illustrates the American contentment with the externals of humour, with bad grammar, buffoonery, and ironic impudence. His sure taste as a serious writer deserts him at times as a reader. He shared the illusions of his day about Artemus Ward. When he tried to write humorously he did somewhat the same sort of thing—he was of the school of Artemus.

A speech which he made in Congress, a landmark in his development, shows the quality of his humour, and shows also that he was altogether a man of his period, not superior in many small ways to the standards of his period. The Congress of the United States has never been distinguished for a scrupulous use of its time; today, however, even the worst of Congresses would hardly pervert its function, neglect business, and transform itself into an electioneering forum, with the brazenness of the Congresses of the middle of the last century. In the summer of 1848, with Zachary Taylor before the country as the Whig nominee for president, Lincoln went the way of all flesh political, squandering the time of the House in a jocose electioneering speech, nominally on a point before the House, really having no connection with it—in fact, a romping burlesque of the Democratic candidate, Cass. As such things went at that day, it was capital. It was better than most such speeches because, granting the commonplace thing he had set out to do, Lincoln's better sense of language gave even to his romp a quality the others did not have.

We come now to the year 1849, to Lincoln's fortieth birthday, and probably to another obscure crisis in his career. For thirteen years at least, politics had appeared to contain his dominant ambition. Amid bursts of melancholy of the most

intense sort, in spite, it would seem, of occasional fits of idleness, he seems in the main to have worked hard; he had made headway both in politics and in law; he had risen from grinding poverty to what relatively was ease. Now, he made the surprising decision to abandon politics. The reasons remain obscure. However, he carried his decision into effect. What the literary student might call his second period extends from his abandonment of politics to his return, from 1849 to 1855—or perhaps through the famous Douglas controversy in 1858.

It was a period of slight literary production—even including the speeches against Douglas—but of increasingly rapid literary development. One curious detail perhaps affords a clue worth following up. Shortly after his return from Congress Lincoln, with several other middle-aged men, formed a class that met in his law office for the study of German. Was this an evidence that his two years in the East had given him a new point of view? Was this restless mind, superficially changeable, sensitive to its surroundings, was it impressed—perhaps for the moment, overawed—by that Eastern culture of the mid-century, of the time—so utterly remote it seems today!—when German was the soul's language in New England? Lincoln had visited New England, on a speech-making invitation, as a consequence of his romp against Cass. He was made much of by the New England Whigs—perhaps for what he was, perhaps as a Western prodigy uncouth but entertaining. From New England, and from his two years in Congress, he came home to forsake politics, to apply himself with immense zeal to the law, to apply himself to the acquisition of culture. The latter purpose appears before long to have burned itself out. There was a certain laziness in Lincoln alongside his titanic energy. It would seem that the question whether he could keep steadily at a thing depended not on his own will but on the nature of the task. With those things that struck deep into the parts of him that were permanent he was proof against weariness. But with anything that was grounded on the surface part of him, especially on his own reactions to the moment, it was hit or miss how long he would keep going. Whatever it was that started him after formal education in 1849, it had no result. In the rapid development of the next few years his new-found enthusiasm disappears. It is the native Lincoln moving still

upon his original bent, though with swiftly increasing mentality, who goes steadily forward from the able buffoonery of the speech against Cass to the splendid directness of the speeches against Douglas.

In these years he became a very busy man. At their close he was one of the leading lawyers of the state. Two things grew upon him. The first was his understanding of men, the generality of men. He always seemed to have known men's hearts. This was the gift of his mysticism—the gift which mysticism has often bestowed upon natures predisposed to kindness. Almost inevitably this gift produces sadness. Lincoln did not form an exception. The pity of men's burdens, the vision of the tears of the world falling for ever behind its silences, was as real in this peasant dreamer of our rude West as in that clerkly mediæval dreamer whom Walter Pater has staged so magically in the choir at Amiens. But the exquisite melancholy of the singer in the high church with its glorious windows can easily slide down smooth reaches of artistic contemplation into egoism. The rough, hard world of the West, having less of refuge for the dreamer, made the descent less likely. Nevertheless its equivalent was possible. To stifle compassion, or to be made unstable by compassion, was a possible alternative before the rapidly changing Lincoln of the early years of this period. What delivered him from that alternative, what forced him completely around, turning him permanently from all the perils of mysticism while he retained its great gift, may well have been his years of hard work, not in contemplating men but in serving them. The law absorbed his compassion; it became for him a spiritual enthusiasm. To lift men's burdens became in his eyes its aim. The man who serves is the one who comes to understand other men. It is not strange, having such native equipment for the result, that Lincoln emerged from this period all but uncannily sure in his insight into his fellows.

The other thing that grew upon him was his power to reach and influence them through words. The court room was his finishing academy. The faculty that had been with him from the start—directness, freedom from rhetoric—was seized upon in the life-and-death-ness of the legal battle, and given an edge, so to speak, that was incomparable. The distinction between

pure and applied art, like the distinction between pure and applied mathematics, is never to be forgotten. Applied art, the art that must be kept in hand, steadily incidental to an ulterior purpose, affords, in a way, the sharpest test of artisticality. Many a mere writer who might infuse himself into an imaginative fantasy would fail miserably to infuse himself into a statement of fact. To attend strictly to business, and yet to be entirely individual—this is a thrilling triumph of intellectual assimilation. This is what Lincoln in these years of his second period acquired the power to do. When he emerges at its close in the speeches against Douglas, at last he has his second manner, a manner quite his own. It is not his final manner, the one that was to give him his assured place in literature. However, in a wonderful blend of simplicity, directness, candour, joined with a clearness beyond praise, and a delightful cadence, it has outstripped every other politician of the hour. And back of its words, subtly affecting its phrases, echoing with the dreaminess of a distant sound through all its cadences, is that brooding sadness which was to be with him to the end.

Another period in Lincoln's literary life extends from his return to politics to the First Inaugural. Of all parts of his personal experience it is the most problematic. At its opening there rises the question why he returned to politics. Was there a crisis of some sort about 1855 as, surely, there was about 1849? His official biographers are unsatisfying. Their Lincoln is exasperatingly conventional—always the saint and the hero, as saint-heroes were conceived by the average American in the days when it was a supreme virtue to be "self-made." That there was some sort of failure of courage in the Lincoln who gave up politics in 1849 is of course too much for official biography to be expected to consider. But it might perceive something besides pure devotion to the public weal in Lincoln's return. That this successful provincial lawyer who had made a name for conscientiousness should be deeply stirred when politics took a turn that seemed to him wicked, was of course quite what one would expect. And yet, was the Lincoln who returned to the political arena the same who had withdrawn from it? Was there not power in him in 1855 that was not in him in 1849? May it not be that he had fled from his ambition in an excess of self-distrust, just as in his love affair doubt of

himself had led him for a time to forsake what he most desired? And may not the new strength that had come to him have revived the old ambition, blended it with his zeal for service, and thus in a less explicit way than his biographers would have us think, faced him back toward politics. Be that as it may, his literary power, which took a bound forward in the excitement following the Nebraska Bill, holds itself at a high level for several years, and then suddenly enters into eclipse. Beginning with the speech at Springfield on the Dred Scott case, including the "house divided" speech, the Douglas speeches, and closing with the Cooper Union speech in February, 1860, there are a dozen pieces of prose in this second manner of Lincoln's that are all masterly. If they had closed his literary career we should not, to be sure, particularly remember him today. In his writing as in his statesmanship it was what he did after fifty—the age he reached 12 February, 1859—that secures his position. None the less for surety of touch, for boldness, for an austere serenity with no hint of self-distrust, these speeches have no superiors among all his utterances, not even among the few supreme examples of his final manner. Reading these speeches it is hard to believe that this man in other moods had tasted the very dregs of self-distrust, had known the bitterest of all fear—that which rushes upon the dreamer from within, that snatches him back from his opportunity because he doubts his ability to live up to it.

The confident tone of these speeches makes all the more bewildering the sudden eclipse in which this period ends. The observer who reaches this point in Lincoln's career, having pondered upon his previous hesitation, naturally watches the year 1860 with curious eyes, wondering whether 1841 and 1849 will be repeated, whether the man of many minds will waver, turn into himself, become painfully analytical, morbidly fearful, on the verge of a possible nomination for the Presidency. But the doubtfulness of the mystics—who, like Du Maurier's artists, "live so many lives besides their own, and die so many deaths before they die"—is not the same thing as the timidity of the man afraid of his fate. Hamlet was not a coward. The impression which Lincoln had recently made upon the country was a true impression—that he was a strong man. However, not his policies, not his course of action, had won for Lincoln his

commanding position in his party in 1860, but his way of saying things. In every revolution, there is a moment when the man who can phrase it can lead it. Witness Robespierre. If the phraser is only a man of letters unable to convert literature into authority, heaven help him. Again witness Robespierre. Although if we conclude that the average American in the spring of 1860 was able to read through Lincoln's way of handling words deep enough into his character to perceive his power to handle men, we impute to the average American an insight not justified by history, yet that average man was quite right in hearing such an accent in those speeches of the second manner as indicated behind the literary person a character that was void of fear—at least, of what we mean by fear when thinking of men of action. That Lincoln wanted the nomination, welcomed it, fought hard for his election, only the sentimental devotees of the saint-hero object to admitting. Nor did his boldness stop at that. Between the election and New Year's Day, the secession of South Carolina and the debates in Congress forced the Republicans to define their policy. The President-elect, of course, was the determining factor. Peace or war was the issue. There is no greater boldness in American history than Lincoln's calm but inflexible insistence on conditions that pointed toward war. No amiable pacifism, no ordinary dread of an issue, animated the man of the hour at the close of 1860.

Then, in the later winter, between his determination of the new policy and his inauguration, came the eclipse. All the questions roused in the past by his seasons of shadow, recur. Was it superstition? Was it mystical premonition? Was there something here akin to those periods of intense gloom that overtook the Puritans of the seventeenth century? In a few respects there are points of likeness between Lincoln and Cromwell. In most respects, the two men are widely dissimilar. But in their susceptibility to periodic and inexplicable overshadowing they are alike. With Cromwell, besides his mysticism, there was a definite, an appalling dogma. Though Lincoln did not carry the weight of Cromwell's dogma, perhaps the essential thing was the same in both—the overwhelming, encompassing sense that, God being just and our Father, human suffering must somehow be the consequence of our human sins. Endow Cromwell with Lincoln's power of expression, and we

can imagine him in one of his grand moments writing that piece of superb humility, the Fast Day Proclamation. Again, was it superstition, was it premonition, that created in Lincoln, as he faced toward Washington, a personal unhappiness? No recollection of Lincoln is more singular than one preserved by his law partner with regard to this period of eclipse. He tells of Lincoln's insistence that their sign should continue to hang over the office door; of his sad eagerness to have everyone understand that his departure was not final; of his reiteration that some day he would come back, that his business would be resumed in the plain old office just as if nothing had happened.

Lincoln was so absolutely the reverse of the rhetorician that when he had nothing to say he could not cover up his emptiness with a lacquer of images. Never his the florid vacuousness of the popular orators of his day. When his vision deserted him, his style deserted him. It is confidently asserted that he never was able to press a law case unless he wholly believed in it. Strong evidence for the truth of the tradition is the obedience of his style to the same law. It behaved in this way, the eclipse being still upon him, when he was subjected to the misfortune of having to speak out of the shadow, in February, 1861, on his way to the inauguration. He could not escape this misfortune. The notions of the time required the President-elect to talk all the way from his home to the White House. This group of speeches forms an interlude in Lincoln's development so strange that the most psychological biographer might well hesitate to attack its problem. As statecraft the speeches were ruinously inopportune. Their matter was a fatuous assurance to the country that the crisis was not really acute. As literature, his utterances have little character. The force, the courage, the confident note of the second manner had left him. His partisans were appalled. One of the most sincere among them wrote angrily "Lincoln is a Simple Susan."

And then, lightning-like, both as statecraft and as literature, came the First Inaugural. Richard was himself again. He was much more, he was a new Richard. The final manner appeared in the First Inaugural. All the confident qualities of the second manner are there, and with them something else. Now, at last, reading him, we are conscious of beauty. Now we see what the second manner lacked. Keen, powerful, full of char-

acter, melodious, impressive, nevertheless it had not that sublimation of all these, and with that the power to awaken the imagination which, in argumentative prose, is beauty.

Lincoln had apparently passed through one of those indescribable inward experiences—always, it seems, accompanied by deep gloom—which in mystical natures so often precede a rebirth of the mind. Psychology has not yet analyzed and classified them. But history is familiar with a sufficient number to be sure of their reality. From Saul agonizing in his tent to Luther throwing his inkpot at the devil; from Cromwell wrestling with the Lord to Lincoln striving to be vocal when his mind was dumb—in a hundred instances there is the same range of phenomena, the same spiritual night, the same amazing dawn.

And now the most interesting of the literary questions concerning Lincoln presents itself. It is to be borne in mind that he was essentially non-rhetorical. He towers out of the literary murk of his day through his freedom from rhetoric. And yet, pernicious as it is, mere rhetoricity has its base in genuine artistic impulse. It is art perverted and made unreal, just as sentimentality is sentiment perverted and made unreal. And just as the vision of conduct which sentimentality perceives—and spoils—is an essential to noble living, so the vision of word-use which rhetoric perceives and spoils is essential to literature. Hitherto Lincoln had been ultra-sensitive to the spoiling done by rhetoricality. Had he been duly sensitive to the vision which the word-jobbers of his day had degraded to their own measure? It may be fairly doubted. But hereafter, in the literary richness of the final manner, no one can doubt the fulness and the range of his vision as an imaginative artificer in words. Had any new influence, purely literary entered into his life? One hesitates to say, and yet there is the following to consider. Lincoln submitted his First Inaugural to Seward. Several of Seward's criticisms he accepted. But Seward, never doubting that he was worth a dozen of the President in a literary way, did not confine himself to criticism. He graciously submitted a wholly new paragraph which Mr. Lincoln might, if he cared to, use as peroration. It read:

> I close. We are not, we must not be, aliens or enemies, but fellow countrymen and brethren. Although passion has strained our bonds

of affection too hardly, they must not, I am sure they will not, be broken. The mystic chords which, proceeding from so many battle-fields and so many patriotic graves, pass through all the hearts and all hearths in this broad continent of ours, will yet again harmonize in their ancient music when breathed upon by the guardian angel of the nation.

One of the most precious pages in the sealed story of Lincoln's inner life would contain his reflections as he pondered this paragraph. Deeply as he knew the hearts of men, here—in spite of its lack of weight—was something that hitherto he had not been able to use. The power of it in affecting men he must have understood. If it could be brought within his own instrument, assimilated to his own attitude, a new range would be given to his effectiveness. Was he capable of assimilating it? We do not know how he reasoned in this last artistic crisis; but we do know what he did. He made Seward's paragraph his own. Into the graceful but not masterly—the half-way rhetorical—words of Seward he infused his own quality. He reorganized their feeble pattern by means of his own incomparable sense of rhythm. The result was the concluding paragraph of the First Inaugural:

I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and every patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

The final Lincoln, in the literary sense, had arrived. Though an ultra-delicate critic might find a subdivision of this final period in the year 1862, the point is minute and hardly worth making. During the four years remaining in his life, his style has always the same qualities: flexibility, directness, pregnancy, wealth. It is always applied art, never for an instant unfaithful to the business in hand. Never for an instant does it incrust the business,—as the rhetorician would do,—nor ever overlay it with decoration. At the same time it contrives always to compel the business to transact itself in an atmosphere that is

the writer's own creation; an atmosphere in which great thoughts are enriched by golden lustres, while ordinary thoughts bear themselves as do poor souls transfigured, raised momentarily to a level with the great by a passionate vision of great things.

## CHAPTER XXIII

# Education

THE contribution of America to education is in the realm of practical ideas and institutional organization, not in that of philosophical theory or of literature. Even an adequate literary expression of the practical ideals which have dominated in varying form from decade to decade, or of the institutions which sprang therefrom, is rarely found. For the most part the literature has been ephemeral, serving the purposes of its own generation but carrying no great message to subsequent ones; or incidental, forming but a minor interpolated part of some other type of literature. Not until our own generation has there arisen a philosopher to give vitalizing expression to the dominant progressive ideas of America, or scientists to apply in literary form their instruments and methods to the problems of education.

The colonists of the seventeenth century transplanted to a virgin soil the old institutions of Europe. Some, as those of the South or of New Netherland, sought a new home merely to better their economic condition—not to modify a social system with which they were otherwise well satisfied. Some, chiefly of the Middle Colonies, sought to escape from persecution and thus to preserve cherished institutions. Only those of New England were beckoned by the vision of new institutions and customs in conformity with ideals cherished in the home land but not to be realized there.

Of the first type, Berkeley, the testy governor of Virginia, is the best spokesman. Replying in 1672 to the inquiry of the home government as to what policy was pursued in the colony regarding the religious training and education of the youth and of the heathen, he wrote: "The same course that is taken in

England, out of towns, every man according to his ability instructing his children." This represents accurately the condition of a colony where the largest town numbered not over twenty families, and the total population, no greater than that of a London parish, was scattered over a region larger than all England. While this part of the Governor's reply is seldom quoted, the latter part of it, probably inaccurate, certainly misleading, is often given. It continues:

> But I thank God there are no free schools or printing, and I hope we shall not have them these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world and printing has divulged them and libels against the best of governments. God keep us from both.

Much of the scanty educational writings of colonial Virginia concerns the founding and the early work of its university, William and Mary, founded in 1693 through the efforts of the Rev. William Blair, a Scotch cleric, the head of the Established Church in the colony. Of this body of material, one bit is of more than ephemeral value. For when the persuasive Blair pleaded for the chartering and endowment of the college by the monarchs on the grounds that the colonists, as well as the people at home, had souls to save, the testy Seymour replied, with more force than elegance, "Damn your souls! Make tobacco!"

The fullest account of Southern colonial education, in fact of Southern colonial life, is Hugh Jones's *Present State of Virginia* (1724). He pays his compliments to the prevailing type of education in the following description of an important educational custom of the colonial period:

> As for education, several are sent to England for it, though the Virginians, being naturally of good parts (as I have already hinted) neither require nor admire as much learning as we do in Britain; yet more would be sent over were they not afraid of the smallpox, which most commonly proves fatal to them. But indeed, when they come to England they are generally put to learn to persons that know little of their temper, who keep them drudging on in what is of little use to them, in pedantic methods, too tedious for their volatile genius. For grammar learning, taught after the common

round-about way, is not much beneficial nor delightful to them; so that they are noted to be more apt to spoil their schoolfellows than improve themselves; because they are imprisoned and enslaved to what they hate and think useless, and have not peculiar management proper for their humour and occasion.

From the harassed Quakers of Penn's colony came a far more radical and forward-looking statement of the social theory of education, as befitted those persecuted for their ideals. It is obvious, however, from later records that little more was actually accomplished in Pennsylvania than in the South. The Frame of Government of 1682, with greater precision than any other colonial document, required that "to the end that the poor as well as rich may be instructed in good and commendable learning which is to be preferred before wealth" all children should be instructed "that they may be able at least to read the Scriptures and write by the time they attain to twelve years of age." Then that there should be neither failure to provide the fundamental practical training nor failure to perceive the social theory underlying it, these makers of society add "and that they [all children] be taught some useful trade and skill, that the poor may work to live, and the rich if they become poor may not want." But in order to meet the wishes of a heterogeneous population, Pennsylvania within a generation adopted the policy of giving to each religious sect the control of the education of its own youth. This plan remained in force until near the middle of the nineteenth century.

Throughout its history the Dutch colony of New Netherland was little more than the trading outpost of a commercial company. The career of the earliest schoolmaster we learn through the unsavoury record of the police court; those of his successors through the tedious records of the church, examining, licensing, and supervising, and through those more sordid though more human documents, the records of the commercial company, providing, under greater or less protest, the meagre salary.

It was the colonists of New England, particularly those of Massachusetts, who had visions of a new education in a new society and who left us abundant written records of their purposes and achievements. As specific as the Pennsylvania for-

mulation and far more effective was the often quoted statement of the Massachusetts law of 1647:

> It being one chief point of that old deluder, Satan, to keep men from the knowledge of Scriptures, as in former times, by keeping them in an unknown tongue, so in these latter times, by persuading them from the use of tongues that so at last the true sense and meaning of the original might be clouded by false glosses of saint-seeming deceivers, that learning might not be buried in the graves of our fathers, in church and commonwealth, the Lord assisting our endeavours,—it is therefore ordered. . . .

From this law came the establishment of schools in every town, elementary schools only in towns of fifty families, secondary or Latin grammar schools also in towns of over one hundred families. Within the century, through the provision of the law and the experience of a free people, these schools became free. Consequently this statute of 1647 constitutes the Magna Charta of the American public school system. The theory of education expounded may now seem narrow, but it was at least far more concrete, definite, and vitally connected with the life of the times than the worn-out theories used by later generations to justify the same narrow linguistic education.

Specific literary education was supplemented by, or rather was supplemental to, a broader social training provided for by a law enacted five years previously which related to the training of all children "in learning, labour, and other employments which may be profitable to the commonwealth," and provided adequate machinery to see that its provisions were applied to every child. Local records of the towns afford abundant evidence that these laws were carried out with fidelity throughout the seventeenth and most of the eighteenth centuries. Education in handicraft or some form of industry through the apprentice system constituted, indeed, the most important aspect of education throughout the colonial period; and those who are content to form their picture of educational conditions in the colonies from the laws or documents concerning the schools or more particularly the colleges—which affected but the few—overlook the most substantial and far-reaching part of the educational system. Many legislative enactments refer to it,

though as a matter of fact it was not actually necessary to legalize English customs in English colonies.

The fullest account of the apprentice system, especially as it was applied to the adult labourer, is given in the diary of John Harrower, a Scotchman, who, having indentured himself for some years to pay for his passage, landed in Virginia in 1774. Like many others he was sold as a schoolmaster; but unlike the many known only through newspaper advertisements, he left a long detailed record of his experience. A good account of the apprentice system as a scheme of education is found in the *Autobiography* of Benjamin Franklin. Franklin speaks of his father's desire to give him an academic education and of the unattractiveness of the Latin grammar school. That this disinclination to acquire the prevailing literary education was not due to lack of genuine interest in books is indicated by the fact that after other ventures the boy was finally apprenticed to the printer's trade on account of his "bookish inclination." Custom and finally statute in most of the colonies required that all such apprentices should be taught to read and write, as the early Massachusetts and Pennsylvania laws had dictated from the first.

The colonial elementary school received little attention in written records except in the minutes of ecclesiastical bodies and in town records. In these references the records of Massachusetts towns are particularly rich. The town of Salem ordered in 1644 "that a rate be published on next lecture day that such as have children to be kept at school would bring in their names and what they will give for one whole year, and also that if any poor body hath children, or a child, that the town will pay for it by rate." The first part of this town order indicates the method by which the earliest schools were generally supported—that of voluntary contribution. The last clause of the entry constitutes probably the first instance in America of legal provision for free education by state support. From these conditions and within a generation free public education in the Massachusetts towns developed.

It was, however, the Latin grammar school, found in all the colonies, that received the greatest attention, attaining at times the dignity of a newspaper or pamphlet agitation. Cotton Mather has left us the petition which John Eliot offered repeat-

edly at the synod of churches: "Lord, for schools everywhere amongst us! That our schools may flourish! That every member of this assembly go home and procure a good school to be encouraged by the town where he lives! That before we die we may be so happy as to see a good school encouraged by every plantation in the country!" Such zeal was not an isolated phenomenon and could not but bear fruit. The enthusiasm of America for education and the great public school system of subsequent days are but the legitimate results of such early devotion.

The outstanding figure in the conduct of the Latin school, as well as the chief representative of the colonial schoolmaster, is Ezekiel Cheever, who taught for seventy years, the last thirty-eight of them as master of the Boston Grammar School. Cheever himself contributed little to literature except a Latin *Accidence*, probably the earliest American school book, entitled *A Short Introduction to the Latin Tongue* (before 1650). This in itself was no more voluminous than the poetic tribute paid after his death by one of his pupils, Cotton Mather. With better motive perhaps than metre he thus records his esteem:

> A mighty tribe of well instructed youth
> Tell what they owe to him and tell with truth,
> All the eight parts of speech he taught to them
> They now employ to trumpet his esteem.
> . . . . . .
> Ink is too vile a liquor; liquid gold
> Should fill the pen by which such things are told.

Another of Cheever's pupils was Judge Sewall, who has left us in his diary some details of the schooling of his children. After hearing Mather's funeral oration upon Cheever, Sewall made in this diary but one brief entry about their departed master: "He abominated periwigs."

Of the other colonial schoolmasters who contributed to literature the German pedagogue of Pennsylvania, Christopher Dock, has left the most substantial literary product. Besides a text or treatise he wrote an elaborate set of rules, one hundred in number, which portray in great detail the conduct of schools of the time, but which after all reveal merely transplanted European customs. Methods were extremely practical; although

they indicate considerable empirical knowledge of human nature they show no scientific or philosophical knowledge of education. "When he can say his A B C's and point out each letter with his index finger, he is put into the A, b, abs. When he reaches this class his father owes him a penny and his mother must fry him two eggs for his diligence." One of the most fundamental of modern educational principles is indeed recognized: "Different children need different treatment." But how typical of the times is the interpretation, for he goes on to say: "That is because the wickedness of youth exhibits itself in so many ways." This most elaborate of colonial pedagogical works is similar in form and purpose to the numerous books on behaviour produced in all European countries during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but it has little of the penetration or urbanity and none of the literary grace of Castiglione or of Chesterfield, or of the good Bishop de la Casa.

The most influential as well as most characteristic textbook of the colonial period was *The New England Primer*,[1] first issued about 1690 by a Boston printer. Constructed on principles borrowed from Comenius's *Orbis Pictus* and from the *Protestant Tutor*, it was used quite generally throughout the colonies and universally in New England. Countless youth made their way through the alphabet from "In Adam's Fall We Sinned All" to "Zaccheus he Did Climb the Tree, Our Lord to See." To its sombre interpretation of life was given a touch of human interest by the vivid description and illustrations of the martyrdom of Mr. John Rogers in the presence of his wife and nine small children "and one at the Breast." This little volume, no larger than the palm of a child's hand, was spelling book, reader, and text in religion, morals, and history. It culminated in the shorter catechism, but no part of it was without its religious phase, for the achievement in spelling extended to "abomination" and "justification." From the seed of this little volume sprang the notable harvest of schoolbooks, one of the most practical as well as most substantial of American achievements in education. A maturer companion piece to *The New England Primer* was Wigglesworth's *The Day of Doom* (1662). Though it was used perhaps more for home reading than for schools, few Puritan

[1] See also Book II, Chap. VII.

children escaped the task of memorizing its description of the last judgment.[1]

More voluminous than the literature of the lower schools is that relating to the colleges. One of the earliest literary productions of the colonists, the anonymous *New England's First Fruits* published in 1643, gives a full description of Harvard with its charter, curriculum, and rules governing student conduct. It reflects the spirit of the times, revealing the conception of education and the devotion of the people.

> After God had carried us safe to New England, and we had builded our houses, provided necessaries for our livelihood, named convenient places for God's worship and settled the civil government, one of the next things we longed for and looked after was to advance learning and perpetuate it to posterity, dreading to leave an illiterate ministry to the churches when our present ministry shall be in the dust.

At the close of the century Cotton Mather in his *Magnalia* gave an elaborate history of the college, with accounts of its later rules and its chief dignitaries. Such charters and codes of rules are to be found for all the colonial colleges. These include Harvard, founded in 1636, named two years later, opened in 1639, and graduating its first class in 1642; William and Mary, founded in 1693 but for a generation perhaps little more than a grammar school; Yale, founded in 1701 but migratory for sixteen years; the college of New Jersey, more popularly called Princeton, founded in 1746; Pennsylvania, founded as an academy by Franklin in 1746 but chartered as a "college, academy and charitable school" in 1756; King's, now Columbia, founded in 1754; Brown, founded in Rhode Island by the Baptists in 1764; Queen's, now Rutgers, founded by the Dutch Reformed Church in 1766; and Dartmouth, founded as an Indian charity school in 1754 and chartered as a college in 1785. The first six were the achievements of entire colonies in which the sectarian motive was strong and the early population unified by belief. Two were direct outgrowths of religious sects. The last was a philanthropic venture. Benefactors gave their names to three; colonies to two; loyalty to reigning monarchs to three; Franklin was largely instrumental in the creation of Pennsyl-

[1] See Book I, Chap. IX.

vania. Dartmouth alone was "the lengthened shadow of a man," Eleazar Wheelock.

Each institution developed a mass of literature, in some cases controversial, but for the most part merely descriptive or apologetic. With the middle of the eighteenth century there appeared an educational literature revolutionary in character. Benjamin Franklin was the protagonist of these writers, and in truth colonial America's greatest educational leader. No one more clearly portrayed or did more to formulate the practical temper of American education for the half century succeeding the achievement of political maturity as well as for the half century preceding. Through the pages of *Poor Richard's Almanac* and by his own philanthropic activities he instilled the practical wisdom of economy, industry, thrift, virtue, into the receptive minds of his fellow colonists. He set up models of self-education in his *Plan of Daily Examinations in Moral Virtues* and in *Father Abraham's Speech*, which was a condensation of the wisdom of *Poor Richard*. His educational ideals, realized only fragmentarily in his own lifetime but more fully in succeeding generations, he formulated in his *Proposals Relating to the Education of the Youth of Pennsylvania* and in his *Sketch of an English School*. The former led ultimately to the establishment of the University of Pennsylvania.

The scheme for an English classical school or academy was the first effective revolt against the traditional education. While this portion of the school thrived not at all and persisted only under great difficulties, yet the idea survived and effected reform in the college from time to time. The same practical ideas appear in the announcement of King's College in 1754. The first president outlined his curriculum as follows:

> And lastly, a serious, virtuous, and industrious course of life being first provided for, it is further the design of this college to instruct and perfect the youth in the learned languages, and in the arts of reasoning exactly, of writing correctly, and speaking eloquently; and in the arts of numbering and measuring, of surveying and navigation, of geography and history, of husbandry, commerce, and government, and in the knowledge of all nature in the heavens above us, and in the air, water, and earth around us, and the various kinds of meteors, stones, mines and minerals, plants and animals, and of everything useful for the comfort, the conven-

ience, and elegance of life; in the chief manufactures relating to any of these things, and finally to lead them from the study of nature to the knowledge of themselves and of the God of nature, their duty to Him, themselves and one another and everything that can constitute to their true happiness, both here and hereafter.

Though this programme was set forth by President Johnson, the chief advocate of these views before the public was Dr. William Smith, who was largely instrumental in the founding of King's and who became the first provost of Pennsylvania. In 1753 he published his *College of Mirania*, a Utopian educational scheme containing the ideas advanced in the curriculum given above and in fact the germ of a reformed higher education. The underlying principle of Smith's proposed reforms is one which has been repeated by educational innovators of many generations, the realization of which must be attained anew by each generation. "The knowledge of what tends neither directly nor indirectly to make better men and better citizens is but a knowledge of trifles. It is not learning but a specious and ingenious sort of idleness." The most revolutionary part of his scheme was the proposal of a mechanics' academy, as a counterpart of the collegiate school for the learned professions. This academy was to formulate an education for those "designed for the mechanic professions and all the remaining people of the country." The essential features of the curriculum of this type of schools are what in present times we should call the sciences, theoretical and applied. Franklin's scheme in the English academy was essentially the same.

But the dawning of political revolution eclipsed the rising educational one, the new colleges fell back into the easier ways of the old, and educational advance awaited a new nation, a new century, and a new vision.

Problems of political construction, of economic development, of national expansion and protection thoroughly absorbed the interests and energies of the Americans for the first half century of their national existence. Education was left to individual initiative or to quasi-public philanthropic interests. During this period there is no literature which may be termed educational except by loosest interpretation, and the references to education in such literature as was produced are few.

Our national constitution, the great political document of the era, does not mention the subject. Of the sixteen state constitutions adopted during the eighteenth century, only five treat of it, and these, with one exception, in the most general manner. Thus it would seem that our forefathers looked upon education, at least of the elementary type, as a matter of individual concern, or as of local interest only. Two enactments of the national legislature had profound influence on the subsequent development of education and represent all that the national government did for public education until the Civil War period. The third article of the famous ordinance of 1787 reads: "Religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and means of education shall be encouraged." Two years previously, however, Congress had passed the Land Ordinance of 1785 by which the sixteenth section in each township was set aside for educational and gospel purposes. These two ordinances, together with subsequent modifications, ultimately gave as an endowment for public education a domain about as large as the Netherlands or Belgium or Denmark.

The local legislation of this period was chiefly permissive, and outside of New York and New England of little significance. In these states as elsewhere legislation was directed to the establishment of a district system of elementary schools. Such a system was the expression in educational terms of the most extreme principle of democracy. For it gave to the smallest unit which had or could have political organization and which could utilize a school, complete determination and control of the method of its support, the length of term, the character and equipment of teachers, the curriculum, and the textbooks. In time this system performed the great service of educating the American democracy to an interest in education, a belief in publicly supported schools, and an educated citizenship. Yet it also greatly limited that education and retarded educational development in other respects, in that the poorest teacher and the briefest term meant economy for the taxpayer, as irregular attendance and cheap textbooks did for the parent; while a restricted curriculum accomplished the same result for both these and the pupil as well. Such a system was destructive of professional interest and injurious to public spirit; but such no

doubt was the necessary path to a broader and freer education if worked out in the democratic way. This explains largely the dearth of educational literature during this period, or its limitation to casual interpolations, private letters, legislative matter, or advertisement. One such advertisement contains in itself a further explanation of the indifferent status of education:

> Wanted—a person qualified to teach school, and as an amanuensis to write grammatically for the press the composition of an old invalid. He must be a proper judge of securities for cash; draw leases; make wills; and undertake the clerkship of a large Benefit Society, with whom he must, by their articles, pray extempore and give them lectures. He ought to be able to sing and play different instruments of music, to teach his pupils to dance, and to shave and dress a few gentlemen in the neighborhood. Bleeding, drawing of teeth, and curing fire-legs, agues, and chilblains in children, will be considered as extra qualifications.

During this period communication was slow, travel most difficult, publication costly. As bespeaks an age of relative leisure, much of the literature was epistolary in character. The subject of education often entered into the correspondence of our forefathers, and sometimes found its way into the public press of the day. But on the whole the amount of such writing is surprisingly small; the interest in education of the generation that founded our government and put it into operation was slight and lacking in penetration.

Washington believed in a national university and wrote frequently on that subject. His outlook here, as on other aspects of education, was that of a Virginian or an English country gentleman—that educators were necessary but that the means to this end were a matter chiefly of individual concern. John Adams wrote his views into the first state constitution of Massachusetts, but they were the traditional views of colonial Massachusetts. He also left a diary or fragmentary autobiography which covers his experience as a district school teacher, without revealing more than a passing interest in education. James Madison held a broad conception of education, expressed frequently in his correspondence, but not at length. "A popular government, without popular information or the means of acquiring it, is but a prologue to a farce or a tragedy or perhaps

both." Though probably the most widely informed man of his time, he did little more for education than occasionally to express such views.

Of all the national leaders, Thomas Jefferson alone took a vital interest in education, held broad and progressive views upon the subject, laboured incessantly for their realization, and left a literary record of them. The two most elaborate presentations of these views are in proposed laws or codes, one of 1779, the other of 1816. The first, a bill for the general diffusion of knowledge, proposed for Virginia a reproduction with elaborations of the essential features of the New England school system which was never realized; the second eventuated in the University of Virginia, the first of the state institutions, now so characteristic of America, to achieve material form. Much of the voluminous correspondence of Jefferson relates to these projects. He wrote often to his friend and political and legislative representative, George Cabell, advancing arguments, answering objections. His correspondence with Professor Ticknor of Harvard, lately returned from European universities, reveals his interest in and knowledge of foreign institutions. From this source no doubt came the innovations regarding freedom of choice of studies, the divorce of these from degrees, the lack of a permanent administrative head, the democratic government of both students and faculties, and other features which made the University of Virginia unique among American universities.

Jefferson's influence on education was local, not national. Only one other local or state leader of this generation was comparable to Jefferson: Governor De Witt Clinton of New York. Clinton, an organizer and a promoter of all movements for social betterment, left numerous addresses on various phases of the quasi-public educational endeavours of his time. Scientific societies, libraries, mechanics' institutes, hospitals, societies for the relief of the poor, infant school societies, Lancasterian societies, all held his interest and called forth statements of his democratic views. These, together with his messages to the legislature commending educational reforms, constitute the most considerable body of educational materials of the times. It was particularly the mechanical and temporarily successful Lancasterian system which aroused his greatest

enthusiasm. While Mayor of New York City he was instrumental in organizing (1805) the Free School Society of which he was president until his death. For thirty-eight years this society was the sole public or quasi-public educational agency for the children of the metropolis, and for ten years longer it continued a potent factor in competition with the growing public school system. As Governor of the state (1817–22 and 1824–28) Clinton continued an ardent advocate of this system through public address and official paper.

The chief literary as well as practical exponent of the system was John Griscom (1774–1852), a New York Quaker. In 1819 he published his observations on a visit to European countries, as *A Year in Europe.* In this he records his impressions of all types of European educational, philanthropic, and reformatory efforts, thus giving to his countrymen in this direction a great stimulus to endeavour. Of this work Henry Barnard later declared: "No one volume in the first half of the nineteenth century had so wide an influence on our educational, reformatory, and preventive measures, directly and indirectly, as this." Griscom's *Recollections* gives an intimate account of his services as teacher, administrator, educational innovator, and public-spirited citizen, covering a period of more than half a century.

The Lancasterian system had run its course before the death of Griscom. Its mechanical scheme of organization made it possible at least to attempt the education of children in large groups. Lancaster claimed that one teacher, by using the older pupils as monitors, could teach one thousand pupils. This ideal was beyond the reach of his followers, though he himself is said to have demonstrated its feasibility. The early New York schoolrooms were built for five hundred pupils. Economically the scheme claimed to educate the child at an expense of one dollar a year. Thus it put within the realm of possibility the education of all the children of a community on the basis of philanthropic and later of public support. To communities not yet accustomed to taxation for police or fire protection, for means of communication, care of streets, or sanitary provisions, experience with the Lancasterian plan was an essential factor in the evolution of schools. But the superficiality of the method and its meagre intellectual results, its repressive disciplinary measures, its false conception of child nature, its low moral

plane resulting from dependence on motives of reward and punishment, and the formality of its religious instruction brought about its final rejection.

Meanwhile a European educational influence of quite different character was being exerted through literary channels. This was the Pestalozzian movement in Switzerland and Germany, destined in later decades to have a powerful effect on American education. In 1806 William McClure, a Scotch philanthropist recently settled in Philadelphia, returned from Paris whither he had been sent as a commissioner to settle the French war claims. While there he had gone on an occasion to see the great Emperor, when it had been announced that Napoleon was to visit an experimental school kept by one of his old soldiers, Neef by name. Napoleon rejected the Pestalozzian ideas urged on him by Neef, while McClure accepted them, as did also the Prussian government.

Through various articles McClure was the first to introduce the Pestalozzian conception of education into America; later he induced Neef to remove to America, and in Philadelphia in 1808 Neef issued his *Plan and Method of Education*, the first distinctly pedagogical work published in the United States. The work of Neef in his first school was briefly described in later years in the memoirs of his most distinguished pupil, Admiral Farragut. Subsequently McClure and Neef both joined in the communistic and educational scheme which Robert Owen established at New Harmony, Indiana, in 1825. Owen had published in 1813 his *New Views of Society*, which was widely circulated in America as a means of educational and social propaganda. The substance of this dissertation was delivered by invitation before the American Congress, of which Owen's son, Robert Dale Owen, was later a member. The son also issued his *Outline of the System of Education at New Lanark, Scotland*, as a part of the American propaganda. The New Harmony experiment was a failure (1828), and the literary propaganda aroused intense opposition upon the part of the conservative elements in American society, particularly the religious, which then dominated the traditional education. The general triumph of the Pestalozzian ideas did not come until after the Civil War.

One great factor in the secularization of American education was formulated during this early national period—the school

textbook. A second factor in this process was the change of dominant profession. During the colonial period, in education as in social and political life, this was the ministry. Immediately preceding and following the Revolutionary War leadership was largely assumed by the legal profession. The practical bent given to education by such men as Franklin and by the actual conditions of American life constituted a third factor. The three together resulted during the middle national period in the complete secularization of education at least in the elementary field. This change was accomplished in the United States long before it came about in any European country.

The textbooks of the colonial period were almost exclusively religious in character and content. From the close of the Revolution a distinct type of American textbook began to appear. Political material in the form of orations, patriotic appeals, and more or less exaggerated or distorted descriptions progressively replaced the sombre religious contents of the earlier books. Undoubtedly the bombastic oratory, exaggerated style of speech, and rather flamboyant views and claims of the American citizens of these and succeeding generations were largely due to this change. However, this was one of the means, perhaps a necessary one, by which provincialism vindicated itself, maintained its independence of "effete" European society, and developed in time a strong nationalism.

The earliest and most influential of these textbook writers was Noah Webster (1758–1843), whose fame as a lexicographer has long outlived his fame as textbook writer. In explanation of his work he wrote: "In 1782, while the American army was lying on the banks of the Hudson, I kept a classical school at Goshen, N. Y. The country was impoverished; intercourse with Great Britain was interrupted, and schoolbooks were scarce and hardly attainable." Accordingly, in 1783 he issued the first part of his *Grammatical Institute of the English Language, Comprising an Easy, Concise, and Systematic Method of Education Designed for the Use of English Schools in America.* This was a combination speller, reader, and grammar, which had patriotic as well as educational aims. Out of it grew various modifications, the most noted of which was *The American Speller.* This is the premier American textbook, of which more than seventy-five million copies have been sold and which still

has its devotees. In 1806 appeared his *Compendious Dictionary of the English Language*, which in its school or in its unabridged form has ever since been a familiar and popular work of reference.

The only rival to Webster in popularity and fame was Lindley Murray (1745–1826), a Quaker educator of New York and New Jersey. In 1795 he published his *English Grammar*, in 1797 his *English Reader*, and in 1804 his *Spelling Book*. These, somewhat more scholarly than those of Webster, and, as became an author English-born, somewhat less narrowly nationalistic, were also extremely popular, widely used, and greatly influential. In 1784 Jedidiah Morse issued his *Geography Made Easy*, the first American text on this subject. This was followed in 1789 by *American Geography, or a View of the Present Situation of the United States*, which was even more distinctly a means of political and nationalistic propaganda. In 1797 he published his *Elements of Geography*, and in 1814 his *Universal Geography*. The *New and Complete System of Arithmetic* by Nicholas Pike, avowedly a patriotic or nationalistic endeavour, came from the press in 1788. In its original form, too bulky for simple school use, or in numerous simpler offspring it dominated American schools for half a century.

There followed a deluge of school texts, as might be expected of an independent people blessed with initiative and groping for a democratic education. Many of these attempted the synthesis of the old and the new. There were those which began geographical studies with the exploration by Moses of the Red Sea; or the study of ichthyology with Jonah. Many still used the old catechetical form. Most included material of religious character, some of it in violently controversial form. Some adopted Biblical phraseology, hoping that the form would make alive, even if the spirit were gone. All were intensely nationalistic.

In the field of higher education, the outstanding change during this period was the development of the professional schools of medicine and law. The creation of a professional literature followed. The old colonial government was superseded by national and state governments based on written constitutions, "a government of law, not of men." Law reports began to appear in 1789, with Kirby's Connecticut Reports,

and a book of practice was published as early as 1802. Courses in law were offered as early as 1773 at King's, now Columbia; at William and Mary, Yale, and Princeton before 1795. In 1793 James Kent was appointed lecturer in law at Columbia and served for three years. After twenty-five years at the bar and on the bench he returned to the academic position and delivered the series of lectures which forms the basis of American legal literature, his *Commentaries on American Law.*[1]

Medical education, like legal education, had been given during the colonial period chiefly by the apprentice system. Transition from this occurred through proprietary schools. While these schools persisted for the most part until the middle of the nineteenth century, yet university affiliation was found as early as 1767 at King's, now Columbia. More noted, however, was the proprietary school in Philadelphia from which the patriot physician Benjamin Rush laid the foundation of American medical literature.

The literature of science and philosophy stimulated in England and France chiefly through the quasi-public academies and in the Teutonic countries chiefly through state-controlled universities, found its chief encouragement in America through privately organized societies. The earliest of these was the famous Junto of Benjamin Franklin, organized in 1743. In 1780 this developed into the American Philosophical Society at Philadelphia. The same year the American Academy of Arts and Sciences was organized at Boston. This institution was chiefly under English influences, as the former was under French. Under the auspices of these two organizations most of the early scientific and philosophical publications of Americans were produced. Much of this literature was of very practical character, relating to agriculture, climatology, applied sciences, industry. Before 1820 eight or ten such societies were organized. After that period the number of such societies increased rapidly; but with growth in numbers came increased specialization. The development of the natural sciences brought about a less popular character of publication. Finally the literature of these societies became so technical as to fall out of the field of general educational literature.

As has been indicated, almost half a century of national

[1] See Book II, Chap. xv.

life had passed before the masses or even the leaders came to any general realization of the importance of public education to the new nation. During the second half century (1825–1875), which may be termed the middle national period, education was nationalized, democratized, and made free. This necessitated the education of the masses of the new democracy to the significance of education in its political and social bearing; the conversion of the professional teacher to a revised form of schooling less aristocratic in control, content, and method; and the persuasion of the hard-headed, not to say close-fisted, taxpayer that the expense was a legitimate object of government, not simply a matter of individual inclination and ambition. Each was a difficult task, and each produced its own type of literature.

Periodical publications devoted to education made their appearance. In 1818–19 there was published in New York *The Academician*, the first American educational periodical. Its standard was high, its appeal was made in no pettifogging spirit:

> O ye, whom science choose to guide
> Her unpolluted stream along,
> Adorn with flowers its cultured side
> And to its taste allure the young.

This was followed by *The American Journal of Education* (1826–30), making its appeal to the cultured classes and aiming to inform them on the subject of education and to persuade them of its fundamental importance. In the broadest social sense, not in the narrow technical one, it aimed to be educative. It proposed to diffuse enlarged and liberal views of education, to lay emphasis on physical education, moral education, domestic education, and personal education. Above all it considered the subject of "female education to be unspeakably important." The *Journal* was continued in *The American Annals of Education* (1831–39), the editors of which were William C. Woodbridge and A. Bronson Alcott. Alcott's other contribution to educational literature, *The Records of a School*, aroused to violent reaction the conservatives of his time, for in it were set forth educational doctrines which were not only radical after the type of Pestalozzi but revolutionary in the sense of the "modern

schools" of Ferrer and other more recent radicals. From Alcott's school Louisa M. Alcott is said to have chosen the characters for some of her stories for the young. The *Journal* and the *Annals* were as worthy educational publications as any that we have in our own time, and appealed to the interests of the entire educated class instead of to the teaching profession, which indeed can hardly be said to have existed then.

Similar to these, in content at least, was the first educational periodical of the Middle West, *The Western Literary Magazine and Institute of Instruction*, published in Cincinnati (1835–39). The quality of this journal is a surprising comment on the high character of the interests of the frontier region. Its efforts were largely directed toward the development of free public schools and the higher education of women.

These were succeeded by a number of other magazines whose interests were localized in particular states, whose appeal was to the teaching profession alone, and whose objects were merely the development of a particular school system and of the technique of teaching. By the close of this period practically every state had one or more such publication. Only one of these, the first and the most influential, need be mentioned. This was *The Common School Journal* of Massachusetts, founded and for ten years edited by Horace Mann. It became the channel of official report and leadership, the source of professional training and stimulation, and the chief means by which Mann carried on his prolonged struggle for the reform and betterment of popular education. Yet this journal, like all of its type, was distinctly below the grade of the group of magazines first mentioned.

In magnitude, scope, and quality, however, all were outclassed by one great publication, Henry Barnard's *American Journal of Education* (1856–82). No other educational periodical so voluminous and exhaustive has issued from either private or public sources. It will ever constitute a mine of information concerning this and earlier periods in both Europe and America. Through this and his other publications, as well as through his position as first Commissioner of Education at the head of the National Bureau (founded 1867), Barnard exerted widespread influence on the developing educational interests of America. So valuable are the volumes of this magazine that when in

subsequent years it was proposed to destroy the plates from which they were printed, a private subscription by appreciative friends of education in England saved them.

During the third, fourth, and fifth decades of the century another class of periodicals disseminated much material on education and exerted a peculiar influence on the developing ideas of the new democracy. These were the labour publications, particularly *The Workingman's Advocate*, *The Daily Sentinel*, and *The Young American*. Those enumerated were all issued in New York, but similar publications appeared in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Cincinnati. The labour element, which during this period came into self-consciousness and achieved organization, took greater interest in education than at any subsequent time, but was peculiarly interested in the establishment of free public education of democratic character.

The most succinct and effective of the statements of labour on education is found in a series of six articles first issued in 1830 and republished subsequently in a number of publications. The first essay addressed itself to the question "What sort of an education is befitting a republic?" and answered "One that is open and free to all." An education, such as then prevailed, which shut the book of knowledge to one and opened it to another, was undemocratic. The second essay discussed the source of support, and asserted that it should be "from the Government," because education was in reality a form of legislation and if wisely cared for might to a great extent supersede the necessity and save the expense of criminal law, jails, and almshouses. The third essay considered the question "What sort of an education should the people have?" and answered "Whatever is good enough for human beings." The current aristocratic education "of adornment" was rejected, "not because Hebrew and velvet painting are good only for the rich and privileged, but only because we think them useless for any one." The purpose of education is to make men "not fractions of human beings, sometimes mere producing machines, sometimes mere consuming drones, but an integral republic, at once the creators and employers of industry, at once master and servant, governor and governed." The specific scheme recommended was a combination of industrial and agricultural train-

ing with a more practical literary education than that in vogue at the time.

These educational demands of labour were combined with many other calls for social reform. Some of these, long since attained, such as free access to public lands, abolition of imprisonment for debt, adoption of general bankruptcy laws, removal of property qualification for voting, have an antiquated sound at present. Some, such as abolition of monopolies, shorter working hours, equal rights for women with men in all respects, are still familiar slogans; some, such as the abolition of all laws for the collection of debts, the housing of all children in barracks for educational purposes, possess a radicalism which puts them in the realm of Utopias, desired or undesired.

With the substantial achievement of free public education, at least in theory, by the middle of the century, the labour groups lost their interest in education and in large public questions in general, and transferred it to the economic problems in which they were interested.

During this period America was peculiarly conscious of its growth in national independence and sensitive as to its provincialism. This sensitiveness was not rendered less acute by the comments of friendly visitors such as Miss Martineau (*Society in America*, 1837) and Charles Dickens (*American Notes*, 1842), guests not inclined to "see Americans first." Some of these foreign commentators on educational America were more generous in appreciation. George Combe, the celebrated phrenologist, in his three volumes of *Notes on the United States of America* (1841), makes frequent reference to educational affairs in which he was much interested; the Swede, Siljestrom, published in 1853 *The Educational Institutions of the United States*, the most elaborate description and most favourable commentary of all.

The educational leaders of America, however, and to a less extent the educated public, were keenly alive to the technical superiority of European education and to the value of some of the novel European experiments. The two most important of these have been mentioned. The mechanical English Lancasterianism reached the zenith of its popularity before the middle of the century and disappeared before the close of this middle national period. The Swiss Pestalozzianism, especially in its

systematized German form, greatly increased in influence. Because of its liberal and more accurate interpretation of human nature, its kindly sentiment, its democratic bearing, and the social significance which it gave to education, it fitted into the American environment. School method was greatly modified and in time shaped by a more psychologically accurate interpretation of the child mind, as school management was by a more human conception of the educational process. Both Lancasterianism and Pestalozzianism occasioned a mass of publications, in pamphlets, newspapers, periodicals, books, and special reports. The infant school, borrowed from England, though it had a briefer vogue than Lancasterianism, contributed to the development of our primary schools.

The Fellenberg experiment in Switzerland (1809–44) exerted, according to Barnard, a greater influence in America than any other single educational institution ever did. Its fundamental idea was the unifying of an academic and a practical industrial or agricultural education as this union is now achieved by such an institution as Hampton. Scarcely an American college and few academies founded between 1825 and the middle of the century but sought to embody this idea. Consequently early collegiate literature is saturated with this suggestion. Suggestion only, however, it proved to be, for few followed the experiment long and none actually understood the fundamental educational principles involved. The plan commended itself to provincial America, since it made collegiate education feasible to many to whom it were otherwise impossible because of financial limitations. It met with approval also because it promoted the physical health so much needed by students who were yet living under the ideals of a religious asceticism tempered only by occasional relapse. There were good souls who justified this type of education by recalling that Samson was a man of strength, David was ruddy of countenance, and that Moses must have been of strong physique to judge by certain incidents in his early manhood.

European endeavour and achievement in education became the subject of much study by American educators and occasioned a few outstanding reports. Some of these reports were personal only, as that on the Fellenberg plan (1831–32) by William C. Woodbridge, who taught for a year in the parent

institution. Others were official, as that made by Professor Calvin E. Stowe on the Prussian school system to the Ohio legislature in 1837. This brief volume, admirable in conciseness, temper, and insight, had wide influence and was republished by many state legislatures. So also was the report of the French philosopher Cousin, *On the State of Public Instruction in Germany, Particularly in Prussia* (1831). This, indeed, because of its wide influence came to be considered a part of American educational literature.

More ponderous and less influential was the exhaustive report of Alexander Dallas Bache (1839), the first president of Girard College. Authorized by the trustees to gather information concerning the education of orphans, he included an elaborate study of school systems of most European countries. The influence of all these reports was focussed by Horace Mann in his *Seventh Annual Report* (1844) as Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education.

Mann was an ardent patriot, an experienced politician and public administrator, a keen observer, an energetic reformer, and the wielder of a trenchant pen. His forceful statement was followed up by yet more forceful practical endeavour. The abolition of corporal punishment, the introduction of an enriched curriculum, the training of teachers, the adoption of methods based on a scientific knowledge of the human mind, the proper classification of school children, the elaboration of the public school system to include many if not all of the quasi-public organizations so numerous in America—these were his demands. The effect of all of the efforts to borrow lessons from European, particularly German, experience was thoroughly in evidence.

One other of these observers of European experiment has already been mentioned,—Henry Barnard (1811–1900),—the record of whose observations exceeds in bulk the work of all the others. In 1852 Barnard issued a volume of *School Architecture* placing that phase of educational activity on the most advanced plane, where it has since been maintained. In 1851 he published an extensive volume on *Normal Schools*, and in 1854 one on *National Education*. These activities were continued in the serial publication of the *American Journal of Education*.

Horace Mann's activities were directed pointedly against local evils and produced violent reaction. The controversy in magazine and newspaper was prolonged and became of national interest. So it happened that the great educational reforms of the fourth, fifth, and sixth decades of the century, in which Barnard and many others laboured no less effectively than Mann, became generally connected with Mann's name

In this period official educational reports appeared in great quantities. Such documents actually began as early as 1789 with the Reports of the Regents of the State of New York to the legislature. This series, still continued, gives us the longest survey of education to be found in state or nation. Reports of state superintendents of education began with the establishment of such an office in the State of New York in 1812. These two series were the only ones, however, before the appointment of Mann in Massachusetts in 1837 and of Barnard in Connecticut in 1838. The reports of Horace Mann are to this day outstanding documents and reveal in detail the accomplishments as well as the needs of education in his time. Others of importance were those of Lewis of Ohio, Pierce of Michigan, and Gilman of Connecticut, later the first president of Johns Hopkins University. While none of these documentary reports possess the literary quality of those of Mann and Barnard, and perhaps gain their classification as literature merely because they appear in print and cumber the shelves of our libraries, yet in them one can discover the educational achievements and aspirations of the period.

Technical professional literature began to appear towards the middle of the century, with the founding of the normal schools. Omitting the short production of Neef, the earliest and undoubtedly the most popular and influential through all of this period was *The Theory and Practice of Teaching* (1847) by David T. Page, principal of the first New York normal school.

Popular educational discussion was largely if not wholly directed to the question of free public schools as opposed to the traditional private, church, or quasi-public schools supported by tuition fees or rates. It is difficult for Americans of the present generation to realize that little more than half a century ago free public schools were frequently attacked as having

dangerous socialistic tendencies, as being atheistic, or as devices of the evil one. Even political radicals could resolve "that all compulsory school establishments are as oppressive as church establishments and no reasoning, no arguments, can be offered in support of the former which are not equally applicable to the latter." The conservatives, represented by the most influential *National Gazette* (1830), argued: "It is our strong inclination and our obvious interest that literary education should be universal; but we should be guilty of imposture if we professed to believe in the possibility of that consummation . . . . The 'peasant' must labour during those hours of the day which his wealthy neighbour can give to the abstract culture of the mind." The ecclesiastical representative arguing for the repeal of the free school act in New York (1850) claimed that "it will at least give us hope that if the people of the State shall be delivered from this odious act, the people of this city will soon follow in demanding freedom from schools that are a moral nuisance, and have no kind of claim upon the confidence of the public." The views of the aristocratic class may be represented in a sentence or two from John C. Calhoun (1834):

> The poor and uneducated are increasing; there is no power in a republican government to repress them; the number and disorderly tempers will make them the efficient enemies and the ruin of property . . . . Education will do nothing for them; they will not give it to their children; it will do them no good if you do. . . . Slavery is indispensable to a republican government.

To counteract and destroy such views was not an easy or a brief task. The controversy was prolonged through years of public discussion and debate. The most important of the arguments for the free school which found permanent form were the *Essays on Popular Education* (1824) by James T. Carter of Massachusetts; the address of Thaddeus Stevens on *Free Schools vs. Charity or Pauper Schools* before the legislature of Pennsylvania in 1835; the *Tenth Annual Report* of Horace Mann in 1846; and finally the address of James A. Garfield, then congressman, later President, on the establishment of a national bureau of education in 1867. Surprising as it now seems, the controversy terminated only after the Civil War. The free

school system was not finally established in New York until 1867, in New Jersey until 1869; in actual practice it was not in operation in a number of the Middle Western states until after 1870, and in some of the Southern states a decade or so later.

As *The Journal of Education* said, during this period the problem of "female education" was "unspeakably important." In the successful agitation of that subject America made one of her great contributions to education. Undoubtedly the prevalent view was that "education renders females less contented with the lot assigned them by God and by the customs of society; that it tends to withdraw them from their appropriate domestic duties, and thus make them less happy and less useful." The first effective protest against this view was made by Mrs. Emma Hart Willard (1787–1870). After a teaching experience which began at the age of seventeen, she drew up in 1816 an *Address to the Public, Particularly to the Legislature of New York, Proposing a Plan for Improving Female Education.* At the urgent advice of Governor Clinton the legislature voted (1819) that the academy which Mrs. Willard had founded should be entitled to share in the state funds. Though these funds were probably never granted by the regents and consequently never became available, the institution has the credit of being the first institution, in America at least, for the higher education of women to which state aid was voted. Mrs. Willard wrote many textbooks and was credited by her generation with opening to women the "masculine subjects" of mathematics and the descriptive sciences.

The pioneer work of Mrs. Willard in founding the Troy Academy was followed by that of Mary Lyon in the founding of Mount Holyoke Seminary (1837). Miss Lyon's one contribution to literature, aside from the circular of the institution, was *Female Education* (1839), which was but an enlarged prospectus of the Seminary and a defence of the type of education then offered to girls. By a narrow margin the institution escaped being labelled "The Pangynaikean Seminary," and by a margin quite as narrow did the education offered vary from the traditional formal education of young men. The tendency to make women's newly won privilege a mere copy of the formal education offered to men is revealed in a yet more extreme form

in the next step, the establishment of the first women's college, Vassar, in 1861. Nevertheless the literary documents produced by these foundations are far more radical than the views prevalent and reveal a greater independence of thought than do the institutions in their practice.

The literary discussions called forth by this subject during this entire period while voluminous in quantity have only historical interest; nor had the cause any advocates who can compare in literary skill or influence with Hannah More or Maria Edgeworth.

In the field of higher education the middle half-century was one of great activity and advance. The Dartmouth College Case by its decision (1819) that the state could have no part in determining the character or activities of denominational institutions once chartered, stimulated both secular authorities and sectarian religious interests to renewed activity in fostering such institutions. Beginning with the University of Virginia, opened in 1824, and led particularly by the University of Michigan, opened in 1841, such secular institutions multiplied and flourished. Similar to these were Wisconsin, 1848, Minnesota, 1864, Illinois, 1867, California, 1873—to name only the largest and most widely known of the state universities; and of privately endowed institutions, the Johns Hopkins University, 1876, and Leland Stanford, Jr., University, 1891. In the case of denominational foundations the situation was similar. While eleven colleges were established previous to the Revolution and thirty-four in the following half century, no less than 285 such institutions, of acknowledged standing and still in existence, originated during the middle half-century. The University of Chicago, established in 1892, is the most famous.

Each institution produced certain literary efforts in the form of propaganda, report, and product. Undergraduate journalism originated and flourished. Sectarian propaganda was stimulated. College officials in time ceased to regard student instruction and discipline as their only function and began to attend to larger and more impersonal educational problems. The two most important products of these new interests were reports, one by the faculty of Amherst College in 1827, the other by the faculty of Yale College in 1829. It is an indication either of the progessiveness of that period or of the non-progressiveness

of the century intervening between then and now, or perhaps of the traditional character of educational ideas in general, that the problems discussed in these pamphlets are much the same as those of the present day, and that the arguments then offered differ but little from those now heard. A paragraph from the Amherst report states the problem clearly:

> Why, it is demanded, such reluctance to admit modern improvements and modern literature? Why so little attention to the natural, civil, and political history of our own country and to the genius of our government? Why so little regard to the French and Spanish languages, especially considering the commercial relations which are now so rapidly forming, and which bid fair to be indefinitely extended between the United States and all the great Southern republics? Why should my son, who is to be a merchant at home, or an agent in some foreign port; or why, if he is to inherit my fortune, and wishes to qualify himself for the duties and standing of a private gentleman, or a scientific farmer—why, in either case, should he be compelled to spend nearly four years out of six in the study of the dead languages, for which he has no taste, from which he expects to derive no material advantage, and for which he will in fact have but very little use after his senior examination?

This quotation indicates the tenor of the Amherst reply; it was favourable to a progressive, even radical, solution. On the other hand the very elaborate Yale discussion of the same subject, the product of prolonged faculty deliberation, is the fullest statement of the traditional "disciplinary" view of collegiate education.

The best literary presentation of the period of conflict is President Wayland's *Thoughts on the Present Collegiate System in the United States* (1842). This discussion, as also President Wayland's various annual reports, emphasized the need of radical reform in the collegiate system.

The middle decades of the century were characterized by the prominence of a few influential college presidents whose personality dominated the period and whose writings and official reports gave character to the literature relating to higher education. Among these were Eliphalet Nott (1804–66) of Union, Francis Wayland (1827–55) of Brown, Mark Hopkins (1836–72) of Williams, Frederick A. P. Barnard (1864–89) of Columbia. Nott for more than half a century gave his impress to the in-

dependent non-sectarian type of institution; Wayland directed the transformation of a small denominational college into an institution with broad outlook, efficiently serving the whole community; Hopkins[1] represents the entire conception of collegiate education as the moulding of the character of youth, as witnessed by the proverbial collegiate log with Hopkins at one end and the future President, Garfield, at the other; Barnard first caught the vision of the future university, growing out of the traditional college, and led the way to the threshold of a new day. Whether the curriculum should be reformed by the introduction of modern subjects; whether there should be a choice of these, when introduced, to the exclusion of the traditional classics; whether technical subjects, preparatory to the new professions of engineering, medicine, industry, and business should find a place—these became the subjects of continued discussion. The sectarian and hortatory discussions which prevailed before the Civil War gave way rather definitely after that conflict to such as these.

An important phase of the public education movement of the early half of the century has almost faded from our conception of education. To these generations, to whom the new, broader democratic views appealed because of the social, political, and economic benefits to the contemporary generation, the problem of adult education was of far more significance than it is today. This adult education was given through the medium of mechanics' institutes, debating clubs, "Ciceronian associations," and, most numerous of all, lyceums. A national convention of 1831 enumerated almost a thousand such organizations. The Massachusetts Report of 1840 lists eight mechanics' institutes and 137 lyceums. The lyceum organization, launched in Boston in 1829, included the town lyceum, and country, state, and national organizations. In reality the scheme never arrived at such complete general organization; however, it did attain universal popularity, very general distribution, and in some sections effective state as well as local organization. As the epistolary form of literary composition was the most popular in the preceding period, the lecture or address was during this period the dominant form of expression, even in the field of education. The leaders of thought in every walk of life

[1] See also Book II, Chap. XXII.

participated in this adult form of education, and much of the most important literary expression of the period was originally published through this channel. De Witt Clinton, Edward Everett, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, Bronson Alcott, George William Curtis, William Cullen Bryant, Henry David Thoreau, James Russell Lowell, Edward Everett Hale; such political leaders as Sumner, Douglas, Greeley; women leaders, as Julia Ward Howe, Susan B. Anthony, Emma Willard; foreign visitors; and almost every man of literary prominence made contributions to this form of literature, more or less permanent, and more or less educational in character.

The most important contributor to the lyceum type of education and its chief adornment was Emerson,[1] an essayist because he was a lecturer, rather than a lecturer because he was an essayist. His livelihood for a considerable period depended upon his professional activity upon the platform. Though the remuneration of these lecturers seems absurdly small when compared with the extravagant earnings of Chautauqua favourites, yet they were sufficient for the simple life of that period. The lecture had to be adapted to a mixed audience; it had to be limited to an hour's time; it had to be varied and stimulating; and it had to conform to certain literary or technical forms. Nevertheless there was a freedom in this literature given for the occasion and the people which bespeaks the educational character. Emerson himself said: "I preach in the lecture room, and there it tells, for there is no prescription. You may laugh, weep, reason, sing, sneer, or pray, according to your genius." The stimulating and illuminating idealism of Emerson's essays is an indication of the high purpose, if not an index of the normal attainment, of the adult educational endeavour of this generation. For his *Self Reliance*, *Compensation*, *Prudence*, *Intellect*, *The Over-Soul* not so much moulded the beliefs of his generation as expressed the unformulated thought and the highest aspiration of the New England Puritanism of his day.

Of literature presided over by the muses, there is little which relates to education. In this group Irving's *Legend of Sleepy Hollow* (1819) undoubtedly takes first place. If the delineation of Ichabod Crane is a caricature, that of the school is not, nor

[1] See Book II, Chap. IX.

is the "half itinerant life" of the master. No other account of the old district school approaches this one in charm. Nathaniel Hawthorne's *Grandfather's Chair* retells the story of Ezekiel Cheever; and *Daffy-down-Dilly* and other stories draw on the rich experience of the district school. Henry Ward Beecher's *Norwood* (1868) is a tale, or rather a series of sketches, of New England life in which the New England academy finds a place, as it properly should, since no institution or phase of life was more characteristic of this period. In a more humorous vein is Oliver Wendell Holmes's description of the Apollinean Female Institute in *Elsie Venner*. At a later day and in more attractive form the New England private school receives probably the most attractive treatment given to a school in American literature in J. G. Holland's *Arthur Bonnicastle* (1873).

If American literature is not rich in materials chosen from the schools, probably no other literature is so enriched by casual references to the school. Perhaps no evidence of the practical efficiency and worth of the American public schools is more significant than the frequent reference in public speech, in the daily press, in ephemeral or permanent literature, to "the little red schoolhouse." This conventional phrase typifies the simple and somewhat forbidding form of our education of the past, and at the same time the sturdy activities and high ideals of our moral life from which the generations of the past have drawn their sustenance. If our theme were the contribution of educators to literature a most fruitful subject would here be presented. For the mid-century productive period in American literature was closely associated with college life, particularly in New England. The period when Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, and Agassiz were members of the Harvard faculty was an epoch-making one in our American literature. Holmes's *Professor at the Breakfast Table* and Longfellow's *Outre-Mer* give the flavour of this life and make the nearest approach to the subject of the technical educator; perhaps by the same measure they fall below the literary standard of the other writings of these professors.

The one ambitious attempt to draw the materials of fiction from the life of the school is found in *Locke Amsden, or the Schoolmaster* (1847),[1] by Daniel Pierce Thompson. The old

[1] See Book II, Chap. VII.

district school finds here its fullest literary presentation. Though the mid-century popularity of this book was sufficient to call forth many editions, it is now nearly forgotten, and its author is remembered, if at all, by his more stirring *Green Mountain Boys*. At the close of this period, but drawing its inspiration from the frontier conditions of the early portion of this period in the Middle West, appeared Edward Eggleston's *The Hoosier Schoolmaster* (1871).[1] This racy narrative is the liveliest account of the pioneer schoolmaster to be found, and as a delineation of frontier life will compare favourably with the best in its sort. Eggleston's later work, *The Hoosier Schoolboy* (1883), is in similar vein. His *Schoolmaster in Literature* (1892) adds nothing to his repute and little to our subject.

A characteristic feature of American life is its tendency to voluntary organization. Perhaps as a substitute for the pomp and ceremony of an aristocratic society the tendency reveals itself in the many secret societies with their elaborate ceremonials. This national characteristic shows itself in American college life in the numerous Greek letter societies or fraternities. Only the earliest of these, founded as an honour society with political purposes also, has furnished occasion for a considerable literary product, much of it of superior quality. The Phi Beta Kappa was organized at the College of William and Mary in 1776 with membership based on scholarly attainments. Chapters were soon to be found in the leading institutions of the country. The annual meetings of these constituent chapters have been the occasion of many notable addresses or poems. Emerson's *The American Scholar* was written for such an occasion (1837). The list of these productions is a long one, most of them having an academic significance. As illustrative of this type may be mentioned: *The American Doctrine of Liberty*, by George William Curtis; *The Scholar of the Republic* by Wendell Phillips; *Academic Freedom* by Charles W. Eliot; *What is Vital in Christianity?* by Josiah Royce; *The Mystery of Education* by Barrett Wendell; *The Spirit of Learning* by Woodrow Wilson. These with many others of similar excellence are scattered throughout the century.

One other type of literary production having incidental educational importance is found in the reminiscences or memoirs of

[1] See Book III, Chap. XI.

the men of this period. None of these writers, however, enter seriously enough into their earlier experiences to make the accounts of any value except that of personal testimony as to existing conditions. The best of these are from Edward Everett, Samuel G. Goodrich, and Noah Webster. Similar to these, though much fuller and of no great literary merit, was *The District School As It Was* by the Rev. Warren Burton, depicting conditions at the opening of the century.

No phase of informal education is more important than the moulding of the character of children by their choice of interests and activities out of school, particularly as determined through their reading. In another chapter[1] of this history will be found an account of American books for children; here it is sufficient to note the steady trend away from moralizing and religious disquisition to wholesome amusement and secular instruction.

The last three or four decades have witnessed a marked change in the character of the literature relating to education. As in other phases of thought and action, the dominating influence has been that of science. Educational literature characteristic of the period is scientific, either psychological, experimental, or statistical; consequently it has become far more technical.

Old types continue, perhaps still dominating in mere quantity; but they are no longer characteristic. School publications of advice and device yet flourish, but the scientific educational journal now receives the support of a definite and daily enlarging clientèle. Official reports multiply with an annual certainty which sets at naught any Malthusian law in the world of books. But accurate statistical method is making an impression on the content, providing these forbidding tomes with an enhanced value; while the school survey has furnished an entirely new type. Works on pedagogy, addressed to the profession, have become so numerous as to preclude even comparison with those of the preceding period; yet the nascent sciences of psychology and sociology have given to many of these a substantial character which justifies a large allotment of space in libraries and bibliographies.

While there has been much of note along scientific and philosophical lines, literature as an art has paid little heed to

[1] See Book III, Chap. VII.

the schoolmaster or his need. Professor William James[1] "wrote psychology which reads like a novel," and Henry James[2] added to his novels the autobiographical volumes *A Small Boy and Others* and *Notes of a Son and a Brother* which contain much material of interest relating to the educational experience of the two brothers. Howells,[3] Aldrich,[4] and Hamlin Garland[5] in their autobiographical volumes adorn the schoolday tales of their youth with the grace of the life of the imagination; but no Kipling dramatizes fully the incidents of school life and no Wells makes the novel the instrument of educational reform. The nearest approach to this standard is that of a few educational romances, whose appeal does not carry beyond the teachers' circle. Chief among these is William Hawley Smith's *Evolution of Dodd*, remarkable for its early failure due to the prejudice against the title, its later success, and the fact that though over a million copies have been sold the author received not a penny.

A number of volumes of memoirs furnish valuable literary materials of education. The works of Henry James have been mentioned. The reminiscences of Senator Hoar and of Senator Lodge give illuminating accounts of mid-century New England education. More recently and at greater length, Professor Brander Matthews has performed a similar service for New York. Most important of all is the recent volume entitled *The Education of Henry Adams* (1908, 1916). More frankly devoted to the educational aspect of experience than any other autobiographical work, vying with them all in literary charm, this study by one of the most reflective students and keenest observers of the generation just passing holds an outstanding place in this type of literature, and in educational literature is unique.[6]

Children's literature, as fits a "children's century," has become most varied and attractive. No longer is it the formal piety of the adult reduced to the priggishness of the child; nor, on the other hand, the extravagant tale for surreptitious enjoyment. Child life depicted for the enjoyment of the adult; adult life brought within the interest and comprehension of the child through the new knowledge of psychology; animal life personi-

[1] See Book III, Chap. XVII.
[2] *Ibid.*, Chap. XII.
[3] *Ibid.*, Chap. XI.
[4] *Ibid.*, Chaps. VI, VII, and X.
[5] *Ibid.*, Chap. VI.
[6] *Ibid.*, Chap. XV.

fied; science humanized, so that the child can live in an environment of reality, tenanted by the creatures of his imagination—into such classes do the books for children now chiefly fall. Most of these assist in the real education of the child in accordance with principles which were anathema to our fathers. Some of them, as George Madden Martin's *Emmy Lou*, belong to the school. Myra Kelly's stories of the East Side New York schoolchild, *Little Citizens* and *Aliens*, have introduced to literature a new type, the children of the immigrant, with their humour, pathos, promise. In Lucy Pratt's *Ezekiel* the negro schoolchild of the South finds utterance. On the borderland of the literature of the school are the stories *Seventeen* and *Penrod*, by Booth Tarkington, revealing the experience of the adolescent schoolboy and girl on its obverse and reverse side—its tragic seriousness to them, its humour and irritation to the adult. Literature for children has now become so voluminous in quantity, so varied in character, so rich in content, that it can no longer be considered merely as a class of educational literature. However, it performs more efficiently than ever before a genuine educational function through the happy union of humanitarian sentiment, scientific psychological knowledge, and attractive literary form.

One type of literature is peculiar to America, the literature of the immigrant. Much of this is educational, for the whole process of making the immigrant into the citizen of the adopted country is an educational one of scarcely realized importance. Of fascinating interest also are the literary accounts of the process. First among these was *The Making of an American* (1901) by Jacob Riis, a newspaper reporter and social reformer, of Danish birth. *The Reminiscences* (1907) of Carl Schurz, the soldier, statesman, and liberal political leader, of German birth, are quite the most voluminous and important of these books from the general, though not from the educational, point of view. The numerous volumes of Edward A. Steiner, of Bohemian origin, cover the experience of a successful educator, lecturer, and sociologist in a variety of phases of American life. Chief among his works are *From Alien to Citizen* and *Confessions of a Hyphenated American*. Mary Antin's *Promised Land* (1912) contains much that is of interest to the educator, for it gives a detached and yet intimate or personal view of many of

our customs and institutions, including the school, into all of which the native so gradually grows that he never becomes reflectively conscious of them. This conscious reaction to the new environment by one foreign to it and acute enough to observe, constitutes in fact the real educative influence of a society. More recently a Syrian, Abraham M. Rihbany, has given an account from a new angle; while the latest, and from the formal educational point of view the fullest, account is *An American in the Making*, by M. E. Ravage, of Rumanian origin. This latter gives quite the best description of the life and spirit of a Mid-Western university that is to be found. No other part of the recent educational literature of America deserves greater attention than the volumes of this group or possesses anything like their charm, originality, or significance.

With the increasingly technical character and appeal of scientific and philosophical literature—particularly the former—has gone a similar technical development of the literature of education. This has been of profound significance, for a sort of cross-fertilization has taken place, resulting in two new species—a genuinely scientific and a genuinely philosophical type of educational writings. Both groups sprang originally from the new science of psychology and the less accurate one of sociology, or more specifically from the methods of measurement, whether experimental or statistical, developed in connection with psychology and sociology. Even though the results obtained are, as some maintain, "the vociferous reiteration of the obvious," yet there is much to be gained through a scientific interpretation of the obvious. The application of the same methods to problems where conclusions are not obvious results in profoundly important, if gradual, advance. The two-volume *Principles of Psychology* (1890) of William James,[1] probably the most fascinating presentation of scientific material in literature, is the most important, though not the earliest manifestation of this progress. His brief popular application of these principles to the problems of education, *Talks to Teachers*, is yet the most widely circulated of books for teachers. Since those days, the literature of psychology in its application to education has become most voluminous. Numerous university departments have perfected the technique of such work; several scientific

[1] See Book III, Chap. XVII.

magazines devoted to this field afford channels of publication. Of this literature the features of two distinct types may be mentioned.

The field of child and adolescent psychology was developed by President G. Stanley Hall; none of the numerous investigations or publications in these fields but bear the distinct impress of the work of this pioneer, or at least owe a great debt to him. His *Adolescence* (1904), with its great store of accumulated data and its vast range of observation, represents, though often in an ill-digested form, the results of several decades of research of this entire school of investigation.

In the later development of scientific method, that of exact quantitative measurement, particularly as applied to groups, the methods of Galton have been applied in the field of education. The chief exponent of this work has been Professor Edward L. Thorndike. His *Educational Measurements* and *Principles of Psychology* laid the foundation for this type of educational literature. A new type of literature, rapidly expanding, has been produced. Much of this, fostered by educational endowments, university departments, and the national Bureau of Education, has appeared in the form of school or institutional surveys. Such surveys attempt to measure by accurate scientific standards the efficiency of organization, the character of instruction, the value of specific methods, the amount of acceleration and of retardation of pupils, the practical value of the school plant, and a variety of phases of school work hardly thought of previously in any definite quantitative way. All of this promises a new era of scientific progress in education.

On the philosophical side, modern science has given to education a more pragmatic and realistic interpretation. Many volumes of exposition, logical or sociological in character, have appeared. The closing decades of the century witnessed a revival of interest in this field, chiefly under the leadership of Dr. William T. Harris,[1] United States Commissioner of Education from 1889 to 1906. Through official reports, public addresses, and published volumes he was chiefly responsible for the popularity of German philosophical interpretation, particularly of the Hegelian character. In a more general field President

[1] See also Book III, Chap. XVII.

Butler, through his *Meaning of Education* and other essays, has given more popular interpretation of educational principles. In this field of philosophical interpretation the writings of one man. John Dewey,[1] transcend all others in American educational literature. In fact it may be said that in the field of strictly technical literature Professor Dewey has made the one great American contribution. While most of these writings have appeared in monographic form, such as his *School and Society* (1890), *Interest as Related to Effort* (1896), *Child and the Curriculum* (1902), *How We Think* (1911), his *Democracy and Education* (1917) is a complete logical scheme of educational interpretation, the only one ever worked out by an American, and the one most representative of present world thought and modern science.

In the literature of appreciation some contributions have been made. Professor Barrett Wendell's *Universities in France* uses the foil of French customs and institutions to reveal American light and shade. Professor Gayley's *Idols*, as well as occasional essays from a number of pens, reminds us of the inexhaustible field for appreciation or for criticism of the teacher's experience or of the teacher's problems. Effective and delightful in its form is Professor Francis G. Peabody's *Education for Life* (1918), an appreciation of one of America's most significant educational experiments, Hampton Institute.

Foreign observers, with either greater detachment or more scientific attitude, have rendered their tribute of comment. Some of these, as the Moseley Commission from England, offer comments valuable to both observed and observer. Perhaps the chief defect to be noted in these foreign comments is the failure to perceive that the "feminization" of American education does not necessarily mean its "effeminization."

On the whole, the literature of American education is typical of that education. In the past when education was a subordinate thing, a concern of the church or of the family or of the individual, the literature was fragmentary and interpolated. When education became general and technical in a crude way, a technical literature having similar crudities developed. With the fresh substance for literary creation at hand, furnished by savages, by frontier life, by the new life of freedom, with its new

[1] See also Book III, Chap. XVII.

institutions, by ingenious conquest of the nation's boundless wealth, the literary creator had no need to turn for materials for the imagination to the slightly stimulating and highly conventional life of the school taskmaster. Still is much of the present educational literature characterized too often by superficiality, as is our education; still is it inaccurate, as our educative processes are inexact; practical, as the demands of our lives are practical; still does it deal with immediate problems, as our education and our social organization are bound to do. On the other hand, much of it has attained a scientific character unknown in any preceding period; some of it possesses a philosophical penetration and reveals a form of exposition worthy of the best of any period. Much of it is rich in the promise of the future. In some respects even the practical working idealism of American life, usually concealed under a materialistic exterior, finds expression in literary forms worthy of its conscious, though usually unexpressed, purposes.

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